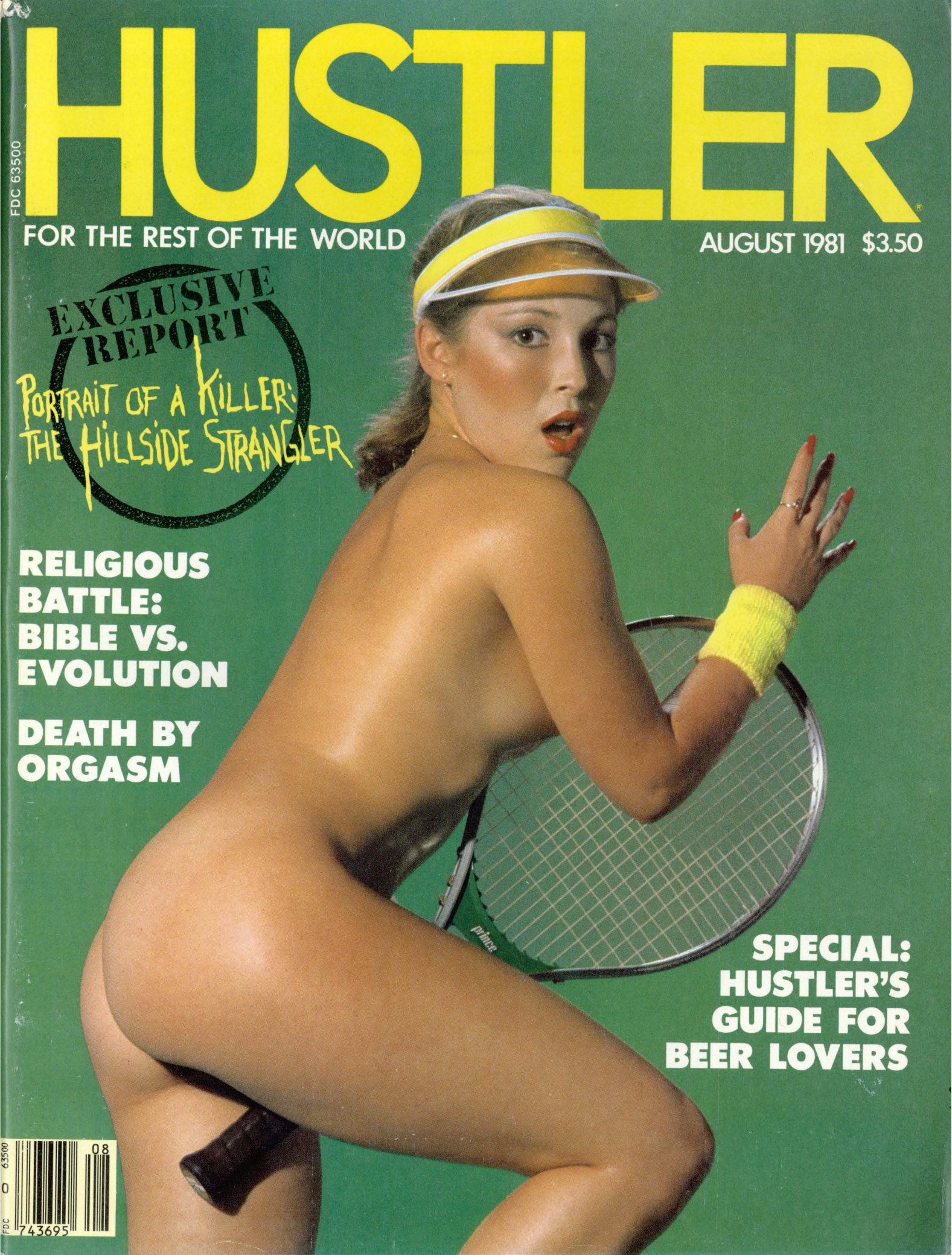
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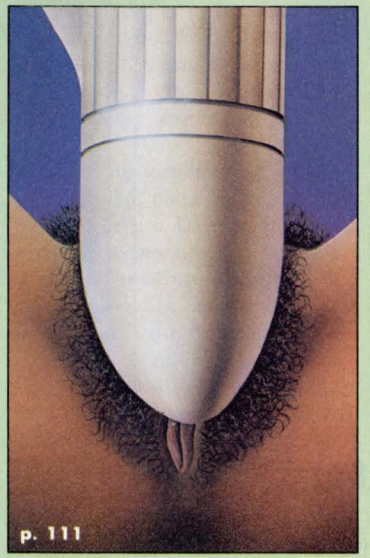
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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We need your help. Write:

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HUSTLER AUGUST 1981 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 2

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



A Big Hand for the Moral Minority

Do you want to know why I really love this country? Because no matter how many groups try to suppress human feelings by telling us what to read, think or feel, there are always more than a few people willing to stand up and fight back. For years I've been fighting the battle against oppression and repression, and believe me, sometimes it gets to be a painful experience.

That's why, when I hear about a grass-roots movement of people taking on a formidable foe, I want to give it all the help I can. You all know of my outspoken stands against evangelical zealots like the Moral Majority, who insist on imposing their puritanical moral standards on the rest of us.

In the first place, these fanatics are *not* in the majority, even though they have been clever enough to come up with a catchy name. In the second place, by choosing such a name, they make the smug and illogical implication that anyone who disagrees with them is obviously a member of the "immoral minority." Well, it looks like some Americans are finally getting angry enough to challenge these fanatics.

After recognizing the frightening implications of the propaganda campaign that helped elect a bunch of bluenoses and brown-noses last fall, a Denver woman, Lorraine Jacques, sat down at her typewriter and wrote a proclamation. "I am a member of the Moral Minority," it said. "I will respect all human rights, and stand for freedom, justice and integrity. That's the American way.

"The Moral Minority does not condone censorship. True education begins with exploration and seeking knowledge, which is then evaluated, and accepted or rejected. Censorship prevents exploration and evaluation, and is a form of Mind Control. The Moral Minority rejects all religious, ideological or moral codes which suppress freedom and dehumanize individuals. Freedom means a political democracy in which an individual has freedom of speech, freedom of the press, religious liberty, the legal right to oppose governmental policies . . . and a fair judicial process."

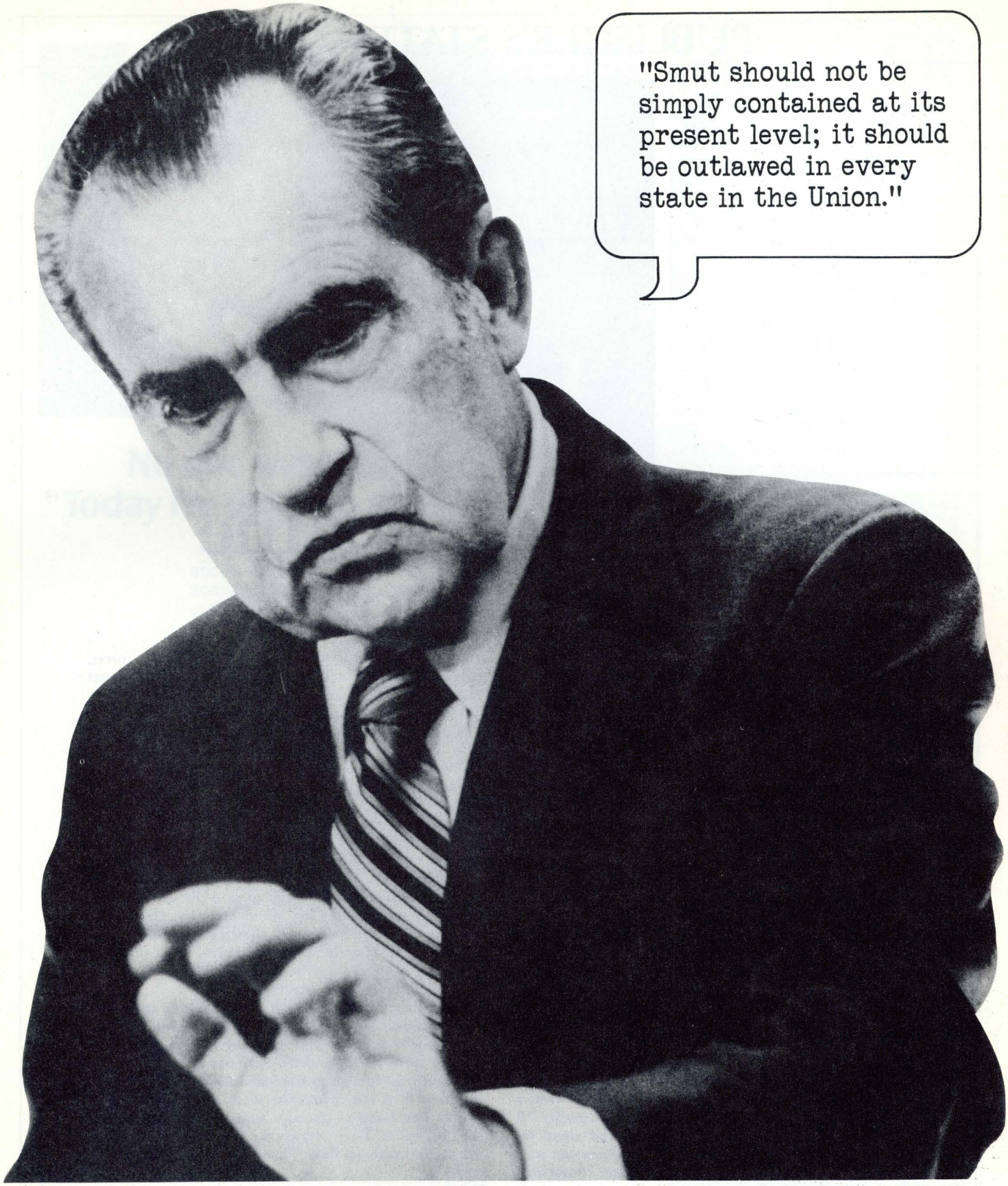
Using her own money, she sent out a hundred copies of this proclamation to key decision-makers—asking for help from ministers, judges, politicians and the media. Along with "hate letters," Ms. Jacques' Moral Minority headquarters has also been receiving letters of support from all over the United States. "I'm encouraged to learn that there are many people in this country as scared as I am," she said. "And as long as they aren't afraid to support the cause, I'll keep on fighting."

I applaud Ms. Jacques and the other loyal Americans who love this country enough to stop the threat represented by radicals like the Moral Majority. One of the prices we pay for freedom is allowing vocal *minorities*, like the Moral Majority, to rant and rave. Ironically, they are trying to kill the very freedom that guarantees them a forum—the freedom of expression.

What they don't realize is, if their unending attacks on Constitutional freedoms are successful, they will be opening the door to other groups coming after them and attacking them for *their* views. Fortunately, the Constitution is sturdy enough to withstand assaults from groups like this. It is strong because there are always enough people like Lorraine Jacques willing to fight for what they believe in. They embody the motto affixed to one of our earliest colonial flags: "Don't Tread on Me."



Publisher &
Chairman of the Board



. . . as it is in the Soviet Union, and in hundreds of other countries where repressive and tyrannical regimes have crushed freedom of speech. But in the U.S., where the First Amendment to the Constitution protects free speech, the government should never use censorship to silence *any* point of view. Still, there are those—like the tricky fellow above—who'd impose their morality on everyone, taking away your right to enjoy whatever you like. Listen carefully to politicians who talk about what you should or shouldn't see . . . the odds are they'll bug you.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

SHOW & TELL

From the killing of the Kennedys to the horrors of child abuse to the slaughter in El Salvador, HUSTLER has always attempted to cover the stories other publications are reluctant to touch. This month we're leaping ahead of the pack again with an exclusive, incisive look at a truly bizarre mass murderer.

When killer Kenneth Bianchi was finally captured while working as a security guard in Bellingham, Washington, hundreds of journalists began vying for the jailhouse interviews needed to tell his complete story. But only one of those newsmen—HUSTLER's **TED SCHWARZ**—met with success. The result of his tireless effort is our August profile, **KENNETH BIANCHI: INSIDE THE MIND OF THE "HILLSIDE STRANGLER."** This shocking portrait of the man who terrorized the city of Los Angeles for more than half a year contains startling information never revealed before. It's also bolstered by intimate details from **KELLI BOYD**, Bianchi's former live-in girlfriend. Schwarz, who resides in Tucson, Arizona, has written for CHIC, *Saturday Review, Gallery, Writer's Digest, Forum* and *Family Circle.* Additionally, he has authored some 40 books, including the definitive new study of Bianchi entitled *The Hillside Strangler: A Murderer's Mind* (Doubleday, 1981), an alternate selection of the Literary Guild for August. A TV movie based on the book is also planned.

While the crime of taking a human life can often be solved, much about life's origin remains a mystery. That mystery is at the heart of **SCIENCE VS. RELIGION: BATTLE OF OUR TIMES**, an engrossing report on the increasingly bitter clash between Christian Fundamentalists and adherents of the theory of evolution. To tell this important story we called on **BEN PESTA**, a former Editorial Director of CHIC. The prolific Pesta has been published in that magazine and in *Esquire, High Times, Rolling Stone, TV Guide, Crawdaddy, New West* and HUSTLER. The companion art is by award-winning illustrator **ALEX EBEL**, a veteran contributor to these pages. Ebel, whose stunning work accompanied our December 1980 fiction, *Killing Time*, has seen his work published in *Science Digest* and *Yearbook Encyclopedia*, as well as in the book *New American Illustrator* (Anaconda, 1981).



Cover by Clive McLean

Life and death are tackled from a different perspective in this month's fiction, **BLOOD MONEY**. This exciting story of an assassin for the Mob and a mysterious, sexy lady was authored by **J. R. REGIS**, marking his fiction-writing debut in a national magazine. A writer, producer and director of radio and TV commercials, the Los Angeles-based Regis has also written for actors Vincent Price and Kirk Douglas, and for the television series *Laverne & Shirley*. The accompanying artwork was provided by HUSTLER regular **PAT DUNN**, who illustrated our May profile of Colorado lawman Richard Kienast.

One of life's greatest joys these hot summer days is popping the top off an ice-cold beer. To help brew-lovers choose among the top U.S. brands, six of our most discriminating editors gathered for a serious, unbiased taste test. In **HUSTLER RATES THE BIG AMERICAN BEERS** you'll learn, as they did, which cool ones to quaff.

This month's *Sex Play* deals with a far more sobering subject—the dangerous practice of self-hanging to heighten sexual pleasure. As New York journalist **RICHARD MILNER** explains, this alarming pursuit ends in an **ORGASM OF DEATH** for as many as 1,000 American youngsters each year. Milner's book *Black Players: The Secret World of Black Pimps* sold more than 250,000 copies, while his adult movie *Centerfold Fever* (starring Samantha Fox) will be released in the fall. The art was supplied by **DAVID MANN**, whose rendering of Mafia boss Funzi Tieri appeared in HUSTLER last month.

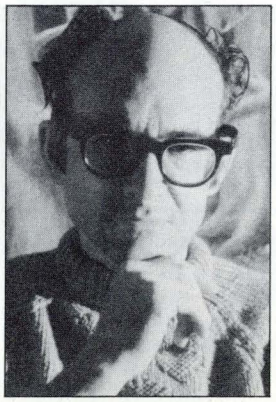
From spectacular women to informative columns to our pioneering journalism, this issue of HUSTLER makes a perfect summer companion. If you think it's hot now, wait till you start turning the pages!



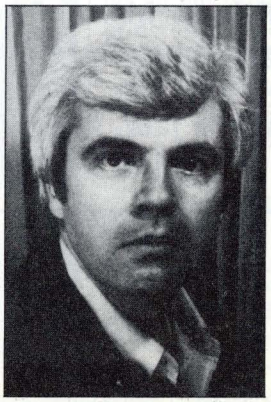
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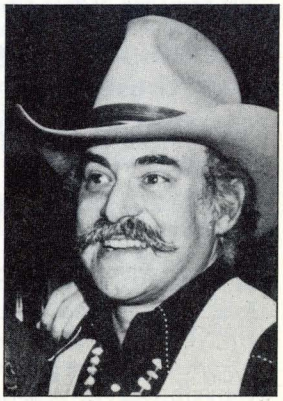
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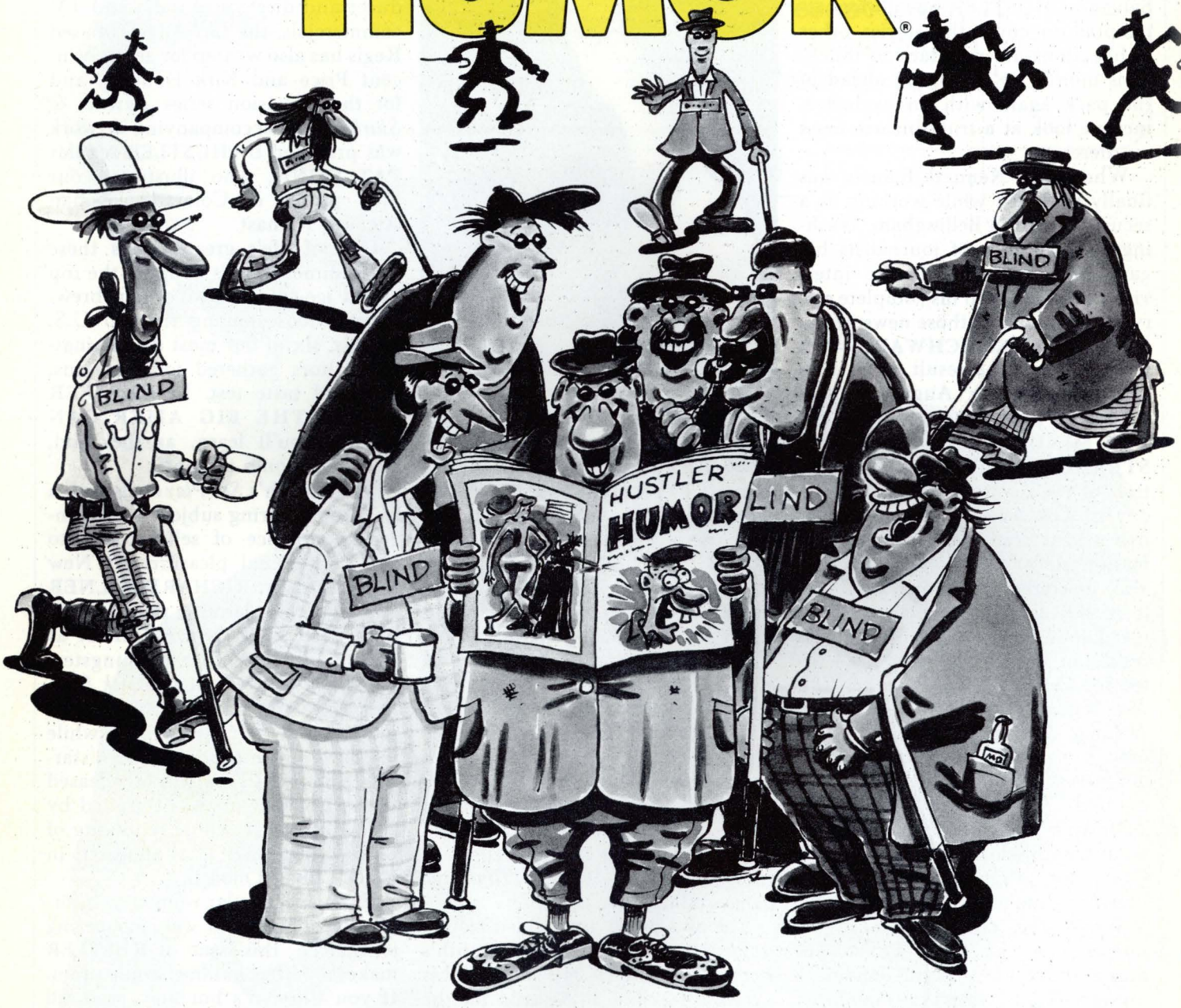


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May or May Not: Your May cover (top) is the most stimulating I have ever seen, and I would pay any price to fuck that gorgeous girl right in the position she is in. —R. M.
Thousand Oaks, California

Funny Farm: As a farmer and fan of your magazine, I especially enjoyed a cartoon in your May issue (center). However, any dairy farmer could tell you that you can't fuck a holstein cow unless you stand on a stool or stump. I don't think anyone but Long Dong Silver could handle that cow from the ground. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

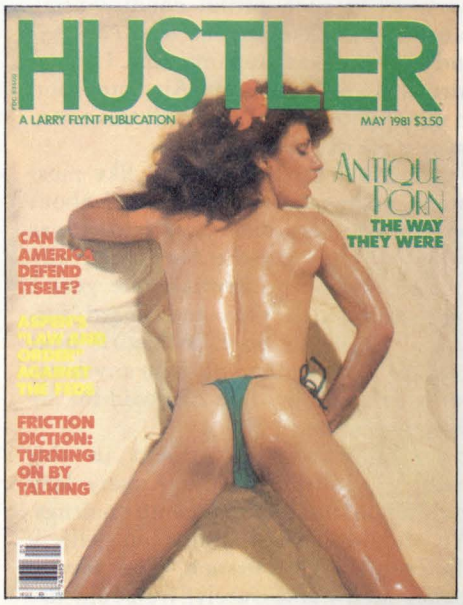
Photo Feedback: Who ever said HUSTLER has no culture? Just check out the lovely ballerina in *Debbie: Dance of Desire* (bottom photo), a June photo-spread. She has the most-inviting, succulent pussy lips that have ever graced your pages. Being a foot freak, I would have loved seeing her point her ballet slipper a little higher—right into that slippery snatch! —D. W. R.
New York, New York

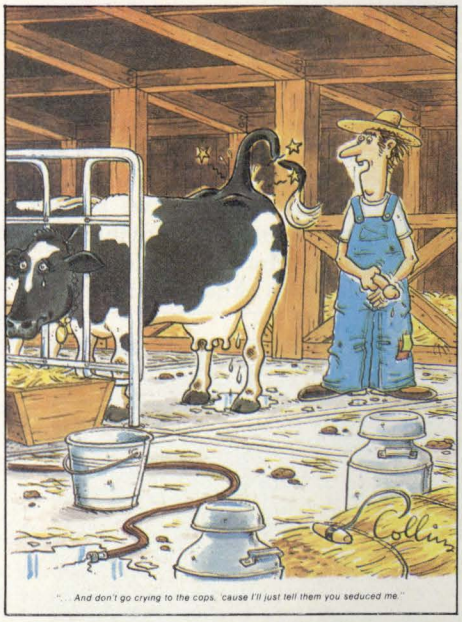
I thought the pictorial *Pam: Private Performance* (HUSTLER, May) was fantastic. She reminds me of TV's Wonder Woman, Lynda Carter. I'm nuts about the seamed black hose she's wearing, and I would like to put my wife in a pair. Thanks for a great magazine! —L. Boese
Newton, Kansas

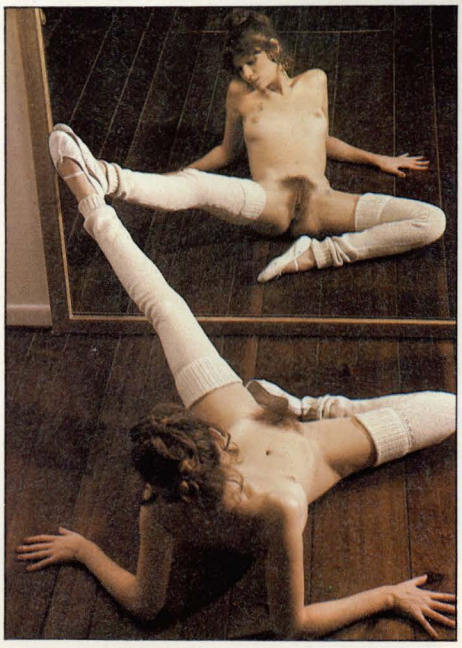
Up until recently *Penthouse* magazine had more class than HUSTLER in its photo-spreads. But lately the imagination that has sparked such HUSTLER spreads as *Too-Close Encounter* (March), *Beauty and the Beast* (April) and *Programmed for Passion* (May) has made HUSTLER equal or above that publication in classy photo-features.
—Robert L. White
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

My husband just brought home the June HUSTLER, and I can't take my eyes off the male model in the *Hot Rocks: Electric Passion* pictorial! I can't wait for tonight, when I fantasize about that rocker in the tight pants and long, curly hair while I suck off my husband and then give him one *great* fuck!
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Publisher's Statements: I agree wholeheartedly with your June *Publisher's Statement* about murderers, "Madness Is No Excuse." I am serving an 11-year prison term for robbery, and







I see a lot of happy-go-lucky killers here who brag how they got a shorter sentence with the silly-ass plea of insanity. This situation makes it harder for a guy like me to get out of prison, because these guys fuck up the system.

I'm more than willing to pay my debt to society, but it's wrong for me to pay a murderer's debt too. These bastards deserve to be punished severely.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I commend you for your bold editorial "Agent Orange: VA Cover-up," in the May HUSTLER. If more media professionals assume this kind of responsibility, we could halt this scandalous tendency on the part of our government to downplay the dangers of this chemical. Unfortunately, the Veterans Administration shows no sign of changing its policies, and the problem is further complicated by major chemical companies that also want to suppress the truth. —Jacki Ochs, Executive Director
Human Arts Association
New York, New York

With respect to your May *Publisher's Statement* concerning the defoliant Agent Orange, HUSTLER made a reasonable and articulate point. Few people make an effort to become aware of the possible dangers of this chemical. The issue is unwelcome because most Americans do not want to be reminded of the Vietnam War, because the danger of Agent Orange seems to affect so few people and because of Americans' desire to reconvince themselves how great this country is.

Unfortunately, the problem will not go away simply by ignoring it. Nor will the veterans affected stop suffering and even dying. We cannot afford the convenience of claiming ignorance of the situation.

The solution requires that Americans become aware. Therefore, we are extremely grateful every time we encounter an editorial or article that can help bring about that needed awareness and caring. Thank you. —Michael Milne
State Service Representative
Veterans of the Vietnam War
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

As a Vietnam veteran who has suffered a great deal from the effects of Agent Orange, I would like to thank Larry Flynt for taking a stand on this issue in his May *Publisher's Statement*. Five years ago I had extremely high fevers and severe leg pains that the doctors could neither treat nor diagnose. Last year my body started producing too

many white blood cells, causing my spleen and kidneys to enlarge and resulting in even-more-intense fevers.

In addition, my wife has suffered two miscarriages since we were married. This is the second marriage for us both, and each of us has a perfectly healthy child from our previous marriages. My stepson has his heart set on going to the Air Force Academy, but I will do everything in my power to stop him from joining any branch of the service.

—Gerald D. Winkler
East Berlin, Pennsylvania

The Draft: Michael Bane's article *The Draft: Marching Into Conflict?* (HUSTLER, May) is yet another example of an ex-'60s-counterculture youth selling out to the Establishment. Anyone who was ever drafted can tell you the draft is no solution. Instead of throwing away a broken clock—the Volunteer Army—why not fix it by increasing its pay and benefits? Americans are not cowards when it comes to combat. —Marty Noel Nivoli
Santa Monica, California

Regarding *The Draft* (May), I would like to suggest that author Michael Bane look at some of the other armed forces besides the Volunteer Army. The U.S. Army is in such pitiful condition because it will take anyone who can piss and chew gum at the same time. I am an Airman First Class in the Air Force, and in my opinion we're almost all this country has for defense.

Before I joined, I was just like most American teenagers—all I cared about was getting high or getting laid. I was going nowhere. But the Air Force really opened my eyes. After just one year I have a private room and board furnished by Uncle Sam, with girls next door, $400 a month to blow on anything, and education tuition 75%-paid-for by the government.

Too much unemployment in this country? Bullshit. Just too many lazy high-school flunkies fucked up on drugs. We should have a draft, but with a choice of service branch. The service makes men—and, surely, we could use some. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I am a United States Marine who is disappointed by America's attitude toward the draft. How can we protest our obligations to the country that lets us speak our minds and do as we please? America is more than worth dying for. I and my fellow Marines would protect the freedom of this nation at a moment's notice, and I'd die with pride wearing the U.S. Marine Corps uniform.

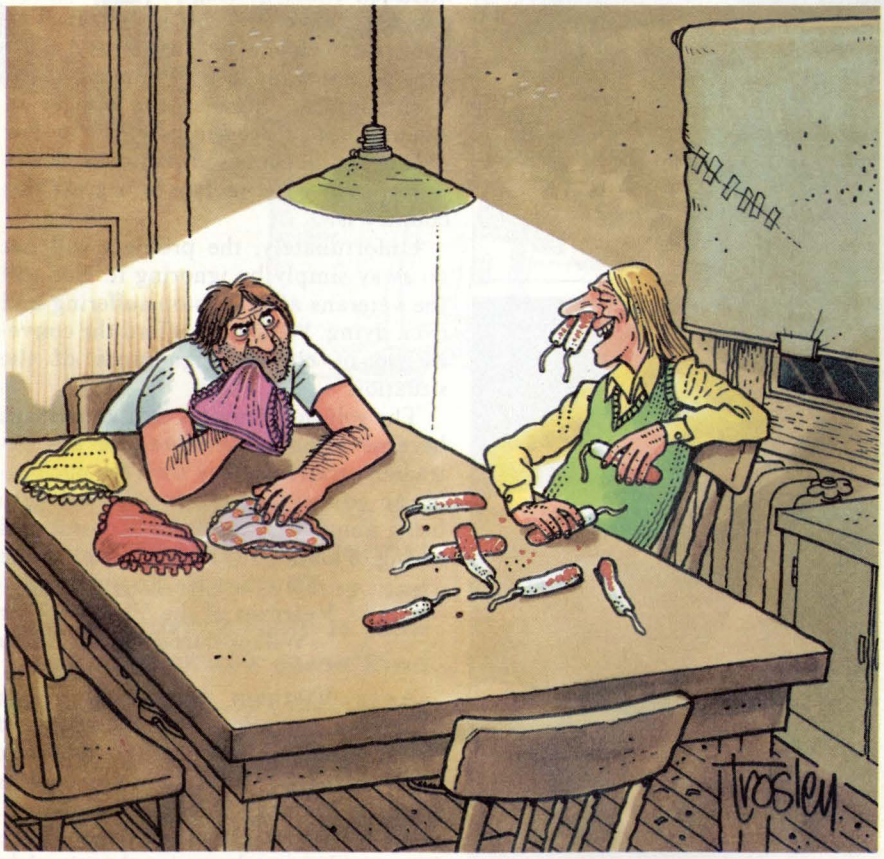
The Marines would not only "scare the whiskers off the Russian bear"—as you wrote the current registration would not—but we would shove his damn face in the dirt. —Pfc. Michael Coury
Camp Gieger, North Carolina

Your shit-and-snot cartoons never quite stopped me from buying your magazine, but the May issue finally did. Your article *The Draft: Marching Into Conflict?* says, in essence, that since the Volunteer Army has failed to attract the affluent, we should therefore resort to unconstitutional military slavery to coerce the wealthy into its ranks. This kind of crap shows the true hypocrisy of HUSTLER, when you otherwise promote the philosophy of the individual's rights and freedoms.

Second, the article points out that Soviet Russia has a fully adequate army. Are you suggesting that an oppressive, Communist country be our role model?

Finally, author Michael Bane says that now—ten years after he was a draft-dodger "at every turn"—he would not fight the draft. How very easy for him to say that *now*, when the chances of his being drafted are practically nil. Mr. Bane, put your actions where your mouth is! Join up! —R. D. Silkett
Lakeland, Florida

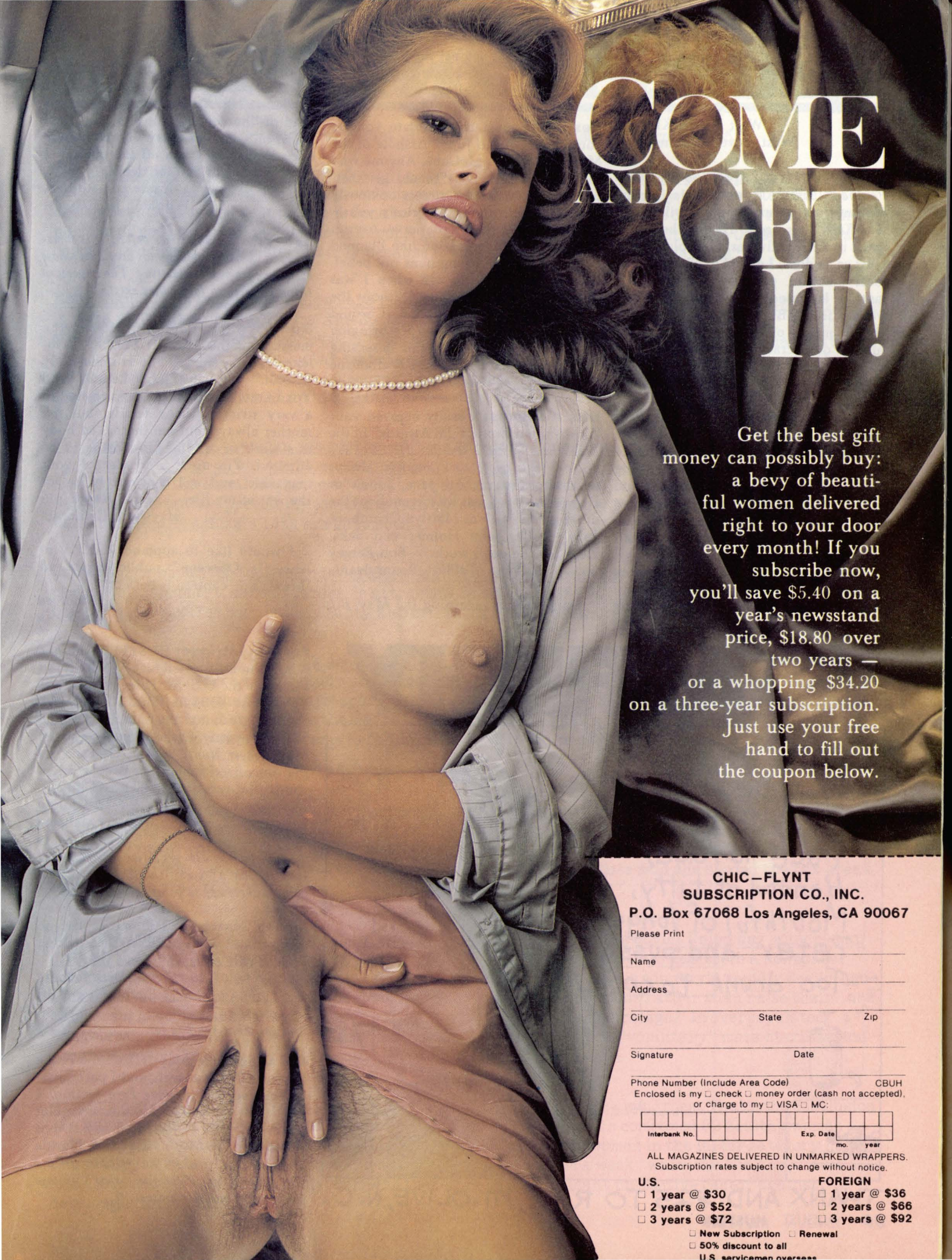
The purpose of our article on the possible reinstatement of the draft was not, as you say, to promote conscription, but rather to examine both sides of a serious issue.



"At first I was into just soiled panties too!"

Klan Methods: I'm sure you have sold many copies of HUSTLER to Klansmen because of your comical approach to acknowledging their existence. But after reading your article *The Klan Rises Again: Modern Methods for Old Hatreds* (April), I must say I am disappointed. The fact that certain members of a political or racial organization commit acts of violence does not mean the organization itself is violent. If one reads the material issued by the KKK Invisible Empire, one would read nothing that advocates violence. In fact, our doctrine urges peaceful solutions.

The 50 Klan-related incidents cited in the article are a drop in the bucket compared to the violent acts by the NAACP, the Jewish Defense League, the Communist Workers' Party and many others. Blacks, Mexicans, Cubans and Asians in this country go unchecked in their spree of violence and terrorism. If violent Klan-related incidents are so significant, why, then, haven't there been any convictions?



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Ignorance and biased journalism will not stop the Klan from reaching its goals peacefully and legally whenever possible. —Jay (Night Hawk)
West Haven Klavern
West Haven, Connecticut

I would like to respond to the June *Feedback* letter from James Kevin Maloney, concerning your April article *The Klan Rises Again*. He said he found merit in KKK activities. I am black, and (just as he does) I object to busing, affirmative-action programs where promotion is based solely on race, and welfare fraud. But there are other, nonviolent means of airing grievances that suit our democracy better than the KKK way. —Cal Fernanders
Chicago, Illinois

I thought your article *The Klan Rises Again* (April) was great, except there wasn't much mention of organizations a white Christian can turn to if *he* is being discriminated against. Jews, blacks and other so-called minorities not only have organizations to turn to, but they also have government departments on their side.

The majority of whites haven't been brainwashed into feeling guilty about being white, or feeling it's the "in" thing to be a turncoat against their own race.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Sex Ed: I must congratulate you on your choice of the June "Asshole of the Month," Charles McCabe. Anyone who suggests that teenagers should get their sex education off the streets obviously does not care about America's youth. That McCabe had the nerve to run down a great organization like Planned Parenthood only strengthens my belief. I got pregnant at an age when I was quite ignorant of the facts. Without the help of Planned Parenthood, I would have been lost. Thank you for bringing the public's attention to this deserving Asshole. —Jessica Welbourne
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

Bits & Pieces: I really enjoyed your "5th Annual Erotic Film Awards" in the April *Bits & Pieces* section. HUSTLER's choices are perfect. Filmgoers always hear about stars like Jane Fonda or Robert Redford, but we forget about the other greats, such as Marilyn Chambers, John Leslie, John Holmes and Seka. Keep up the good work. —Bob Bergey
Telford, Pennsylvania

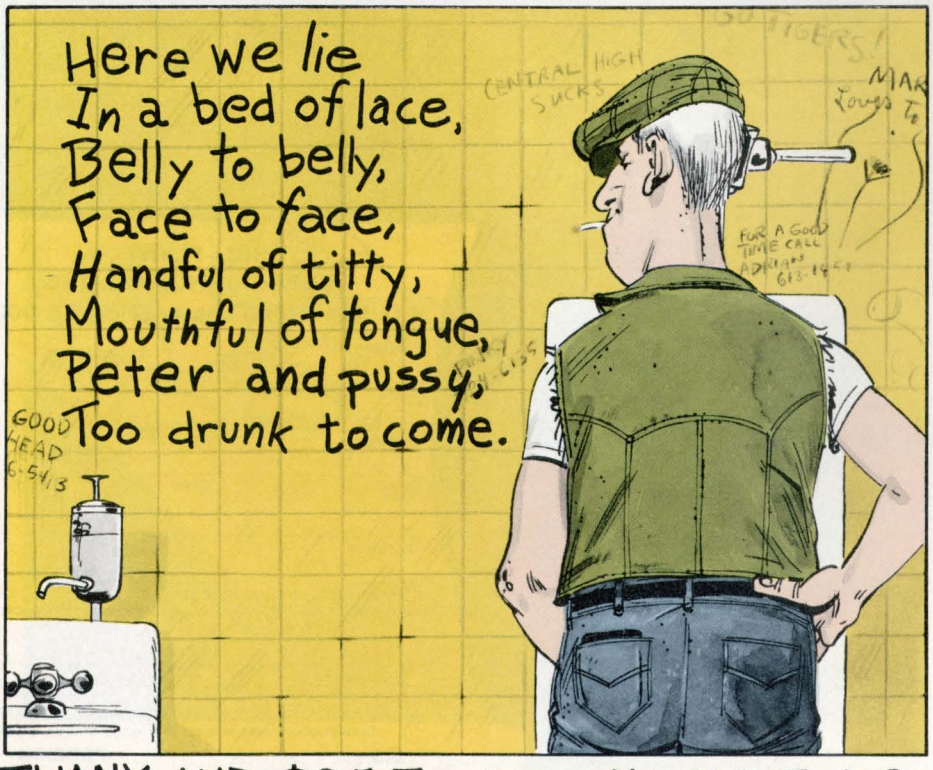
I am writing regarding the May *Bits & Pieces* pictorial "Which One Is the Real Karen Anne Quinlan?," in which you compare her to vegetables. Your whole staff is sick and morbid. If this kind of "humor" is funny to you, then HUSTLER and all Larry Flynt Publications should be taken off the market. I hope you rot in hell for this.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

As we've said many times before, it is sometimes a healthy release to laugh at those events we find most upsetting. The important thing is never to forget they exist.

Body Talk: Your public-service message in the May HUSTLER, "Violence Is Obscene . . . The Human Body Is Not," featuring John Lennon and Yoko Ono, was right on! I was raised in a very strict Catholic family, but my mother always told me the naked body is a work of art the Lord made to be admired. I'm an avid reader of your magazine, and will continue to be for the rest of my life. —Patti Randolphi
Hayward, California

I would like to applaud your "Violence Is Obscene" public-service ad (May). The caption is perfect.
—Sharon A. Amorosa
St. Paul, Minnesota

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND $25 TO R.K., MT. OLIVE, N.C.

Foreign Intrigue: HUSTLER's humor is not primarily noted for its subtlety; so I imagine the U.S. Air Force members of VFW Post 9555 in Fusa, Japan, are chuckling about the picture of the Taiwanese lady Oishe Omanco, in the May *Beaver Hunt*. "Oishe Omanco" is the romanized spelling of two Japanese words that translate to "Tasty Cunt."
—O. Chinpo
Bynum, Alabama

The troops may also get a rise out of the fact that it took a "cock," which is your own name translated, to point this out to us.

Money Matters: The most obscene thing about HUSTLER is the fucking price! Print *that*, why don't you?
—Dick Solberg
Egypt, New York

You get what you pay for.

Old Gold: The May HUSTLER is the best one I've ever seen, and I particularly enjoyed the *Antique Porn* section. I do hope you will make this a regular feature. —Michael S. Davis
DeLand, Florida

CHIC, our sister publication, offers "Vintage Porn" as a monthly feature.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Legislators in Oklahoma have okayed a bill allowing sex offenders to accept voluntary castration in return for lighter sentences. Sponsors of the measure--passed overwhelmingly by the state's House of Representatives and sent on to the Senate--claim voluntary castration has drastically reduced the number of repeat sexual violations in Europe. In Nashville, Tennessee, police chief Joe Casey said he's opposed to castrating rapists, but only because it "might turn them into homosexuals."

More than 200 physicians in Ireland are risking fines and imprisonment to protest a new law that makes it more difficult to buy condoms. The doctors are objecting to an Irish "family-planning" law that states couples may obtain condoms only from a pharmacy, and then only after a physician has written a prescription for them. Charging the statute makes prophylactics too expensive, the doctors plan to hand out condoms to their patients and give away signed prescription forms. Such acts would be punishable by six months in jail or a fine of up to $10,000.

The president of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists (AASECT) said new polls show eight out of ten Americans support sex education in the public schools. Dr. Shirley Zussman also criticized the Moral Majority's "deceptive" stand against sex education, citing studies that show sex ed has helped to appreciably lower the rate of teenage pregnancy. The New York educator spoke in San Francisco at AASECT's 14th annual meeting.

Coffee shops employing topless and bottomless waitresses have opened in several cities in Japan. One such carnal establishment, called Lourdes, is attracting an average of 500 customers per day in Tokyo. In Osaka another coffee shop called Scanty also offers striptease shows.

Males who smoke heavily may risk genetic damage to their sperm. According to the British medical journal "The Lancet," a recent study of 43 smokers and 43 nonsmokers revealed "quite distinctive" differences between the two groups' sperm samples. Abnormalities in the smokers' sample included some sperm that were too large, others that were too small and some that were misshapen. There also was an average of 5% fewer "normal" sperm in the smokers than in the nonsmokers, the study showed.

An English call girl specializing in sadomasochism has been denied her bid to incorporate for tax purposes. Lindi St. Claire had been approved for incorporation by the Registrar of Companies under the name Lindi St. Claire, Personal Services, Ltd. But a high court in London quashed the registration, mentioning the "immoral" nature of St. Claire's business. Though she claims to earn $750 a day from "snooty blokes"--including policemen and members of the House of Commons--the prostitute said she needed the tax break because her array of S&M equipment "doesn't come cheap."

While the government of Bangladesh is cracking down on big families, the Soviet Union has launched an anti-birth-control campaign aimed at women who haven't been having enough babies. In a newspaper interview, Soviet official Boris Urlanis expressed grave concern about his country's rapidly declining birthrate. He also lashed out at single women who choose to have abortions rather than raise their babies, suggesting that "unwed motherhood brings greater joy than marriage." In overpopulated Bangladesh, meanwhile, President Ziaur Rahman announced plans for a "voluntary" mass-sterilization program, with a goal of 100,000 vasectomies and tubectomies per month.

Women who have frequent sex may be less likely to contract toxic-shock syndrome. That's the conclusion of a survey conducted by the federal Centers for Disease Control, which compared 52 healthy women with the same number of toxic-shock victims. A CDC researcher says women in the latter category had an unusually low rate of sexual contact--an average of less than once a week--while the healthy women made love more often. Sexual activity might therefore be a significant protective factor against developing toxic shock.

GASOLINE AND ALCOHOL DON'T MIX



That one last drink you take "for the road" may very well be the last you *ever* take. More than half of all fatal vehicle accidents in a typical year involve drivers who had been drinking. In 1978, for example, more than 25,000 Americans died because of drunken driving. When you drink and drive, you're a potential killer. You also could be signing your own death warrant. So next time you order one for the road—think about it.

IF YOU DRINK, DON'T DRIVE.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Only Twice? I am a 20-year-old male who has made love with quite a number of women. I just don't seem to have enough cum though. I can only come two or three times in a session of screwing. Is there anything I can take for this problem? I want to come more. —R. N.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Ejaculating two or three times during a love-making session is great! Many men come only once or twice, but by holding back are able to satisfy their lovers. One way to delay coming is the "squeeze technique" suggested by Masters and Johnson. Have your lover take the "top" position for a while during intercourse. When you feel you are about to ejaculate, pull out, and have her squeeze the tip of your penis just below the head. She does this by pressing her thumb against the sensitive skin right below the cock head. Her remaining fingers will be wrapped around the shaft. She should press firmly until the feeling of impending ejaculation subsides. By pulling out and squeezing the tip of your cock, you can prolong intercourse.

See the September 1980 issue of CHIC for an article on multiple orgasms for men that provides exercises and helpful information.

Sex Scent: I've heard scientists have developed a cologne men can wear that turns women on by giving them the scent of sex. Is there such a product and, if so, where can I obtain it? —K. B.
Las Vegas, Nevada

The sexual scent you refer to is called a pheromone. (See Sex Play, July 1980.) Pheromones are sexual odors many animals and insects use as mating signals. Recently, scientists have been discovering the importance of smell in human sexual relations.

If you've got money to burn, a cologne called Aeolus 7 is being marketed as a strong male pheromone. The makers claim it is "spray-on instant sex appeal for men." It is available for $40 from Aeolus 7 Distributors (23270 L'Enfant Plaza, Washington, D.C. 20024).

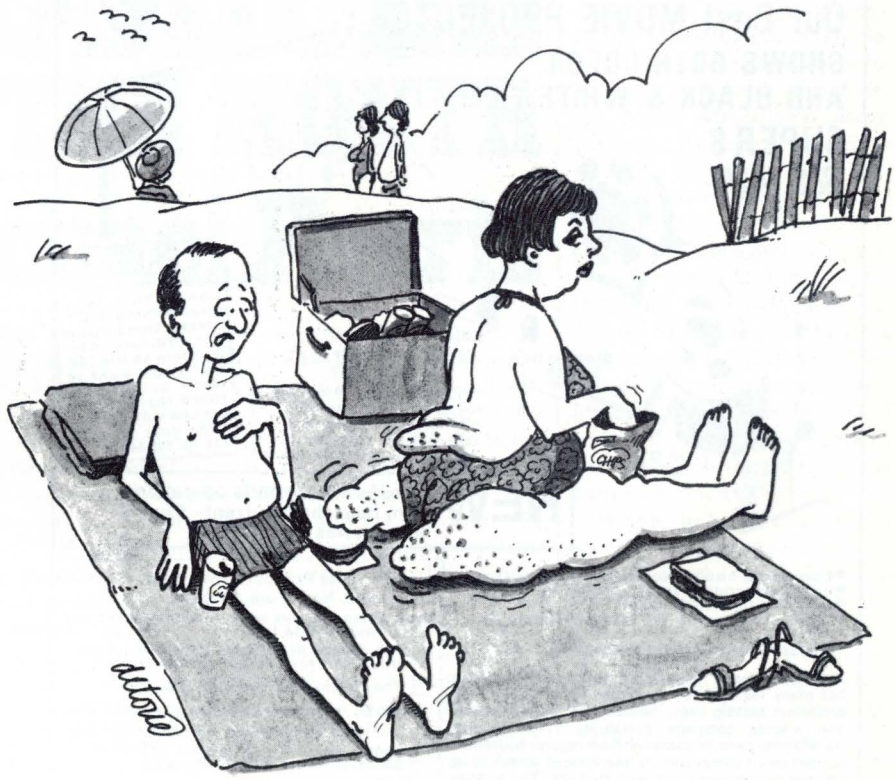
If you don't want to spend that kind of money, you can simply experiment with pheromones by letting some of your natural sweat remain on your body. Male urine and sweat both contain pheromones. Also, when you get down to action, your natural pheromones are activated. Since a lot of money is spent advertising the "negatives" of natural body odor, go easy and allow your female partners to adjust gradually to your male scents. Too much too fast could send them in the opposite direction. If you would like to experiment with a less-expensive commercial product for starters, musk oils and sandalwood contain aromas similar to male pheromones and are pleasant-smelling as well.

Heart Disease & Syphilis: I am a 45-year-old man who is really scared. I've just learned my 47-year-old brother is dying of heart problems caused by syphilis he contracted more than 20 years ago. I can't believe this is true! I'm not only grieving for him, but I am frightened for myself. Both my brother and I got a case of syphilis from the same girl in Hong Kong when we were tramping around years and years ago. How could this reoccur now? Will it happen to me, or is it actually a problem caused by a more-recent dose of syphilis? —C. A.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Syphilis is a disease than can lead to disaster later if not treated early. It is caused by a spiral-shaped bacterium called a spirochete, or Treponema pallidum. Syphilis is transmitted only by sexual contact or by skin contact with the infection. For example, if you were to touch a syphilitic sore on an infected person with your finger, the bacteria can enter your body through your skin. Within about three to four weeks from the time a person is exposed to syphilis, symptoms will appear. However, the initial incubation period has been known to last anywhere from ten to 90 days.

Syphilis has several stages. The primary stage is usually indicated by a single sore that breaks out in the mouth, or on or near the genitals. Called a chancre, it is usually hard and red-rimmed. The sore is often difficult to detect, since it is painless and may be hidden inside the vagina, anus or some other inaccessible part of the body. During this stage the disease is highly contagious. In most cases the sore will disappear on its own within two to six weeks.

If left untreated, primary syphilis develops into secondary syphilis. The symptoms at this stage can appear within as short a time as one week and as long a time as six months after the initial sore has healed. The most noticeable symptom of secondary syphilis is a



"Doris, I think it's time you did something about that cellulite!"

body rash. This rash, which often is not irritating, is especially likely to develop on the hands and soles of the feet. Sores can appear in the mouth or on the genitals, and hair may fall from the scalp, eyelashes or eyebrows. Some people develop a fever, sore throat, headache and nausea. Others lose their appetite. A number of people show all of these symptoms, and others show none.

Untreated secondary syphilis progresses into the next stage, a long latency period. During this time the victim generally is unaware he is afflicted. The disease is also rarely infectious during the latency period except in the case of pregnant women, who can pass the syphilis on to the unborn child. This period of latent syphilis can last anywhere from ten to 20 years. It is at this time that the spirochetes begin to invade the internal tissues and organs, including the brain, bones, spinal column and blood vessels. However, a blood test for syphilis during the latency period will show positive, and the ailment can still be treated.

About one-third to one-half of untreated syphilis cases will develop into the third stage of the disease, tertiary syphilis. During this stage the victim can experience loss of vision, loss of hearing, loss of muscular control, and severe mental disturbances. This stage can also result in heart disease and death.

Your brother's problem clearly seems to be caused by tertiary syphilis. The important thing is to see a doctor and to ask for a basic blood test—called a VDRL—which will indicate whether or not you have syphilis.

Taste Sensation: My boyfriend loves having his cock sucked daily. When he comes in my mouth, there are times I am able to tell what kinds of beverages or foods he has recently ingested. Any type of diet drink gives his cum a very sweet taste. Also, I can always tell when he's eaten citrus fruit or had broccoli or asparagus, since his cum tastes just like it's flavored with these foods.

We want to know if anyone else has ever experienced this taste sensation.

—M. C.
Hollywood, California

Diet not only changes the taste of a man's semen, but can also change the flavor of a woman's vaginal secretions. Several people have written in lately about their favorite flavors and have been curious as to whether any other readers have reported similar experiences. So now you know.

Sex & Pregnancy: I am a 28-year-old woman who is pregnant for the first time. It took me years to conceive, and I am afraid to do anything that will hurt our baby. My husband is 25, and we had a very active sex life until I found out I was pregnant. I am afraid to have intercourse, because I have read some articles that say this can be dangerous to the unborn child. But I don't want my husband to be sexually frustrated and seek out other women either. What do you think? Is it dangerous to have sex during pregnancy? —A. R.
Kansas City, Missouri

Until a short time ago most physicians agreed sex during pregnancy was permissible up to the ninth month, when the couple should be more careful. Doctors are now arguing whether coitus during pregnancy is as safe as they once thought. A recent study published in the New England Journal of Medicine shows women who have intercourse during pregnancy are more likely to experience problems.

On the other hand, many physicians do not believe sex during pregnancy is something to worry about. Dr. Julius C. Butler, associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Minnesota, says, "My reaction is that if coitus did play a significant role in fetal loss, the planet would be empty."

Planned Parenthood advises pregnant women to have intercourse as long as it is comfortable for them. The organization also advises practicing good hygiene and using condoms to prevent any spread of infection. Although Planned Parenthood does not have national statistics and hasn't conducted a study on the safety of intercourse during pregnancy, it still feels that following your doctor's advice and the above suggestions will help to eliminate any concerns you may have about sex during pregnancy.

It isn't healthy, however, for you to worry about sex all during your pregnancy. You have to weigh all the pros and cons and decide what is best in your case. If your doctor feels you run a high risk of losing the child, you may have to abstain from sex while pregnant. Most doctors do feel that low-risk mothers-to-be can have sexual relations without obvious detrimental effects. In fact, a gynecologist wrote in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology that sexual relations are required for complete enjoyment of a pregnancy, and that when abstinence is prescribed, anxiety and tension may ensue.

Sex during pregnancy is an issue that must be decided on a case-by-case basis. Most pregnant women can have sex without ill effects. This is something you should definitely discuss with your husband and doctor in detail.

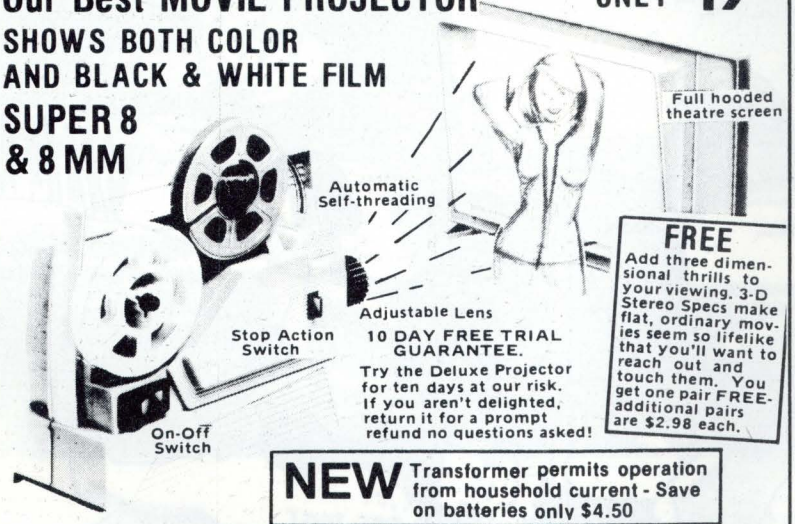
Chordee: I am a 26-year-old man who has been married for two years. During a recent checkup my doctor told me I had "chordee." He said since it didn't seem to be bothering me or my wife, nothing needed to be done about it. I was too embarrassed to ask questions of the doctor, and none of the fellows on my job

(continued on page 24)

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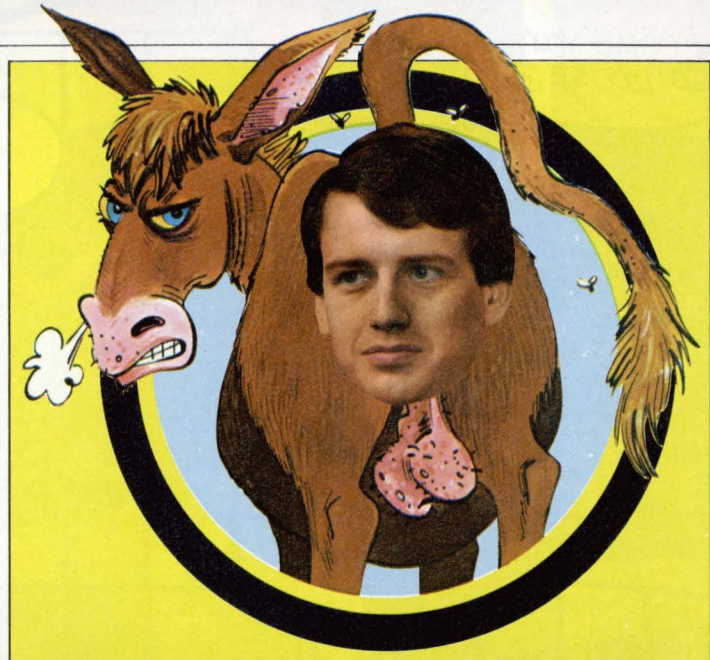
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Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Michael Farris

When Michael Farris began his witch-hunt against the Washington State Public Library, we thought he would bear watching. Little did we know when we investigated the case that he would become HUSTLER's August Asshole of the Month!

As executive director of the Washington State Moral Majority, Farris recently sued the state's library system to reveal the "names of public schools, or public-school employees who have borrowed" the 21-minute educational film *Achieving Sexual Maturity*.

Of course, library records all across the nation are confidential, but that didn't stop Farris. The search-and-destroy mission was on. Farris damned well wanted to know what sort of "perverts" had viewed this movie; more important, what kids might have been exposed to it. And since he is an attorney, he knew how to manipulate the courts.

He didn't care that this award-winning film was shot using professional actors, or that it has been acclaimed by distinguished sex educators and medical authorities. All Farris cared about was that *Achieving Sexual Maturity*, designed to help teenagers understand human sexuality, also talked about what the Moral Majority do-gooders consider the "unholy trinity"—birth control, planned parenthood and abortion. Since they don't approve of those acts, why let anyone else learn about them?

Farris is accustomed to making grandstand attacks on sex-education programs. Earlier this year he found some like-minded right-wing legislators to sponsor Washington State Senate Bill 3521, which would have required parents to sign a form after reviewing their children's sex-education materials. But the bill just "faded away" in the Education Committee.

Meanwhile, Farris and his buddies sent letters to parents all over the state, asking for copies of sex-education materials used in classrooms. When the group found out about *Achieving Sexual Maturity* and screened it privately, they expressed shock and dismay at the frontal nudity, shots of penises and vaginas, and other aspects of human sexuality, such as kissing and fondling. What did they expect to see—Ken and Barbie dolls in simulated poses?

Farris demanded the names of any school district that might have checked the film out of the State Film Library, in Olympia, where it was readily available. When the library rightfully refused, Farris sued. By doing this, he was following in the footsteps of other Moral Majority chapters around the country that have been successful in censoring books and films.

On the day of the anticipated courtroom battle, Farris pulled a surprise move by suddenly filing a motion to dismiss the case. Nevertheless, Judge Gerry Alexander let both sides make brief statements. Farris contended there was no need for the suit, since he had gotten all the information he needed. You might ask, "What information?" That's what the judge and the library's attorneys would also like to know, because no one from the library had told Farris or his group what he wanted to hear.

In trying to determine why Farris withdrew the case, HUSTLER spoke to one of his assistants, who said, "It was settled out of court." This, however, doesn't ring true. The Moral Majority withdrew the case before it could be heard.

Any dimwit can see that Farris was manipulating the courts and the state to get some attention for his loyal zealots. And with the publicity he received from his skillful game-playing, it looks like there will be a push for a statewide referendum to vote on the issue of censoring sex-education materials. Fortunately, HUSTLER saw through all of Farris's blatant manipulations and has exposed them for all to see. If these are the tactics the Moral Majority is using, perhaps it should consider changing its name.

Besides sex education, Farris has gone after abortionists, gay-rights activists—and, oh, yes, even Tacoma's Channel 13, for televising the movie *The Deer Hunter*. He claims the station had no right to air that picture, called by many critics a stunning portrayal of the horrors of Vietnam, because it contains "all seven of the dirty words banned by the FCC."

When he's not devising schemes to control public opinion, Michael Farris likes to spend his time playing the electronic game "Asteroids," shooting space rockets out of the sky with a tiny spaceship. We'd all be better off if he stayed with this method of getting his rocks off, instead of trying to shoot down free speech, free expression and greater sexual understanding.

"OH, YOU BEAST!"


HOW COME YOU'RE SO LOOSE?
NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?
THAT'S MY POUCH, STUPID!
SIT ON YOUR FACE? ARE YOU CRAZY?!
SLOWER! SLOWER!
IS IT IN YET, GODZILLA?
IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY BREEDING BETWEEN THE LINES?

The Tits of Rula Lenska

Who the hell is Rula Lenska? That question has brought comedians like Johnny Carson and Robin Williams a ton of laughs ever since Rula's appearance in a hair-spray commercial on TV. "I'm Rooo-la Lenzzz-ka," she growls, as if she were someone famous. Actually, she's a British actress with almost no following in the U.S.—until that commercial, of course. One of her earliest efforts was as a prostitute in Peter Sellers's *Undercovers Hero*; these shots from that film show she's accustomed to media exposure.



HUSTLER®

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Strawberry Bush



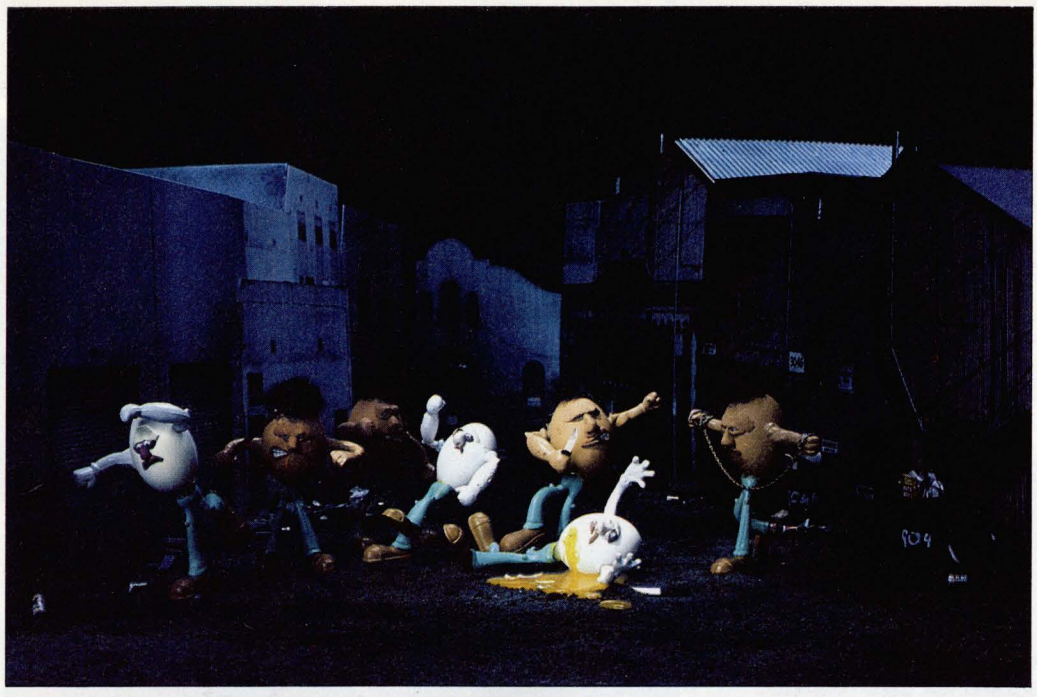
Where else but in *Bits & Pieces* are you going to see anatomically correct fruit? And the female looks like she's in season too!

We congratulate the green-thumbed reader who grew these strawberries and sent us a photo of them. You may well have lucked into a fortune with the male of this species. It'd be the very first strawberry that adds its own cream.



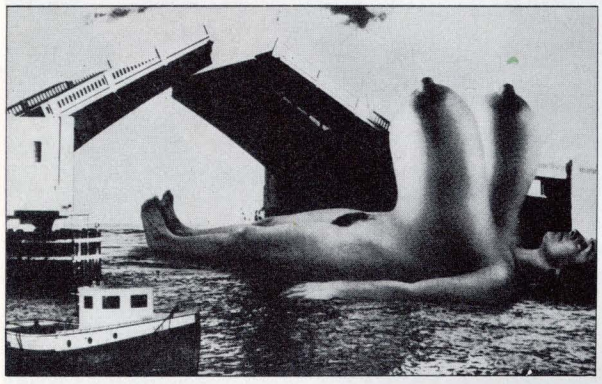
Condom in a Can

How would you like to find a rubber in your can of pork and beans? Carl Gentry of Del Rio, Tennessee, did . . . and now he's $2,500 richer! No, it wasn't a treasure-hunt contest. Mr. Gentry won that money as damages in a suit he filed against the beans' manufacturer, Stokely-Van Camp. Gentry testified he was eating the beans during a lunch break when he discovered the prophylactic. Obviously, someone was fucking with the beans before they went in the can. So the jury awarded Gentry $2,500 on the grounds he suffered an "emotional, traumatic and embarrassing experience." We bet the company was embarrassed too. No matter how the rubber got in there, the punishment was appropriate for such shoddy, unhealthy packaging. Also appropriate was the name of the county in which the trial was held—Cocke County.



Beating the Egg Whites

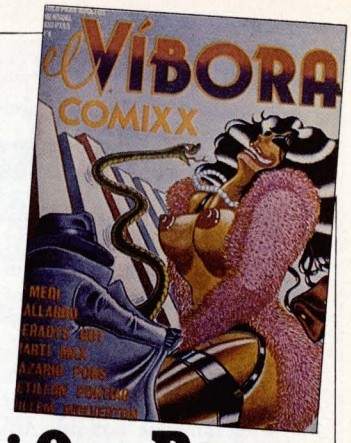
This is no yolk! When bad eggs like these decide to scramble, somebody's going to get hurt. Gang violence is a problem everywhere. Kids want to show how tough they are—how they're not scared of anything. Especially these guys; they'll never be chicken.



Tramp Steamer

This shot by Alfred Gescheidt reminds us not to cross our bridges before we come to them.

Alfred's sense of humor and bizarre photographic techniques always amaze us, but his shipbuilding certainly leaves something to be desired. A ship built like this one is going to have problems at every bridge it comes to. That's why we recommend the only possible solution—a *mast*-ectomy.



¿Que Pasa Porn?

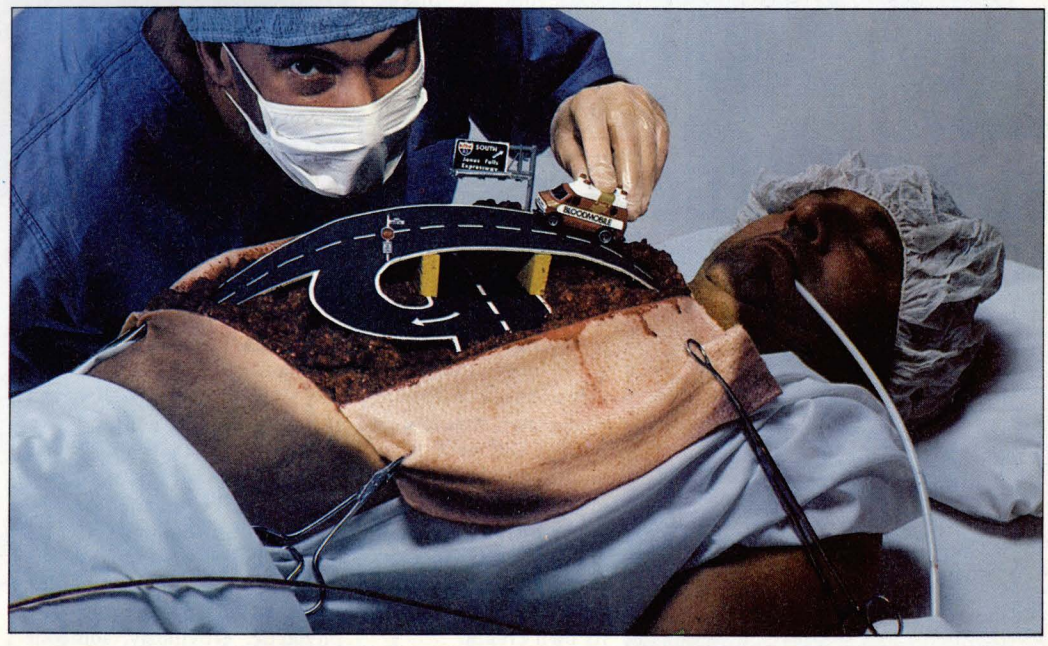
The Spanish haven't come up with anything very erotic since Spanish fly; so we're happy to see the arrival of Spain's first major sex comic book, *el Vibora*. We're also pleased that the usually repressive Spanish government has allowed a magazine of this type to exist.

Although many of the stories are violent, we suppose that's to be expected from a hot-blooded people known for bullfights and the Spanish Inquisition. But the works by such cartoonists as Nazario are hot enough to make Spanish-class dropouts want to try again. Also included are works by American talents like Deitch and Griffith. You can obtain a copy of *el Vibora* from Jose M. Berenguer (Apartado 216, Sant Cugat del Valles, Barcelona, Spain) for a $6 International Postal Money Order ($5 for the book and $1 for handling).

Bypass Surgery

We hate to see anyone undergo open-chest surgery, but we understand this is the only way to relieve congestion in the major arteries. At least the road to recovery is reportedly very quick—barring any unforeseen accidents. Plus, the postoperative program isn't all that involved. Just a six-month checkup and yearly road repairs.

The most interesting aspect of this type of surgery is that doctors *absolutely refuse* to perform it between 7 and 9 a.m. or 4 and 6 p.m. They complain that the rush-hour traffic is murder.



Kills Mold and Mildew Too!

Although this old newspaper ad's wording carefully skirts the subject, what we're talking about here is a bad case of smelly twat. That explains Tom's coldness. What we can't figure out is why a woman would put a heavy-duty disinfectant into such a sensitive area as her vagina just to reduce odors. We can understand using it to clean the kitchen floor or disinfect the toilet, sure—but as a douche it's got to be the worst idea since hexachlorophene or Red Dye #2!

Of course, back in 1945 the American consumer wasn't as fussy, and the Food and Drug Administration's guidelines weren't as strict. Nowadays, women want to feel as fresh as a cool summer's eve—not as raw as a scorching summer's day.





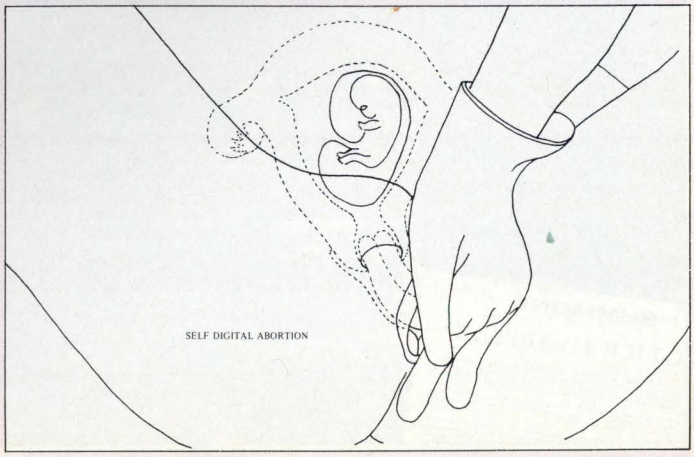
Designer Genes

Ever notice how the race of the models in cigarette-ad billboards changes with the neighborhood? We wonder when jeans manufacturers will catch on to minority marketing. How long will it be before ads like the one shown here start popping up in *Ebony* or *Jet*? A quick name change and . . . poof! . . . ethnic jeans! Think about the possibilities. Jeans with enormous pockets for Jews. Low-rider jeans with fuzzy dice hanging from the zipper for Chicanos. Teflon-coated, nonslip jeans for greasy Puerto Ricans. You can bet if there's a buck to be made, the people who created this blue-denim plague are gonna go after it. It's in their jeans.

Life Imitates HUSTLER

Last month *Bits & Pieces* ran a fictitious do-it-yourself product called the Early Removal Abortion kit (a mini-vacuum cleaner). As with most of our satire, the item was intended to shock people into thinking about the subject. *We've* since been shocked by a new book—suggesting actual techniques.

Suzann Gage of the Los Angeles Feminist Women's Health Center has compiled various means of self-abortion (one is shown at right), including the use of bicycle pumps, exotic herbs and . . . vacuum cleaners. The book has caused such an uproar, even feminist newspapers like *Off Our Backs* have called it an irresponsible return to the back alleys of yesteryear. Gage defends the book, claiming it's both a guide for women in countries where abortion is illegal and a response to growing anti-abortion sentiment in the U.S.





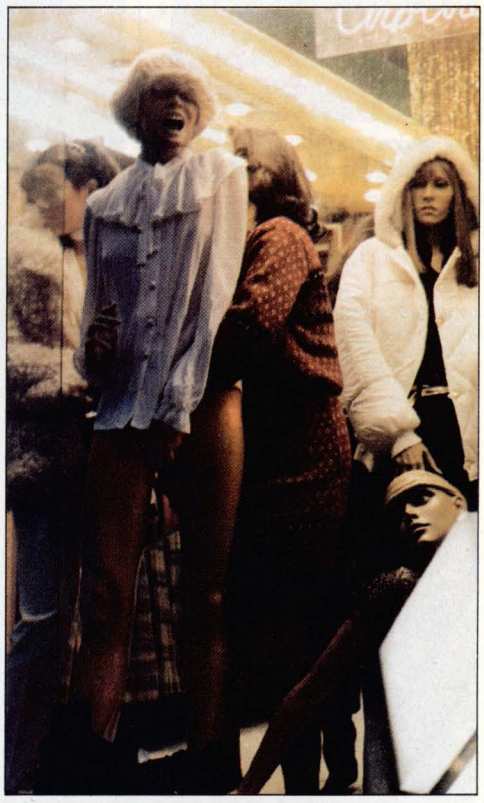
Childproofing the House

There are some things you just don't want the kids to get into. It's easy enough to keep them out of your pesticides, bleaches and Quaaludes; but what about the toilet? How do we keep the little buggers from drowning in the commode?

Here's our simple solution to keep your household from losing an important tax deduction. If he's smart enough to open it, it's a safe bet he's smart enough to use the toilet properly. If not, he'll just have to wet until he's older.

Don't Touch Me There

The French are always grabbing things. This photo was taken in Paris by a reader who was shocked by the window-dresser's actions. Maybe she gets off on a little touchie-feelie with the mannequins—but the front window of a clothing shop is no place for this sort of display!



LOOK WHO'S TURNING UP WITH COKE



Caught by a Nose

Comedian Flip Wilson got more than the customary welcome when he arrived at Los Angeles International Airport recently—he was busted! According to news reports, L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley was preparing to honor Wilson at City Hall—but the comedian was arrested on suspicion of drug possession first.

Wilson had just arrived on a flight from Miami when he was apprehended by members of both the Los Angeles Police Department and the Sheriff's Narcotics Bureau. He allegedly had about 2.5 grams of cocaine, several grams of hashish and a small quantity of marijuana in his possession at the time of his arrest.

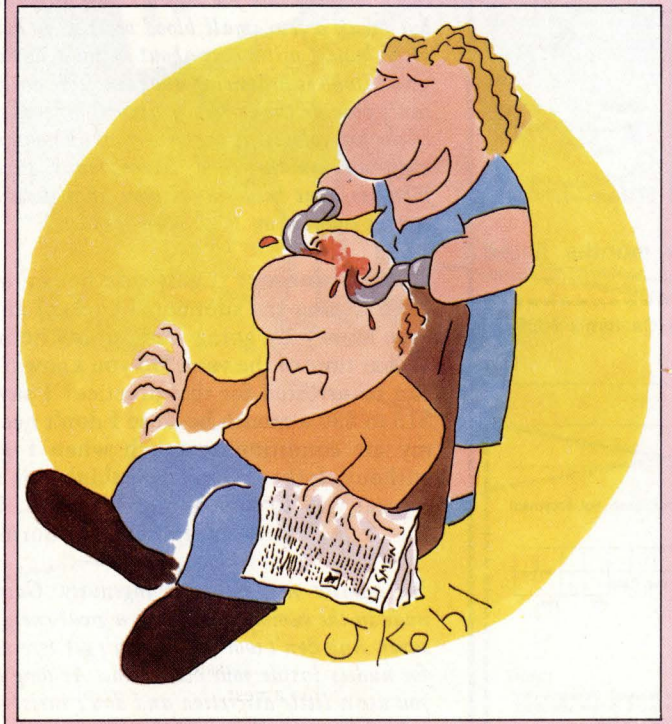
Flip's probable defense? "The devil made me do it!"



What a Ham!

Are these the links that had ol' blue eyes testifying before a Senate subcommittee? Will eating Italian sausage be a crime? Sinatra's ex-wives and girlfriends could be due for sentencing if they've been eating Frank's sausage. Our only beef is . . . what's in those sausages anyway? Is it kosher?

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Guess who?!"



M.I.A.

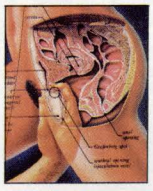
As reported last issue, the family of John Sullivan Jr., HUSTLER's missing journalist in El Salvador, has formed the John Sullivan Action Committee—a pressure group to "find out what has happened before it is too late." For information, contact the committee at 254 East Clinton Avenue, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621.

HUSTLER Update



THE DRAFT
May '81

Pressure to reinstate the Selective Service system, as we've reported in past issues, has been growing steadily within the federal government. Now the nation's top military-reserve officer has asked Congress to consider a draft law that includes a mandatory six months' active duty following high-school graduation. Testifying before a House Armed Services subcommittee, retired Major General Louis Conti said America's "war-fighting capability" demands some new form of involuntary service. Conti, chairman of the Reserve Forces Policy Board, also proposed three years of active duty (plus three in the reserves) or eight to ten years in the reserves after the six-month "orientation period."



VAGINAL ORGASMS
January '81

HUSTLER was the first to nationally break the news about the discovery of the Grafenberg spot. This section of the vaginal wall can be manipulated to trigger an intense, "inner-vaginal" orgasm that causes a woman to actually ejaculate. The existence of the G-spot has now been confirmed by the world-renowned sex researchers Masters and Johnson. The reason Dr. William Masters gave for not having discovered it during earlier research was that he and Johnson conducted no actual stimulation of their clients. He explained, "Had the word spread that as a gynecologist I was sexually stimulating [the patient], there would have been no chance for us whatsoever."

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For August, $150 and thanks to Clay Geerdes, Alfred Gescheidt, Louanne Navoy and Roland Nicholson Jr.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

site have ever heard of this sexual disease. Even my wife is angry with me because she thinks I got the disease from some other woman. Since I haven't been fooling around, I'd appreciate any information you could give me on this problem. —T. F.
Ashland, Oregon

"Chordee" is a medical term referring to any abnormal curvature of a man's penis. A man can be born with a curved penis or can develop such a condition later in life. If the curvature of the cock is causing pain and sexual problems, surgery is generally required to correct the situation. However, a slight curvature not causing any difficulties is usually left untreated.

Chordee is not a sexually transmitted disease. You either inherited chordee genetically or developed it as you grew. It is important you find a doctor you feel comfortable discussing sexual questions with. Since your present one failed to fully explain the condition and let you anguish over it, maybe you should find another physician.

Anal Bleeding: I am a 20-year-old homosexual who has recently begun to have anal sex. My rectum bleeds on the mornings after I have anal sex. It doesn't bleed very much, but it worries me. Is there any way to stop this? —F. M.
Lake George, New York

You should go to a proctologist and have him check to make sure you haven't done anything but break a few small blood vessels. Be sure to be honest with him about being a homosexual who is practicing anal sex. The doctor can't provide the correct treatment otherwise. If the proctologist is negative about homosexuals, see another one. Since many proctologists treat homosexual men, they usually can be counted on to be open-minded.

Nude Summer: It gets very hot in my town during the summer. I cool off and save money by going nude in my home at that time of the year. Do you know if I can be arrested for this practice? I save $15 to $30 a month because I don't need my air conditioning much when I go without clothes. Don't you think this is a great way to save energy? —C. T.
Bakersfield, California

We admire your patriotic ingenuity. Going nude in the summer months is a great energy-saver. And don't worry, you won't get arrested for nudity inside your own home. As long as you use a little discretion and don't insist on exposing yourself to others, you are well within your rights.



"Thanks to us, ladies, this place doesn't show those awful sex movies anymore!"

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Wicked Sensations

Produced by Jerry Ross; directed by Robert Smith; written by Roger Jones; starring Annette Haven, John Leslie, Diana Holt, Mai Lin, Paul Thomas, Sonya Sommers, Holly McCall, Suzannah French, Holly Page and Chris Cassidy.

Wicked Sensations is our kind of film. It's wickedly erotic, sensationally entertaining and, undeniably, one of the best movies we've viewed this year.

What makes *Sensations* such a hit is its skillful blending of three essential, but often-overlooked, ingredients. Here you'll find exquisitely erotic sex, a concise, well-directed screenplay and fine acting (especially by John Leslie, as a successful writer, and Annette Haven, who plays his harried live-in girlfriend). This production is probably one of the most coherent X-rated pictures you'll ever see. Unlike much of today's hard-core fare, *Wicked Sensations* actually has a beginning, a middle and an end.

As the film opens we see Leslie crawling out his apartment window onto a terrace he shares with his friend and neighbor (Paul Thomas), in order to watch Thomas get it on with a lovely Oriental dish (Mai Lin). Meantime, Annette Haven is less than pleased with Leslie's activity. It seems this voyeur's act is part of a carefully orchestrated routine between the two buddies. While Leslie watches, Thomas scores and screws a different girl every night. The trouble is, Haven's left out in the cold.

When Leslie returns to the apartment, his sex drive is in low gear, leaving him numb to Haven's impassioned advances. Frustrated and nearly at the end of her rope, she concludes her boyfriend is in need of a psychiatrist. (If you couldn't respond to a woman like Annette Haven, *you'd* no doubt think a shrink was in order too.)

Leslie reluctantly agrees, and arranges to see a quack recommended by his pal Thomas. On the way to his appointment, though, he stops by a movie studio to talk with a producer about the filming of his latest novel. There three things happen: Leslie watches while the producer auditions a budding starlet, the voluptuous secretary tries to give him a blowjob, and he falls madly in love with a genuinely pretty woman (newcomer Diana Holt), who's visiting the studio on her way to a ski resort. In fact, he's so taken with Holt that he trips over his trousers bolting to the door to get a better look.

Once back home, Leslie tells Haven of the shrink's deadpan diagnosis: He'd probably had "bad toilet training" as a baby. She gawks at him incredulously and cries: "I sent out a pervert, and I got back an idiot!" For Leslie that's the final straw. He tells Haven to clear out and takes off on a ski vacation in pursuit of Holt, the girl of his dreams.

Everyone involved with *Wicked Sensations* deserves a round of applause. From the opening scene to the steamy finale, this love story scores on all counts. And, like all good love stories, it comes complete with an ending guaranteed to leave nary a dry eye—or seat—in the house. Go see it.

—Jim Heinisch



In the role of a producer, Michael Morrison checks 'starlet' Sonya Sommers's credits in 'Wicked Sensations.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION	A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
HALF ERECT	So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
TOTALLY LIMP	A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Neon Nights

Produced and directed by Cecil Howard; written by Anne Randall; starring Lysa Thatcher, Kandi Barbour, Veronica Hart, Arcadia Lake, Jody Maxwell, Linda Vale, Jamie Gillis, Eric Edwards, Jake Teague, Ashley Moore, Roy Stuart and Ward Summers.

Cecil Howard's latest release, *Neon Nights*, takes the viewer inside a young girl's mind and illuminates the blue-movie screen with all the mystery and magic of her secret yearnings. Though sometimes confusing, this lavishly produced flick

is guaranteed to light your fire.

The film begins as a sensuous but innocent young woman (Lysa Thatcher) hears her mother (Linda Vale) and her mother's boyfriend (Jamie Gillis) making love in an adjoining bedroom. Despite the pair's effort to keep their passion to a dull roar, the moaning and groaning soon inspires Thatcher to masturbate with a handy hairbrush. Afterward she falls into a deep, satisfying sleep.

Next morning we find her nude in the bathroom, preparing for the day, when Gillis enters. He seduces the inexperienced girl with a master's hand. But just as they're about to fuck, Mom walks in, shocked beyond belief. This wonderfully convincing scene launches the action.

Guilt-ridden and afraid, Thatcher flees to New York so she can join her long-lost twin sister. Though her mother pursues her on this journey, Thatcher manages to give her the slip when she's picked up by a wandering magician (Jake Teague).

In the magician's motel room we're treated to one of the hottest, most interesting sequences in the movie. Still unsure and confused, Thatcher accepts the hospitality of Teague and his gypsy lady (Jody Maxwell), and beds down for the night on a cot. Once Thatcher is asleep, Teague uses his trickery to strip back the covers, levitate her off the cot and put her into a kind of trance. Then he proceeds to fuck Maxwell with a vengeance. Thatcher, meanwhile, senses their sensations and brings herself to a solitary climax. In the morning Teague and Maxwell have mysteriously disappeared, leaving Thatcher on her own once again.

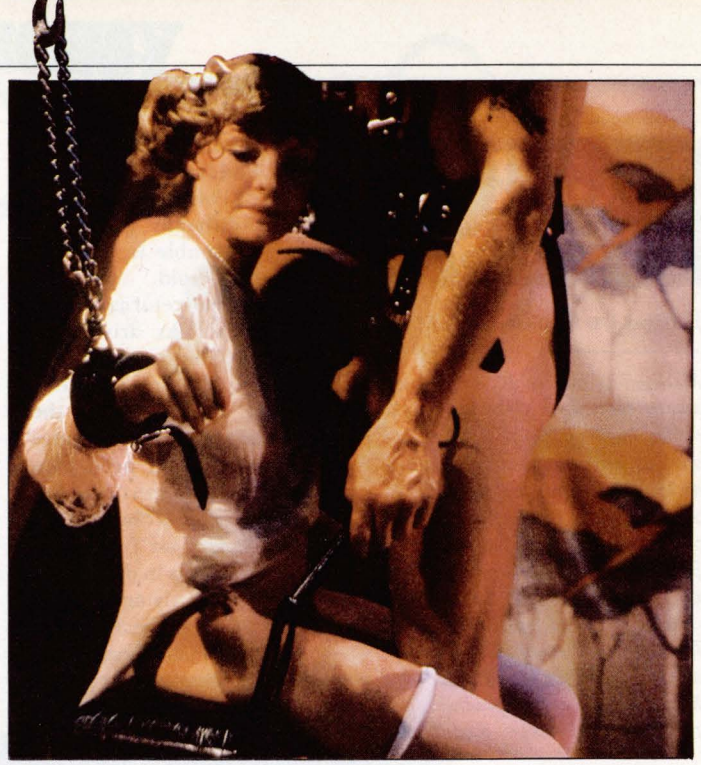
She finally makes it to the Big Apple and locates the woman (Veronica Hart) who's taken her twin sister in tow. From here the action gets hot and strangely perverse, as Hart and her stud (Eric Edwards) lay some plans for their new young playmate.

At this point *Neon Nights* might lose some of its viewers. While there are several clues that what we're watching is intended to be a dream, the implication could be stronger. If you stay with these sequences until the final frames, however, you'll be aroused and surprised by the tricky ending.

Neon Nights is a complex, magnificent production. The acting, the technical values, the theme song and even the title graphics are all first-rate. It's a film that's uniquely, mystically erotic—and one we highly recommend. —*J. H.*



Lysa Thatcher makes her own kind of sensual magic in 'Neon Nights.'



'Woman': Laurien Dominique gets a lesson in leather from Jim Messina.

Woman in Love

Produced and directed by Kemal Horulu; starring Laurien Dominique, Vanessa Del Rio, Christin Ford, Veri Knotty, Lisa Bee, Samantha Fox, Richard Bolla, Phil Tobus, Ron Jeremy, Jake Teague, Jim Messina, Bobby Astyr, Paul Ford and Veronica Hart.

Woman in Love is a touching, sometimes-torrid film about a beautiful but neglected housewife who seeks romance and attention. Her quest sweeps us away on a sexual odyssey that defines the difference between love and lust.

The dilemma of the heroine (Laurien Dominique) is painfully clear from the film's outset. She's lonely and sexually frustrated, having taken a distant second place to the business interests of her husband (Richard Bolla). While not fully aware of the problem, Bolla knows Dominique is dissatisfied. To give some variety to her life, he arranges a job interview for her with his boss's wife (Vanessa Del Rio), who operates a stylish uptown boutique.

What neither Bolla nor Dominique realizes is that Del Rio is an insatiable sexual savage. There's more undressing than dressing done in her fitting rooms. When Dominique applies for the job, Vanessa hires her immediately, eager to have another plaything at hand. Dominique soon catches the eye of Del Rio's lover (Phil Tobus), a wealthy playboy who's also anxious to try this new young lady on for size.

But cheating on her husband never enters Dominique's mind—until she's invited to a party at Tobus's penthouse. There our heroine's mind is blown as the revelers *begin* the party with an orgy. She's about to split when she runs into a sensitive artist (Ron Jeremy), who feigns sympathy and invites her back to his place to "talk things over." This "talk" turns into a three-month-long love affair. Just as Dominique is about to quit her husband for Jeremy, the latter slams on the brakes and sets sail for Europe, leaving her high and dry.

Throughout, Dominique wears her heart on her sleeve, a trait that makes her a target for nearly everyone. Vanessa uses her, as does Tobus, eventually breaking her heart. At the end of the film she has nowhere to turn but home. Happily enough, she finds an enlightened husband who's willing to make amends and start over.

There's enough sex to keep things really steamy. One particularly humorous fantasy scene involves all the characters Dominique has encountered on her strange journey. But like

many movies with a message, *Woman in Love* falls flat despite its good intentions. Ultimately, lackluster acting and a heavy-handed treatment conspire to leave us with a flick that can only be rated as mediocre.

—J. H.

Same Time Every Year

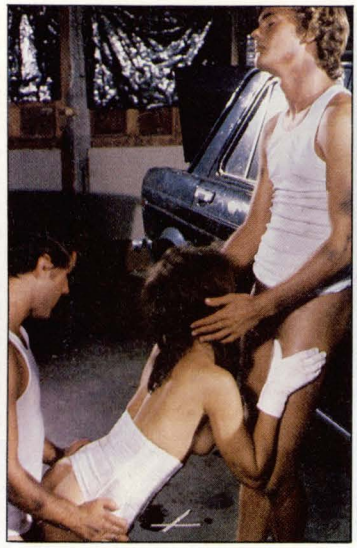
Produced and directed by F. J. Lincoln; written by Cathy Karwoski and F. J. Lincoln; starring Loni Sanders, Tiffany Clark, Jean Damage, Lee Carroll, Star Would, Coral Cie, Isolde, Holly McCall, China Leigh, Paul Thomas, Mike Ranger, Michael Morrison and Ron Jeremy.

Looking for a little dirty diversion? Then go see *Same Time Every Year.* This film is loaded with imaginative and arousing hard-core action, plus a bevy of starlets who could make a priest throw away his collar. In fact, if *Same Time Every Year* doesn't turn you on, you'd better check your pulse, because you might be dead.

Same Time Every Year features a simple story about three men who pull a yearly scam on their wives by annoucing their intention to attend a "business convention." Actually, the "convention" is nothing more than a carnal retreat where each of the guys indulges in his favorite fantasy. But while the boys are off having fun, the girls aren't exactly sitting on their muffs, pining away. They're passing the time with their own sexual shenanigans.

As the movie begins, we see each hubby telling his wife good-bye. These ladies are so hot, you wonder why the guys are leaving home at all. The first couple—played by Mike Ranger and the supersexy Loni Sanders—opens the action by knocking off a steamy quickie. As soon as Ranger is out the door, Sanders grabs the gardener, and they share a roll in the grass. Off on his weekend fling, Ranger rents himself out to a pair of wealthy matrons and soon becomes the center of attention in a scorching *menage a trois.*

Couple number two (Jean Damage and Paul Thomas) find a different form of release.



Tiffany Clark and two mechanics get a tune-up in 'Same Time.'

Lodged in an intimate hideaway, Thomas goes one-on-one with the well-endowed Lee Carroll. Damage, on the other hand, chooses the great outdoors to let it all hang out as she horses around with her riding instructor, Star Would.

Michael Morrison and Tiffany Clark are the third couple, and their encounters are of the kinky but amusing kind. Morrison pigs out with the sensuous Isolde at a feast reminiscent of those in the movie *Tom Jones,* while Clark takes the family car into a garage and gets her valves reamed by two greasy mechanics.

Although the vignette approach employed here usually delivers as much sex as you can handle, it unfortunately offers little in the way of plot or character development. But it's obvious the producers of *Same Time Every Year* weren't trying to create a dramatic landmark. Instead, they attempted to make a light, fun movie—and they succeeded. The hard-core antics are solid and abundant, the cast is energetic and attractive, and the film moves along at a faster clip than most in the genre. In sum, *Same Time* is well worth *your* time. *—J. H.*



'Time': Jean Damage enjoys horseplay with riding teacher Star Would.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

A Scent of Heather
American Pie
Blonde Ambition
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Exposed
Fascination
Games Women Play
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Kiss and Tell
Platinum Paradise
Prisoner of Paradise
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Coed Fever
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Insatiable
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Seka
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Ultra Flesh
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Blue Magic
Extremes
Manhattan Mistress
Small Town Girls
Sunny
The Girls of Mr. X
Vista Valley P.T.A.

One-Quarter Erect

Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique
Silky
Sweet Cheeks

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries

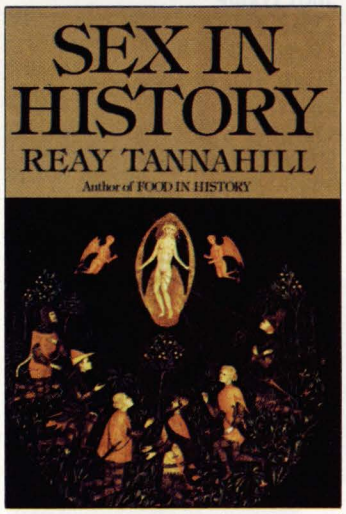
BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Sex in History

By Reay Tannahill; Stein and Day, Scarborough House, Briarcliff Manor, New York 10510; $17.95.

Reay Tannahill was first noticed back in 1973 with a blockbuster book called *Food in History*, which gave us a whole new slant on why we are what we are. According to that work, more wars have been fought and more lands discovered because of food and spices than ever were sparked by God and Country. Now she does the same thing with sex, and she has a point. Where the nitty meets the gritty, food and fucking are what make us what we are; all the other things we are would be no place without them.



Way back in the dim dawn, when humans stopped walking on all fours and found out the cock was the key to reproduction, the male had it made, and it was subjugation time for women. Whole nations rose and fell over the matter of who balled whom. These empires were backed by religions that got their muscle by creating guilt and shame. This way, the power-priests could keep a hand on the peasants when they weren't in the temple.

The details revealed by Tannahill are fascinating. In medieval France, for example, buggery had little to do with homosexuality. Actually, it arose because certain religious heretics believed conception was wrong and did their best to keep the common people from breeding. Thus, they used their wives "more by the rear than the front, and only made use of the front in order to have children."

Here are things about eunuchs you may not have known: The Muslims had black ones in charge of the harems, and took off all of their equipment; some had to piss through a quill. White eunuchs were kept to serve the court; they lost only their balls and were great favorites with the court ladies, because some of them could make out just fine.

In Victorian England the virgin prostitute was big business. Ignorant young country girls were scooped up at railroad stations and slammed into whorehouses, some of which specialized in virgins only. The customer was occasionally supplied with a doctor's certificate of authenticity, and the girl was "re-virginized" a number of times in different ways. Leeches, bits of glass, or a bladder of fish blood simulated bleeding of the "broken hymen," while a needle and thread might be used to narrow the vaginal opening.

But despite these examples, this is no mere account of sexual horrors. Tannahill's strong suit is a "like it was, like it is" approach to the story of mankind. What happened, and why things happened, aren't quite the same as they told you they were back in high school. *Sex in History* is a fine book, well worth the hit.





From early manhood (left) to older age, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's contempt for Constitutional rights is documented in 'World Crime.'

Almanac of World Crime

By Jay Robert Nash; Anchor Press/Doubleday, 245 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10167; $19.95.

Jay Robert Nash is an obsessive when it comes to crime, and for that we should all be grateful. This is his tenth book on the subject in 11 years. In previous volumes he's covered everything from professional hustlers to J. Edgar Hoover, from John Dillinger to the bad guys of the Old West. In this new one he gives us less detail and more—many more—subjects.

As the best possible description of this remarkable package, here's the alphabetized table of contents: Aliases and monikers, arson, assassination, bombings, burglary, capital punishment, courts and trials, criminals, drugs, female criminals, fraud, kidnapping, law enforcement, looting, murder, organized crime, prisons, prostitution, public reaction, robbery, terrorism, underworld lingo, bibliography and index.

For anyone with an appetite for blood and violence, this is a mother lode. For anybody interested in the kinks and creases of the human mind, this is a wonderment. For those writing crime stories, mysteries, spy yarns, prison tales, or screenplays, this is a 450-page springboard.

The book is full of startling stories too. In one, Nash suggests that John Dillinger was not ambushed and killed in 1934—as widely believed—but that another man died in his place. The notorious outlaw may be alive today, Nash submits. He also writes of "Terrible Tommy" O'Connor, who escaped the gallows and disappeared in 1921 just before Illinois law substituted the electric chair for hanging as the official method of execution. Because O'Connor's sentence stipulated that he be hanged, a gallows is kept ready for him in Chicago's criminal-courts building just in case he ever turns up.

Nash also explains that a great number of books and movies derive from real criminals and their crimes, including such literary landmarks as Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* and Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment.* Ben Hecht, who wrote the screenplay for *Scarface*, was visited by a couple of thugs who wanted to know whether his movie was patterned on the life of Al Capone. Hecht lied that it wasn't, and saved his life.

It's virtually impossible to produce a book of this size and scope without a few glitches. In the bizarre 1976 Chowchilla kidnapping, for example, the school bus carrying 26 children was not driven into a hole in the ground, as Nash writes, but was abandoned. The children and their driver were, in fact, ordered into a buried semi-trailer.

And I must come to the defense of a "book reviewer for the *New York Times*" who used mass-killer Herman Webster Mudgett's alias, H. H. Holmes, which Nash says was "perhaps appropriate for the kind of reviews he wrote—'Hatchet Jobs.'" The reviewer's real name was Anthony Boucher, quite the kindest and gentlest friend I've ever had, who swung a hatchet on good writers only when they wrote badly.

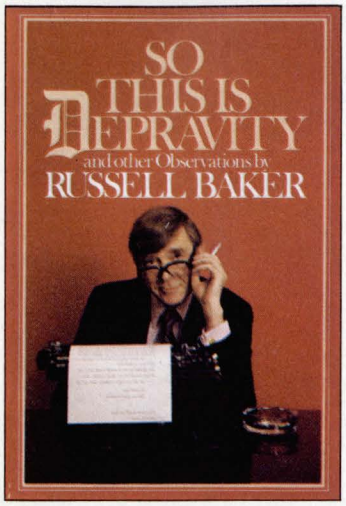
Despite that, Jay Robert Nash has done a praiseworthy job with this *Almanac.*

So This Is Depravity

By Russell Baker; Congdon & Lattes, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010; $10.95.

Russell Baker is one very

funny citizen. Not since Robert Benchley has there been a cheerful gadfly like this, a man who likes martinis, gulps cholesterol, thinks joggers should run on their heads and believes that the best way to "save energy" is to get horizontal as often as possible. He pokes fun at politicians and socialites, health-food freaks and organized sports and, from time to time, at you and me. His knack is to drift from everyday reality into totally outrageous fantasy. It can't really



be described; so try a sampling from this book.

Discussing the general reaction to the news, Baker writes: *Around the newspaper office where I work it was a bad time. "Isn't there any news at all?" the managing editor asked one night when the presses were rusting silently.*

"Just the usual," said the assistant managing editor. "Mother shoots seventy-three motorists on New Jersey Turnpike. One hundred largest corporations indicted in church poor-box thefts. Queen Elizabeth kidnapped by terrorists. Castro explodes first atomic bomb."

"Stop!" cried the managing editor. "You're putting me to sleep."

That was the night it started raining, you may recall. The interesting thing about the rain was that it fell all over the world, which was reported in the newspapers, which was probably why nobody thought the rain was particularly interesting.

The rain lasted forty days and forty nights, but long before the fortieth day the Secret Service had built an ark, put the President aboard and launched it on the Potomac.

When the rain stopped, the ark was gone. "What do you think of the ark's loss?" I asked a sandwich cutter on Ninth Avenue.

"I don't follow the arks myself," he said. "I'm a Mets fan."

There's much more, none of it ever the same. Baker is a constant surprise.

So This Is Depravity is a collection of short writings, most of them from his "Observer" column in the *New York Times* from 1973 to 1980. It makes ideal bedside or bathroom reading; enjoy a yuk or a chuckle or two, then set the book aside for the next time. We need more writers like Russell Baker, putting yeasty little bubbles into all the solemn and serious things that get put on our backs. Buy the book; have fun.

John Lennon: One Day at a Time

By Anthony Fawcett; Grove Press, Inc., 196 West Houston Street, New York, New York 10014; $8.95.



Rock's John Lennon is sensitively revealed in 'One Day at a Time.'

This book makes me sad on several levels. First and foremost is the simple matter of John Lennon's death. You don't have to be a Beatles freak to get a sick place in your stomach when you hear a guy like that is so senselessly killed. In some people's estimation Lennon did a lot of weird things in his time, maybe even some dumb things. But as far as we know he never did a bad thing to anyone—ever—and much of his life was spent trying to get people to stop "doing bad" to each other.

Anthony Fawcett wrote this book in 1976, a period when Lennon was becoming more involved with his family while breaking contact with his fellow former Beatles. Not much was known then about his real circumstances. But, somehow, much of the book seems to be about Anthony Fawcett rather than about John. And though I can't quote a line or a word to back this up, I get the feeling the author doesn't like John's wife Yoko Ono very much, nor does he understand her (there are many people in *that* club). What makes me sad is that he won't just come out and say so. John and Yoko hired him as an assistant and depended on him for a couple of years. I guess his reticence on the subject may be due to a sort of loyalty.



'One Day at a Time' recounts the bittersweet ballad of John and Yoko.

What makes me saddest of all is that when Lennon was cut down, there was a great rush to scoop a buck out of the tragedy. I can't fault Fawcett for that, however, since this volume was intended for release well before John was killed.

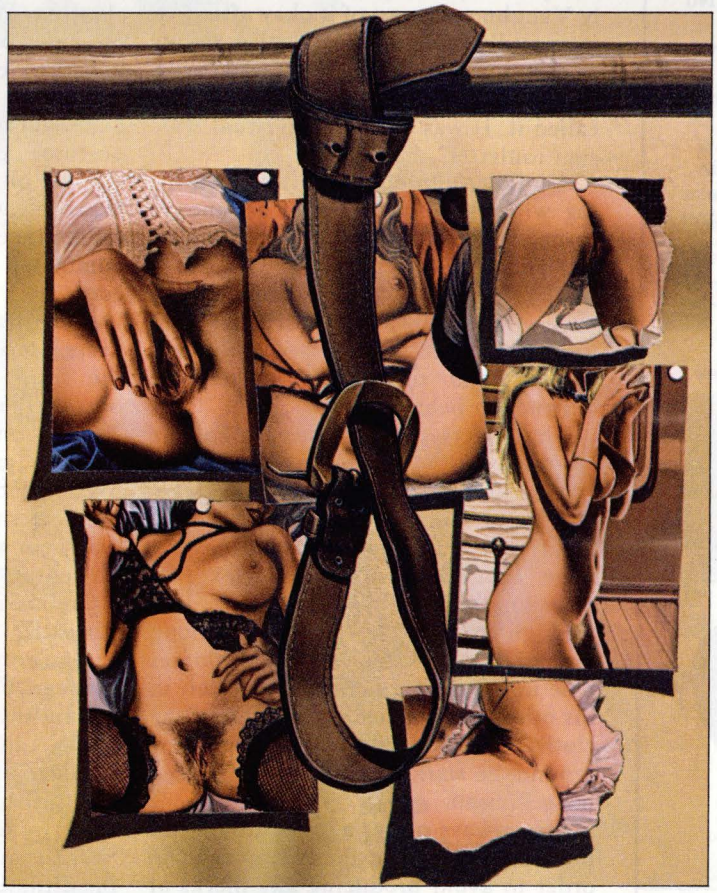
The square count is that the Lennons and Fawcett meant a lot to one another almost a decade ago, that Fawcett knows much about a dark period when Lennon was fairly reclusive and that he writes well about it. And that this book makes me sad.


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Editor's Note: HUSTLER emphasizes the often-fatal dangers of the practice of "auto-erotic asphyxia," and recommends that readers seeking unique forms of sexual release DO NOT ATTEMPT this method. The facts are presented here solely for an educational purpose.

* * *

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



ORGASM OF DEATH

by Richard Milner

Bobby L. was a bright, fun-loving and seemingly well-adjusted teenager. He got along well with his classmates in a New York City high school, and was never considered the type who would take his own life.

Yet one tragic day his parents found him dead in his bedroom, hanging from a homemade noose attached to the clothes pole in the closet. There were pictures of nude women near his body, and his penis was still dribbling semen. When the coroner arrived, the parents begged him to list the cause of death simply as a "fatal accident."

In recent years Masters and Johnson and other researchers have shown ordinary self-stimulation of the sex organs to be a harmless practice that induces a temporary state of euphoria and physiological release. And Dr. Alfred Kinsey's surveys disclosed that virtually all healthy males and females do it.

But Bobby's method of masturbation was neither healthy nor harmless. As many as 1,000 youngsters—mostly males—die every year in this country by hanging themselves while masturbating. Coroners call the practice "auto-erotic asphyxia" or the "adolescent sexual-asphyxia syndrome"—when they describe it at all.

Typically, the practitioner rigs up a noose—often a rope or a belt—and cuts off his air supply at the height of sexual excitement. The brain, deprived of oxygen, experiences a "high" accompanied by giddiness, light-headedness and exhilaration. Often the practitioner will pass out for a few minutes, then revive. Sometimes, though, he never comes out of it!

Dr. Robert Stein of the Cook County (Illinois) Medical Examiner's Office cites 15 to 20 cases of this latter instance each year in the Chicago area alone. The victims, who usually have ejaculated, are discovered with nooses around their necks. According to Dr. Stein (as quoted in the *Chicago Tribune*), "Great efforts are taken to cover up these cases, and many coroners and medical examiners go along to lessen embarrassment to families" who don't want the true circumstances of death revealed.

For years there was some confusion among medical examiners and insurance companies as to whether these deaths were to be considered accidental or suicides. In an article published in the *Journal of Child Psychiatry*, Stephen Rosenblum and Dr. Myron Faber of San Diego's Balboa Naval Hospital conclude the deaths are really accidental—because the victims have no intention of killing themselves.

Indeed, here lies the real danger of the practice. While it may seem a cheap and easy way of getting "kicks," it is a serious—and often-fatal—mistake to believe that asphyxia can be controlled.

The critical error is to believe that, as long as you don't actually choke yourself (compress the windpipe), you can always regain consciousness. In fact, a little too much pressure on the neck, and you get the barocepter reflex (which refers to little valves in an artery that halt the flow of blood when pressure is applied to the vessel).

This reflex—in the case of the main artery supplying blood to the head, the carotid—leads to rapid unconsciousness, and the victim may then fall on his noose or belt in such a way as to produce hanging and asphyxia, resulting in death. Of course, he will be unaware of this new danger—since he is not conscious.

Vaughn Bode, the creator of the cosmic comic strip "Cheech Wizard," which appeared monthly in *High Times* magazine, died at the age of 33 because of his auto-erotic sexual practices. He was found in his bedroom with his neck through a homemade noose, his genitals exposed.

Later, friends and relatives found more than a hundred empty bottles of butyl nitrite in Bode's room, and they suspect this commonly available legal drug was also implicated in the death. "Vaughn did anything that would get him higher," said a friend. "He snorted these dangerous drugs, used rubber and nooses, put on women's clothing—everything he could think of. And his methods underwent an evolution. He'd mask his eyes, put plugs in his ears, deprive himself one by one of outward sensations. It became a spiritual thing

Illustration by David Mann

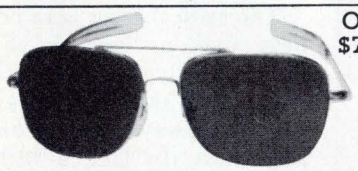
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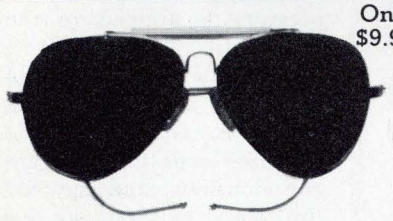
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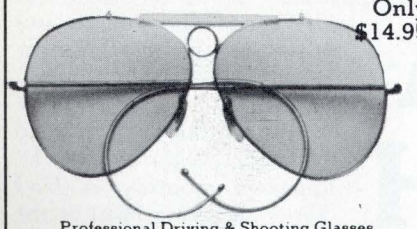
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for him. After a while, he didn't even masturbate—just went after the high."

Of course, yogis and Eastern mystics have long known how to alter consciousness by changing or constricting normal breathing. But Bode hadn't the patience for gradual practices. He wanted immediate gratification, as do many who pursue quick and dangerous highs. "Usually Vaughn came out of it okay after five minutes," his friend recalls. "He always said he just needed to have a chat with the Big Man—'The Management,' he called it. It was a form of spiritual Russian roulette."

Another reported case—this one dealing with the experience of an anonymous 15-year-old male—was recalled by Dr. Faber in the *Journal of Child Psychiatry.* Fortunately, the doctor learned about the youth's habit early enough, and was able to arrange psychotherapy sessions that successfully altered his destructive behavior.

This description is based on Faber's interview with the teenaged patient: "He strips completely, puts on various articles of female clothing (most commonly a bra and panties) and views a large assortment of sexually explicit magazines. He then loops his belt through its buckle, places the loop around his neck and over the clothes pole in his closet, and holds the belt in his other hand. Since he is 5-5, and the clothes bar is exactly four feet from the ground, he *must* lift his legs to be able to hang himself.

"He always places a towel around his neck before putting the belt over it, in order to avoid producing any marks or bruises. . . . Hanging is accomplished for one-half to two minutes and almost without exception is accompanied by ejaculation. Initially, he hanged himself once every other week, but most recently has done it as often as two to four times a week."

One factor pops up again and again in these cases—the use by men of female undergarments or intimate apparel. The relationship between transvestite practices—cross-dressing—and sexual asphyxiation is not clear. Some psychotherapists have attempted to link erotic hangings to early childhood fascination for ropes and chains, to binding with women's undergarments, and to the whole spectrum of adult bondage and sadomasochism.

It has long been known that tying or binding various parts of the body can be sexually stimulating. As pioneer sex researcher Havelock Ellis put it, "Any restraint upon muscular and emotional activities generally tends to heighten the state of sexual excitement." Erotic bondage is also connected to psychological games of sexual aggression, submission and domination. But the basic physiological responses produced by being tied or restrained become sexual in themselves. Alex Comfort writes in *The Joy of Sex,* "Our cultural taboo on all intense extragenital sensations" makes them all the more exciting.

Students of the controversial psychiatrist Wilhelm Reich explain the pleasure of constriction in terms of its effect on "body armoring." Reich believed thoughts, feelings and experiences become "frozen" in our postures and physical attitudes. The slump of a neck, the pattern of breathing, the way the spine is held—all reflect the defensive layers we have accumulated around our private, inner cores.

It is not without reason that the French term for orgasm is *le petit mort*—the "little death." During moments of orgasm the ego ceases to exist. There is no "I"—only an overpowering feeling of pleasure and oblivion, not unlike the high produced by drugs or some religious rites. Death and orgasm are literally connected too. It has been known for centuries that executed criminals are often observed to ejaculate at the point of death.

One recent study of the relationship between bondage and suicide reported "self-asphyxiation is a common component . . . in the bondage syndrome. Most bondage practitioners know about hanging thrills, but are frightened and stay away from this obvious danger to life. Several said they are saving hanging for the ultimate scene, or eventual suicide."

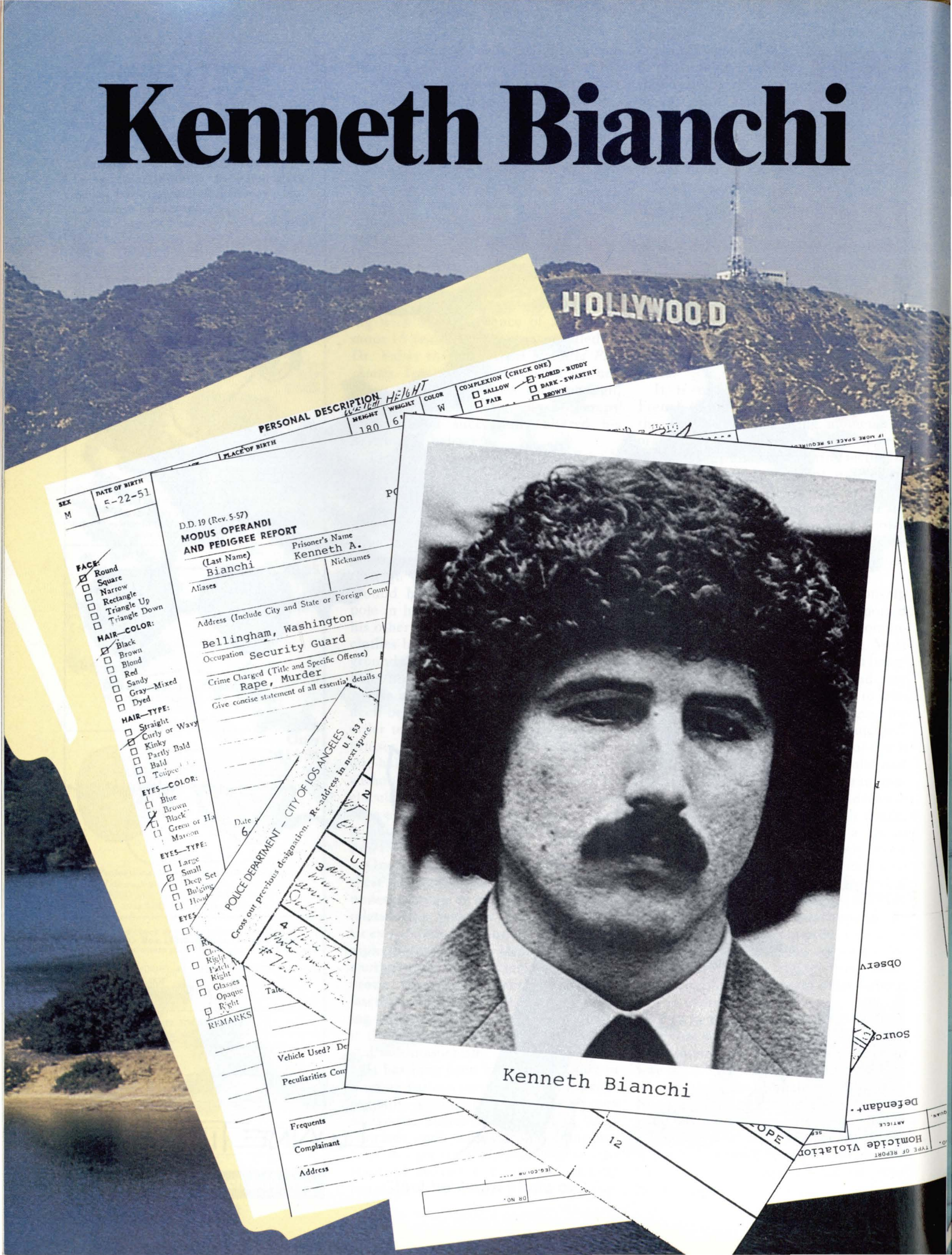
Such awareness of the danger of death marks a difference between adults and youngsters who contemplate strangulation as a means of getting off. Older people know they are flirting with death; teenagers may think it's just a cheap high that won't harm them any more than a ride in a fast car. Youngsters who practice it tend to be heterosexual experimenters, while older practitioners tend to be gay or bisexual individuals who seek out partners in order to reduce the risk. There are few reported instances of women dying from auto-asphyxiation, but they do exist—about one in every 50 cases.

It's a fact: People practicing this form of sexual stimulation *do* kill themselves. Recognizing the syndrome early is one way to stop a friend or relative before he or she takes the ultimate one-way trip. But it is also important to know—beyond a doubt—that auto-asphyxiation is one form of sex play you try only if you're anxious to wind up in cold storage, with a coroner's tag on your big toe.

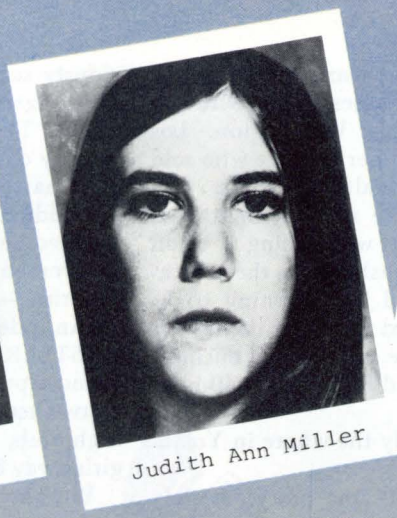


"No shit! I was fried too!"

Kenneth Bianchi



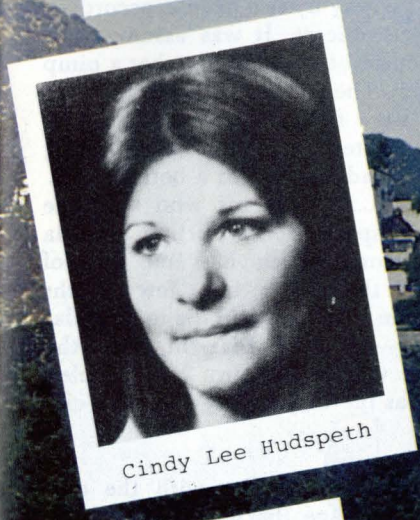

Yolanda Washington


Judith Ann Miller


Lissa Teresa Kastin


Kristina Weckler

Inside the Mind of the "Hillside Strangler"

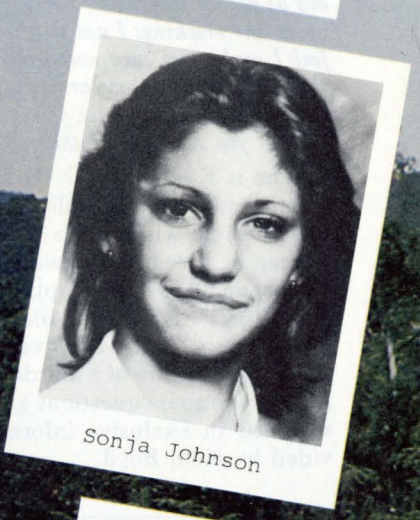

Cindy Lee Hudspeth

When you fuck a broad, man, you take charge. You take full charge.... You gotta treat 'em rough.... There's no cunt good enough to hang on to, man. Just variety.... It wasn't fuckin' wrong. Why is it wrong to get rid of some fuckin' cunts?"

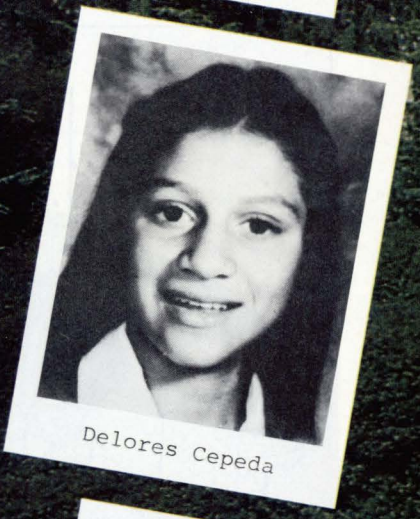
These are the gloating words of Kenneth A. Bianchi, 30, the convicted mass murderer known as the "Hillside Strangler." At least seven and possibly 15 young women in three states died by his hands. From October 1977 until well after the last body was discovered in February 1978, his ruthless slayings shocked Los Angeles's 3 million residents.

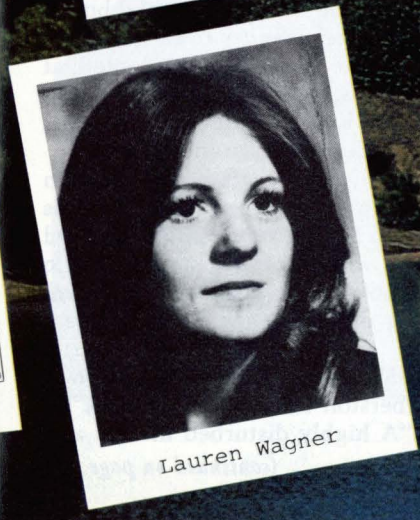
All ten women who perished during Bianchi's 121-day reign of terror were found nude and strangled. As friends and relatives agonized, the names of victims turned up as terse entries on police reports. *Yolanda Washington*, age 20, high-school dropout. *Judith Ann Miller*, 15, runaway; found lying on her back with neck bruises, eyes wide open. *Lissa Teresa Kastin*, 21, dancer and waitress; crumpled body tossed over highway guard rail. *Kristina Weckler*, 20, design student. *Sonja Johnson*, 14, and *Delores Cepeda*, 12, parochial-school classmates. *Jane King*, 28, aspiring actress. *Lauren Wagner*, 18, high-school graduate studying to become a legal secretary. *Kimberly Diane Martin*, 17, outcall-massage-parlor employee; found spread-eagled at bottom of embankment. *Cindy Lee Hudspeth*, 20, Bianchi's former neighbor; found in trunk of car pushed from hillside road.

For months there were no serious suspects and no real leads. The killings appeared to be random. As photographs of the victims appeared on telephone poles and in store windows, anxious women grew increasingly afraid to walk alone at night. They began carrying shriek alarms, Mace, guns and knives. Self-defense courses


Sonja Johnson


Kimberly Diane Martin


Delores Cepeda


Lauren Wagner


Jane King

Profile by Ted Schwarz, With Kelli Boyd

were taught in growing numbers. L.A. was arming itself.

Not until Bianchi was captured in Bellingham, Washington, on January 12, 1979, would the terror subside. He has since received eight sentences of life imprisonment. Law-enforcement officers consider him one of the most violent criminals of our time.

His boastful statements to psychiatrists, however, contrast sharply with a jailhouse message to Kelli Kae Boyd—the woman he loved and lived with for two years. *"Kelli, I think of you the first thing when I wake up in the morning, and you are the last person I think of when I go to bed at night. Sometimes, Kelli, when I wake up in the morning, I am still half-asleep. I feel I could just turn over and you will be there [for me] to put my arms around you and cuddle up. Unfortunately, you are never there. I want you so bad, sweetheart."*

Who is Ken Bianchi? How can a devoted family man brutally rape, torture and strangle without his friends or the woman he loved being aware? Is there a chance an alleged accomplice in some of the killings—his 46-year-old cousin, Angelo Buono—will walk free because of the bizarre nature of a murderer's mind? Answers to these questions and more are supplied in exclusive information provided by Kelli Boyd.

* * *

The crimes that became known as the Hillside Strangler cases began with the murder of Yolanda Washington. Los Angeles police call her a whore who sold her body and dealt in drugs. Her friends, though, are more sympathetic. They contend she was raising a small child without a husband or the education to get a good job. Turning tricks and dealing earned her more money for a few hours' time than most business executives are paid for working 40-hour weeks.

Bianchi saw only the whore in Yolanda Washington.

As Bianchi tells the story, Angelo Buono picked up the black hooker as she plied her trade on the corner of Vista Street and Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood. Buono allegedly had sex with her in the car, then drove to a gas station where Bianchi was waiting. Bianchi and Washington then got into the back of the car, where he raped her, wrapped her blouse around her neck and strangled the young woman. She died of suffocation.

As a macabre souvenir, Bianchi slipped a ring from one of the prostitute's fingers, taking it with him wherever he lived until it was found after his arrest almost a year-and-a-half later.

According to evidence presented for the first time here in HUSTLER, the previously secret autopsy report indicated Washington had needle marks on her thighs. These marks, apparently made the day of her death, were located in an area that could not logically be used by an addict. Whether or not Bianchi injected her with something—or jabbed the woman with a needle to increase her suffering—remains a mystery.

(An independent source recently told HUSTLER that on another occasion Bianchi purportedly drugged the drinks of two teenagers at a West Hollywood nightclub, but an ambulance took the girls away before he could.)

Washington's limp body was dumped near a freeway by two people, according to police officers. It was assumed she had incurred the wrath of either a pimp or a john. The autopsy report stated drag marks were noticeable on the ground. Bianchi later explained that killing "cunts" made the world a better place.

Those L.A. residents who read the short newspaper item reporting Yolanda Washington's death had no way of knowing that in the next few months nine more women would die in a similar manner—or that Bianchi was the monster who would turn Los Angeles, known as the City of Angels, into a city of fear.

* * *

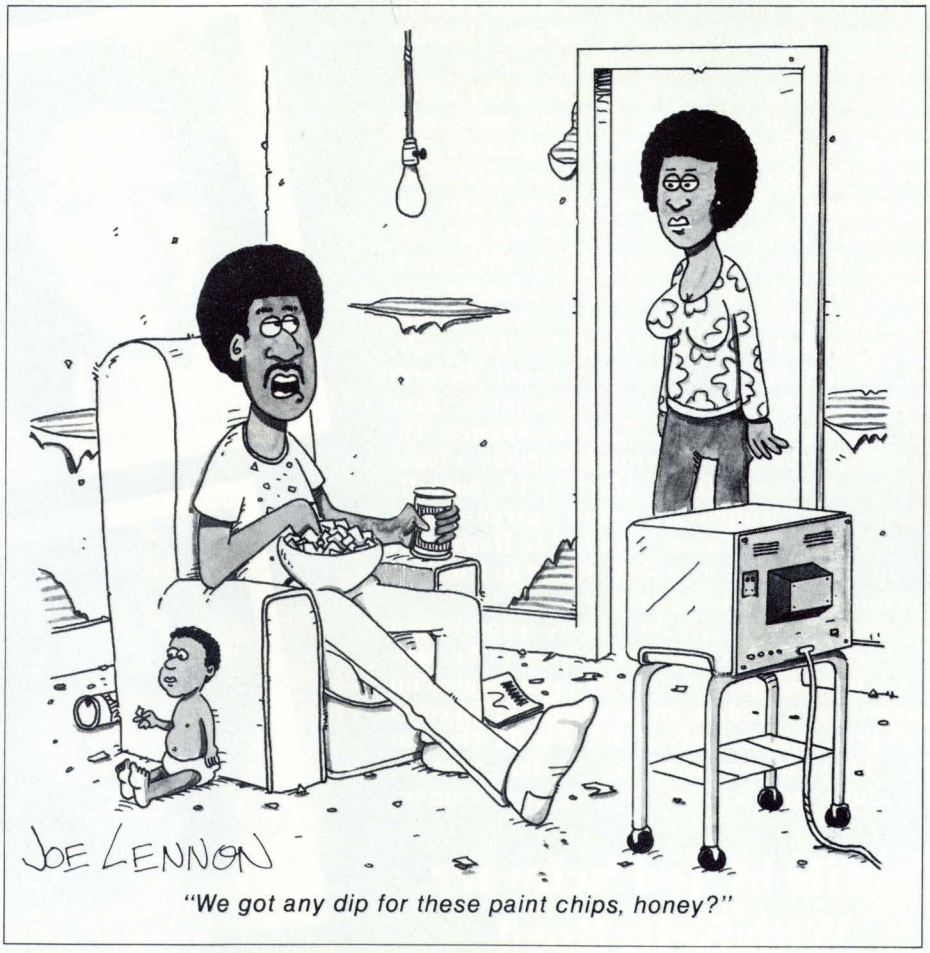
Psychiatrists familiar with the case believe the rage that drove Bianchi to kill had been building since his birth in Rochester, New York. His teenage barmaid mother had been an easy lay from the time she was 14. The polite language used in the court documents stated she showed "a pattern of dissipation and promiscuity."

Pregnant by someone other than her husband, and unwilling to be saddled with the responsibility of a child, she complained bitterly when Bianchi's father-to-be refused to pay for an abortion. During her pregnancy she fell in love with yet a third man, who was more than twice her age. After the baby was born, she gave him to a foster mother, who passed the infant from neighbor to neighbor rather than try to care for him. Only when he was privately adopted, at three months, by Nicholas and Frances Bianchi did Kenneth experience his first love and affection.

Events of the ensuing years remain tangled in confusion. Bianchi has testified to both a happy childhood and one filled with abuse. Court records do not document any violence against him, but they do show he had a problem parent.

In 1959 Rochester psychiatrist William Liberston interviewed Frances Bianchi. "A highly disturbed mother and

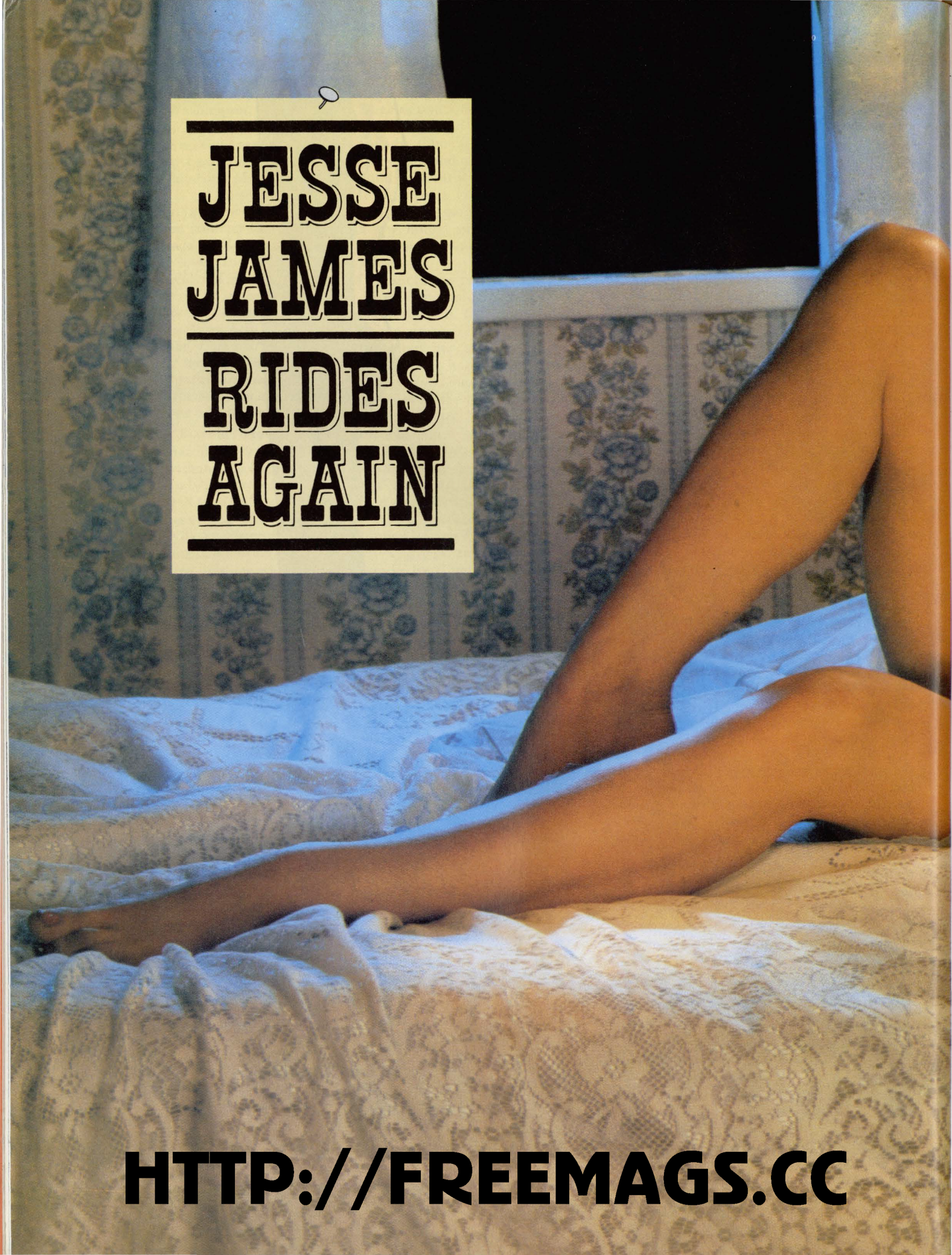
(continued on page 50)



"We got any dip for these paint chips, honey?"



"Nothin' personal, Mister. I'm just following orders."



HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC



Photography by Mark Rice







Whenever Meg can't curl up with a good man, she likes to curl up with a good book. By day, she's a computer technician in Memphis, but by night she becomes anyone she wants to. "I love stories of the Old West, when men really were men. I often fantasize about some dangerous outlaw like Jesse James coming into my room, ready to go. At first I'd play the shy young maiden, frightened by the stranger. But soon I'd let him know who's really in command. I can imagine his rough hands and the way he'd smell of trail dust and danger. Then he'd take me, riding me like there was no tomorrow." Of course, Meg knows that's all a fantasy trip, and that it's impossible for a hero of a book to come to life. Or is it?









THE
LEGEND
OF
JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 38)

possibly sick child, psychiatrically and neurologically," he reported.

Three years later a report was filed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Inc. It stated Bianchi's adoptive mother was a "deeply disturbed person, socially ambitious, dissatisfied, unsure, opinionated and overly protective. Mother seemed guilt-ridden by her failure to have children."

"This mother is herself a seriously disturbed person, and her discussion about the handling of the child by various medical men indicates some apparent paranoid trends," noted another doctor's review of the family, at Strong Memorial Hospital in 1959.

A 1963 report by the DePaul Clinic in Rochester described the bed-wetting Bianchi as "a very anxious boy who has phobias and many counterphobias." The report noted, "He represses his hostile aggression."

The DePaul Clinic's psychiatric summary of Bianchi added: "He is easily threatened, fears authority and aggressive people. . . . His fun is putting on scary plays with his boyfriends in which he is the monster."

That "monster" aspect was slow in forming. Bianchi suppressed feelings about his parents and others. When he felt rage, he blamed an imaginary playmate called "Steve" for his anger. But as time passed, "Steve" became real to Ken. Demonstrating the classic symptoms of a split personality, he could perform acts as "Steve" and feel he was innocent of them. The fact that "Steve" was just another side of himself was forgotten.

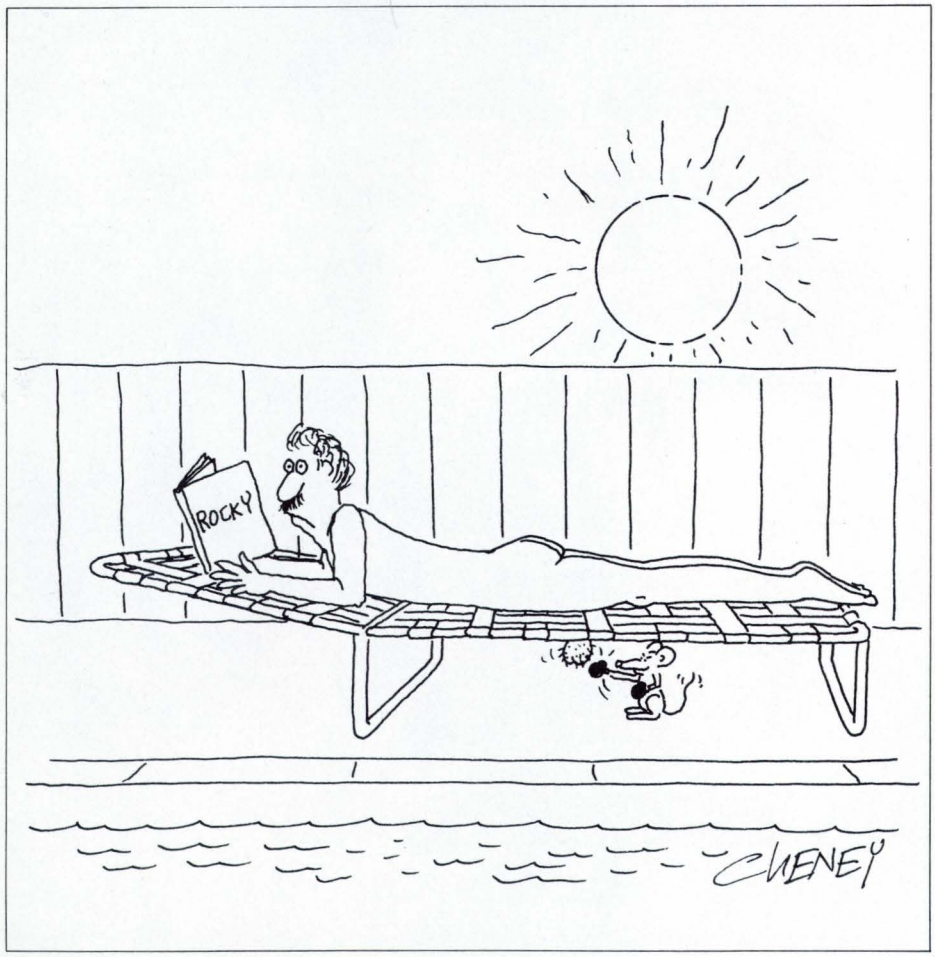
During an April 18, 1979, interview with psychiatrist Ralph Allison in Bellingham, Washington, Bianchi spoke as if Ken and "Steve" were two different people, ignoring the fact that they shared the same body. Dr. Allison had used hypnosis to focus Bianchi's attention on the period when he was 13 and strongly aware of girls.

"Is he interested in girls yet?" the doctor asked, questioning Bianchi about "Steve."

"I like them because they're girls," he replied. Referring to the violent side of himself, he then added: "He ['Steve'] was telling me that he likes to hurt 'em. He gets his kicks that way. He thinks [it's] really great. I don't understand that at all."

"What ways would he hurt them?" the psychiatrist inquired.

"Punching 'em," Ken said. "He told me of one girl that he knocked right down to the sidewalk."



Bianchi also told how "Steve" had killed a cat and placed it on a neighbor's porch. It was a Halloween prank—but again there was violence.

Dr. Allison then asked to speak to "Steve" in an effort to learn his feelings about life. While "Steve" was just a creation of Ken's mind, the encounter was startling.

"You know there's a fuckin' right way to do things, and there's fuckin' *my* way to do things, and my way has always been the right way," "Steve" commented about Ken. "Fuck 'em! You know, nobody's worth it out there. It's just a fucked-up world."

Judy Miller, a 15-year-old runaway and child of the Hollywood streets, discovered the "fucked-up" world of Ken Bianchi on the night of October 31, 1977. She had previously found a measure of love and happiness with the pimps, whores, drug-dealers and drug-users of Hollywood's seamier side. She willingly gave sex to friends, or sold it when she needed a little extra money. Early on the morning of November 1 a homeowner found the girl's nude body on a street in suburban La Crescenta.

"Miller . . . was picked up . . . walking on Sunset Boulevard," Bianchi explained in July 1979 to Dr. Donald Lunde, a psychiatrist called in his defense. He alleged that he and his auto-upholsterer cousin—Angelo Buono—pretended to be police officers.

"Miller was handcuffed as soon as she got in the backseat of the car," Bianchi asserted, adding Buono wanted her to think she was being taken to a police station on a charge of prostitution. Instead, she was allegedly taken to Buono's house and seated in an armchair, still handcuffed.

"Then she's gagged?" Dr. Lunde asked.

Bianchi said her mouth was sealed with wide adhesive tape. But he was vague about what happened next.

"It seems to me like she may have removed her own clothing," he recalled.

Now she lay naked before Bianchi, still handcuffed and gagged. "Angelo had sex with her," he told Dr. Lunde. "Just plain ordinary intercourse. There was also some oral intercourse between him and her. I'd had regular intercourse with her. . . .I don't remember any struggling. [She was] passive, it seems like; not real cooperative, but just lying there."

Bianchi further admitted sexual arousal for the violent "Steve" came when his victims were helpless and he knew they would die. He couldn't understand how the "Steve" aspect of his mind could see the fear in Judy Miller's eyes as they bulged over the



"Yes, Norleen, your turd looks like ring baloney. So what?"

gag—yet could still want to have sex before strangling her.

"I was . . . trying to get a feel for . . . what the reasons were for everything taking place," he told Dr. Lunde. "I've always felt a great anger—I mean a really intense, horrifying, just cut-loose anger. There was sexual arousal with . . . knowing that the end product [of having sex] is going to be the killing itself—that being an arousal also; and . . . along with that . . . that third major reason is—is because—this is terrible; this is in no disrespect for the girls—dead people tell no tales. No witnesses."

* * *

Kenneth Bianchi was raised in an Italian Catholic environment that clearly defined the differing roles of girlfriend and wife. One was for play; the other was considered a saint.

For example, there was the girl he had sex with at 16 in Rochester, New York. "All she knew how to do was lie on her back and open her legs," he later said scornfully. "She was the school tramp. She was real skinny, like a toothpick, and she had a big [set of] knockers. And she slept with just about [everybody]. It's a wonder she wasn't a walking disease-carrier."

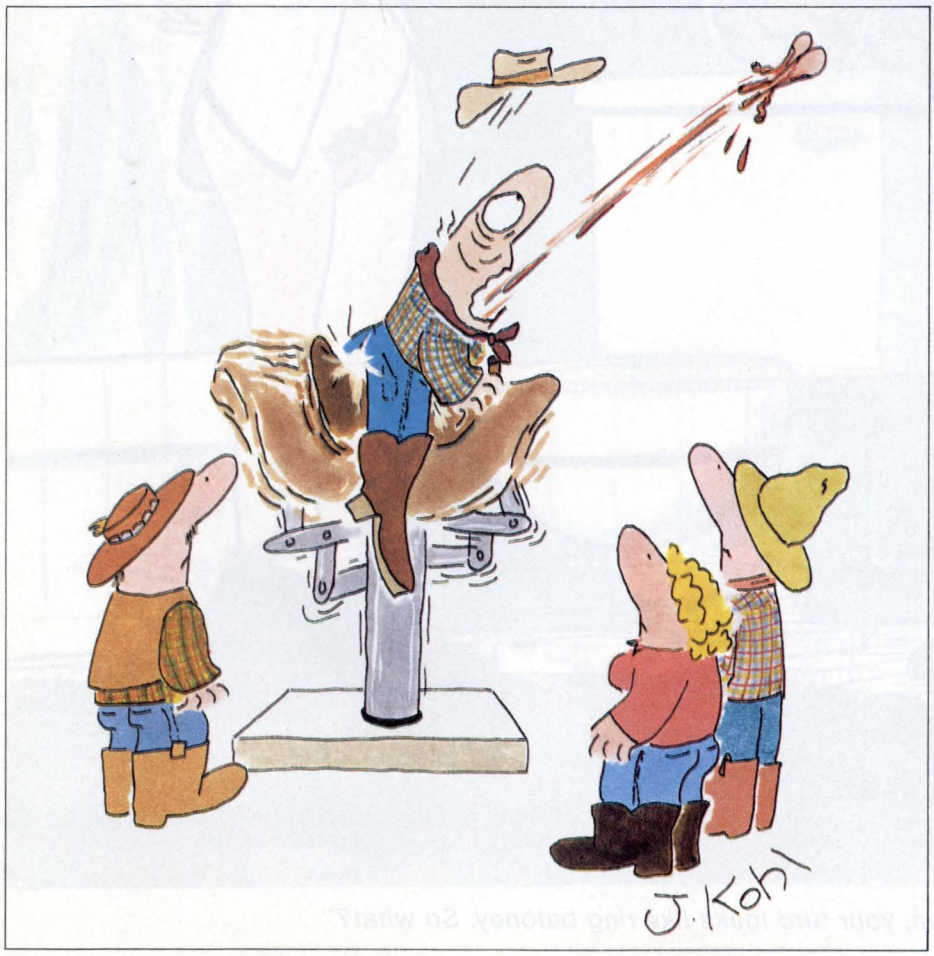
Bianchi said she used to go up into a treehouse in a wooded lot, and all the neighborhood boys would stand in line. He and the others used condoms to protect themselves against venereal disease. (Later Ken frequently used rubbers while raping his murder victims.)

Another vivid memory was of a girl Bianchi met at a party while still in his teens. "We had sex from 12:30 a.m. till about 7 or 7:30 in the morning, off and on," he told a doctor. "I kept going to sleep, and I'd wake up, and she'd be going at it again. I mean . . . there was no stopping her. She was just crazy. . . . In the morning I am red, sore, tired, exhausted. I'm way down my limits . . . that I ever expected my body could handle, and she's still going about 60 miles an hour."

Bianchi never went out with her again. "I can't handle that," he said. "I don't want to die young."

There were numerous other youthful sexual conquests, but never with the woman he would ultimately marry. Laura Bianchi was a virgin, the proper saint. She was also immature. Not quite 21 on their wedding day, each of them depended upon their mothers for supplemental financial support.

Bianchi described sex with his wife as "a mutual necessity. We never got to where it was supergreat or anything I'd rush home for. But it was something that, when it happened, was mutually satisfying for both of us."



Apparently it was not sufficiently satisfying for Laura. She began having sex with two relatives for whom her husband worked. Bianchi's schedule was arranged so one of them, his boss, could carry on an affair with his employee's "saintly" wife.

Laura had heatedly complained that Ken was too romantic and pushing too hard to have a family. One night he experienced the shock of coming home from work to an empty apartment. Without warning, his wife had cleaned out everything. Bianchi's reaction was restrained. He was hurt, but he kept the pain inside. There was nothing he could do; everything was out of his control.

Less than six months after the 1971 marriage there was an annulment. No one knows for certain just how deeply the pain of that separation affected Bianchi. Law-enforcement officials speculate his reaction may have been violent. It was during this period in Rochester that three girls—ages ten and 11—were raped and strangled.

In one of the unsolved killings a car was seen parked near where the naked victim was spotted running for her life. It matched the description of a car to which Bianchi had access at the time. A wristprint, possibly Bianchi's, was also taken from the body of one of the victims, a print recently obtained by HUSTLER and never before available to the public. (Wristprints change with age, however, and a positive match with Bianchi's wrist would now be impossible to make.)

* * *

"He was one of the gentlest lovers I had ever known," sighs Kelli Boyd, who not only lived with Bianchi during his Los Angeles murder spree but also bore him a son. "I remember one apartment—in Hollywood—where there were trees and birds in the backyard. It was the warmest feeling to awaken to the sound of those birds singing, with Ken's arms around my body."

Their backgrounds were so similar that Boyd imagined she was Bianchi's soulmate. They were introduced by her sister, and first dated on New Year's Eve 1976. Both their families had been disrupted when they were in their teens—Bianchi's by the death of his adoptive father and Boyd's by divorce. They each married right out of high school, determined to leave home. Neither marriage had been stable. Both ended in pain and loneliness.

The two of them were out-of-towners. They had each moved to Los Angeles in search of a better future and a lasting relationship. They even worked at different branches of the same land-title

(continued on page 56)

Hustler Rates
THE BIG AMERICAN BEERS

The major American beers have been taking a bad rap. So-called serious beer-drinkers have tried to tell you big is lousy, and if it doesn't come from a small, family-owned brewery in a foreign country—don't drink it. That's bullshit. Sure, some of them are stinkers. But some are just as good, just as rich and just as satisfying as any from outside the United States. Of course, it's all subjective. Everyone has his or her own favorite. To paraphrase: One man's beer is another man's horsepiss. Still, most people don't have the opportunity (or the bucks) to sit down and compare the tastes of all the different U.S. beers. As a service to HUSTLER's readers, we gathered six of our thirstiest editors and had them test 16 of the most popular nationally available beers brewed in America today.

Schlitz: The beer that made Milwaukee famous. Like many of the participants in Schlitz's live-television challenges during the National Football League playoffs, our beer buffs also preferred it to Budweiser. A pleasingly robust aroma and a dry, sharp taste. A bit too sweet, with a similar aftertaste. Refreshing but unexciting. (**Overall ranking:** 5)

Miller: We had the time, and Miller had the beer. This one impressed our testers. A light, pleasant scent is the perfect setup for its tart, zingy taste. No lingering aftertaste. (3)

Budweiser: The king was dethroned this time around. Maybe Bud's so popular because it's inoffensive. A heavier, but not disagreeable aroma. And it's lightly hopped; so the taste falls more toward sweet than bitter. Slight sharpness and bubbly brightness bring it up just past the center of the pack. (7)

Lowenbrau: Tonight—and every night—let it be Lowenbrau. The editors' favorite. This German immigrant gained citizen status with the Miller Brewing Company, and wins with a dry, hearty taste. A touch malty, it goes down smooth with a bitter richness that makes real beer fans smile. Best of the breed. (1)



Photography by Ladi von Jansky

THE HUSTLER BAR EXAM

The ground rules of the taste test were simple. Each beer was served cold in an unmarked plastic cup to keep the editors from being influenced by any personal preference they may have had toward a particular brand. Between each serving, they ate unsalted crackers to clear their tastebuds for the next round.

Coors: We came up to Coors . . . and it let us down. Most of our editors found it too weak. A little of that sought-after bitterness and zesty malt flavor, but too little too late. Maybe they should cut back on the Rocky Mountain spring water and get a bit more of the Rocky Mountain high. (10)

Natural Light: Anheuser-Busch got our best rating among the low-calorie beers. The flavor approached that of full-bodied brew, but still suffered the light-beer dilemma—too watery. Even with that, it still beat out some of the "fat" beers in the overall ratings. (11)

Lite: Easy on the nose, bland on the tongue. Just below Blatz at the bottom of the heap. Lite's ads say "Great taste, less filling." Well, one out of two ain't bad. (16)

Tuborg Gold: A great Dane. Brewed in the U.S., this bubbly broth gives good head and flavor too. Its gusty tang and effervescent, bittersweet taste put it right up near the top. (4)

Michelob Light: More bite than Lite, but weaker than Natural. More carbonation would help liven this one up. No aftertaste, but there wasn't much taste before or during either. If you're dieting, forget good flavor—or forget beer. (13)

Blatz: The beer that could get even Milwaukee taken off the map. Our editors resoundingly disliked this one. Full of H_2O and with a mild sting, Blatz smelled as appealing as its name. Cold and wet is the most we can say for it. (15)

Pabst Blue Ribbon: Sur-



What it all boiled down to was gut reaction. These were beer-lovers giving their honest opinions on brews available almost anywhere in the United States. And the winner? You. We rated these 16 beers to aid you in buying the best suds for your hard-earned dollars. You may not be drinking the brands we ranked highest, but you'll never know what you're missing unless you try 'em. You might be in for a *big* surprise.

prise! An old standby that tastes great! It's Billy Carter's favorite, but don't let that stop you. The testers were stunned by its dry, mildly tart appeal. They awarded second place to this lightly aromatic, refreshing example of American brewing excellence. (2)

Ballantine: It delivers what's promised on its label—purity, body and flavor. We rated it above Budweiser. A nice, light fragrance and a dry, zippy flavor. A slight sweet aftertaste. Good stuff from one of America's smaller breweries. (6)

Erlanger: A Schlitz product we could just as well do without. It wakes you up with an alcoholic bite, but leaves your mouth in bad shape. A dark, heavy beer with little redeeming social significance. (14)

Old Milwaukee: Tart, dry and smooth. Maybe this is the "martini" of bottled beers. We rated it smack dab in the middle at number eight. The lack of carbonation and its pungent aroma put us off a bit. (8)

Michelob: If your weekends are like this, you're not having very much fun. The flavor ingredients—malts and hops—just aren't distinctive. It's full-bodied, but it doesn't go all the way. Reminds us of some girls we know. (9)

Carling Black Label: Too hoppy and bitter. Steel workers may like this one, but for most of us it's too much. The aroma and aftertaste are both bittersweet and unpleasant. Hey, Mabel . . . Black Label . . . off the table! (12)



(continued from page 52)

company.

During the course of the New Year's Eve celebration, at a rock club and at various parties, each discovered the other had known the same pain, the same failed hopes and the same solitude. They went to bed wrapped in one another's arms, and Boyd moved into Bianchi's low-rent studio apartment a few months later.

Friends thought they were the perfect couple. He was six feet tall, dark-haired, thickly mustachioed, muscular and handsome. She was blond and extremely attractive. Both enjoyed the excitement of Hollywood nightlife, but were even more comfortable at home, alone together. Boyd would spend contented evenings reading while Bianchi watched television.

His immaturity was the major source of tension between them. He frequently mishandled their money, and he often went to cousin Angelo Buono's house to play cards in the evenings, jealously insisting she remain at home rather than go out on her own.

Growing restless, Boyd and a girlfriend went on a vacation to Denver in the late summer of 1977, despite Bianchi's protests. There they met two men at a Ramada Inn bar, and Boyd was tricked into helping one of them—who seemingly was too drunk to walk—back to his room. The stranger quickly sobered up, locked the door and threatened great violence if she refused to have sex with him. He was much larger than Bianchi, and Boyd became terrified she would be battered or killed. Only then did she yield, hoping in vain her girlfriend would rescue her.

The next morning Boyd fled back to Bianchi's protective arms, never reporting the rape to Denver police.

Early in September 1977, following a visit to a gynecologist, Bianchi learned that Kelli—the "saint"—was pregnant with what would prove to be his son. He also learned that Kelli—the "cunt"—had contracted VD in Denver and had passed it along to him. Just as he did during his marriage, Bianchi at first suppressed his smoldering emotions. The rage did not surface until he allegedly raped and strangled his first victim, Yolanda Washington, one month later.

Bianchi's new love/hate relationship with Boyd was as intense as it was sudden. The gynecologist was able to prove she had gotten pregnant back in May, probably when the couple vacationed in Las Vegas. So there was no question about the child's paternity.

Still, Bianchi repeatedly questioned her faithfulness. He wondered if she had cheated on him as often as his former wife had. He knew Boyd was different; yet the VD bothered him. He felt she should have fought the rapist, at the risk of being beaten up, rather than yield to him. That he could have handled. But not the absence of marks on her body. His fearful, questioning mind eventually boiled into the anger that erupted in an orgy of death.

* * *

"It was in November of 1977 that I began to fear the person who was being called the Hillside Strangler," Boyd told HUSTLER. "Ken and I talked about it all the time. The stories were on the radio and television. We were given shriek alarms at work to make noise if we were attacked, and I carried mine everywhere. It seems so strange now. Ken wouldn't let me go out alone and unprotected at night. I always had to carry that shriek alarm or go with friends. He seemed worried sick about me. I never suspected that the man I was sleeping with was going out raping and killing—that *he* was the person I so feared!"

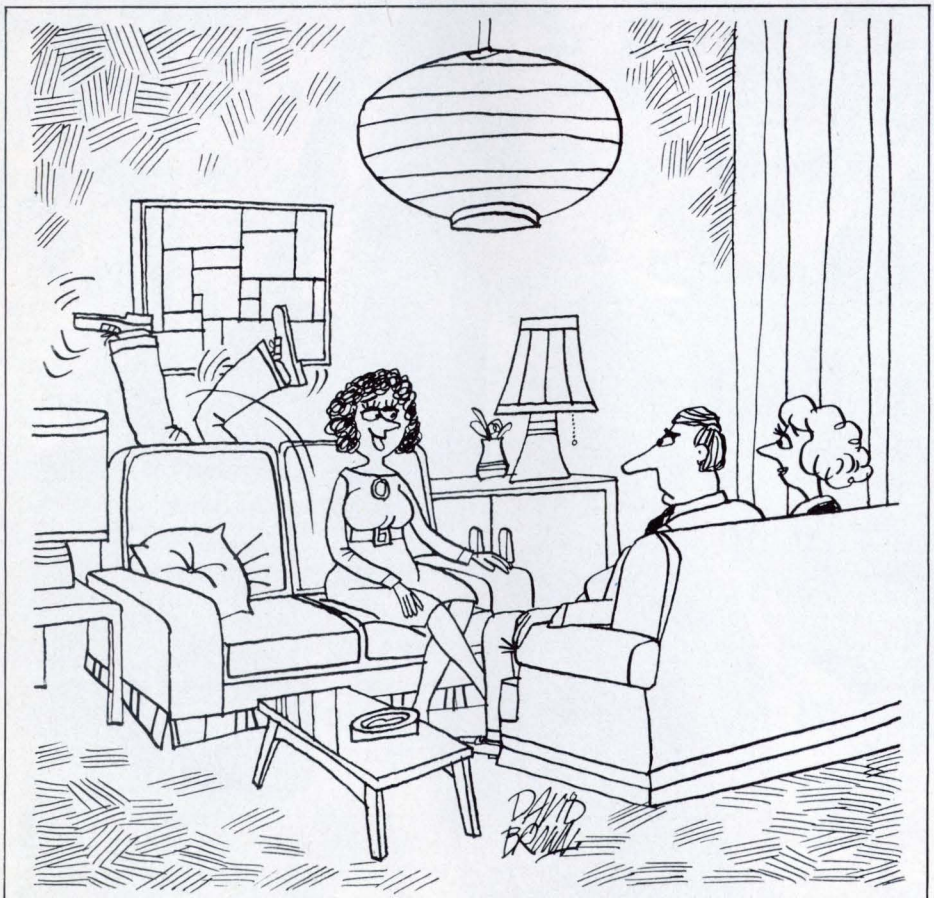
The idea that one man could terrorize the nation's third-largest city may seem incredible. But as the manhunt continued, male residents—even police officers—were establishing elaborate codes and procedures to safeguard their wives and daughters. Seemingly casual words would take on different, prearranged meanings to indicate danger.

One detective had his daughter call him before she left for school, when she broke for lunch and again from her girlfriend's house, the store and anywhere else she went. He kept charts of how long it should take her to travel from place to place—and the area he would search if the call failed to come on time. He did the same with his wife, arming her with Mace for added safety.

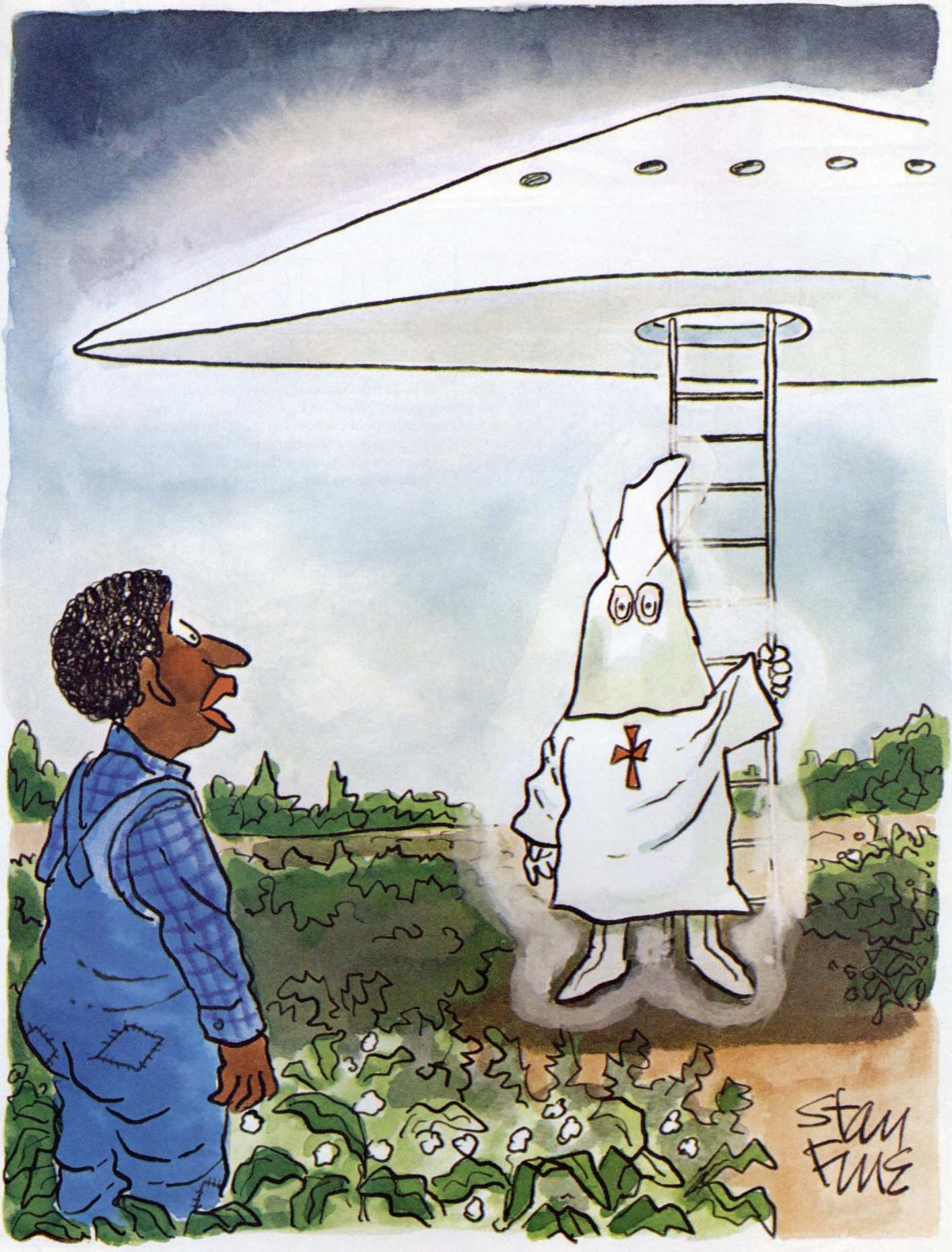
Most of the Strangler's ten victims came from either the Glendale area or the Hollywood street scene. Between October 1977 and February 1978, while Boyd was pregnant, she and Bianchi lived in both areas, which are just a few miles apart.

"Our relationship was strained while I was pregnant," she admits. "I was acting a little selfish at times, and I got bitchy when I was sick with the baby. But Ken was also being irresponsible. He was calling in sick to work; yet he was able to go play cards with his cousin in the evenings. He might put money into a car rather than pay the rent. I kept leaving him, staying with my brother or sister, then going back to living with him. We argued a lot, but we

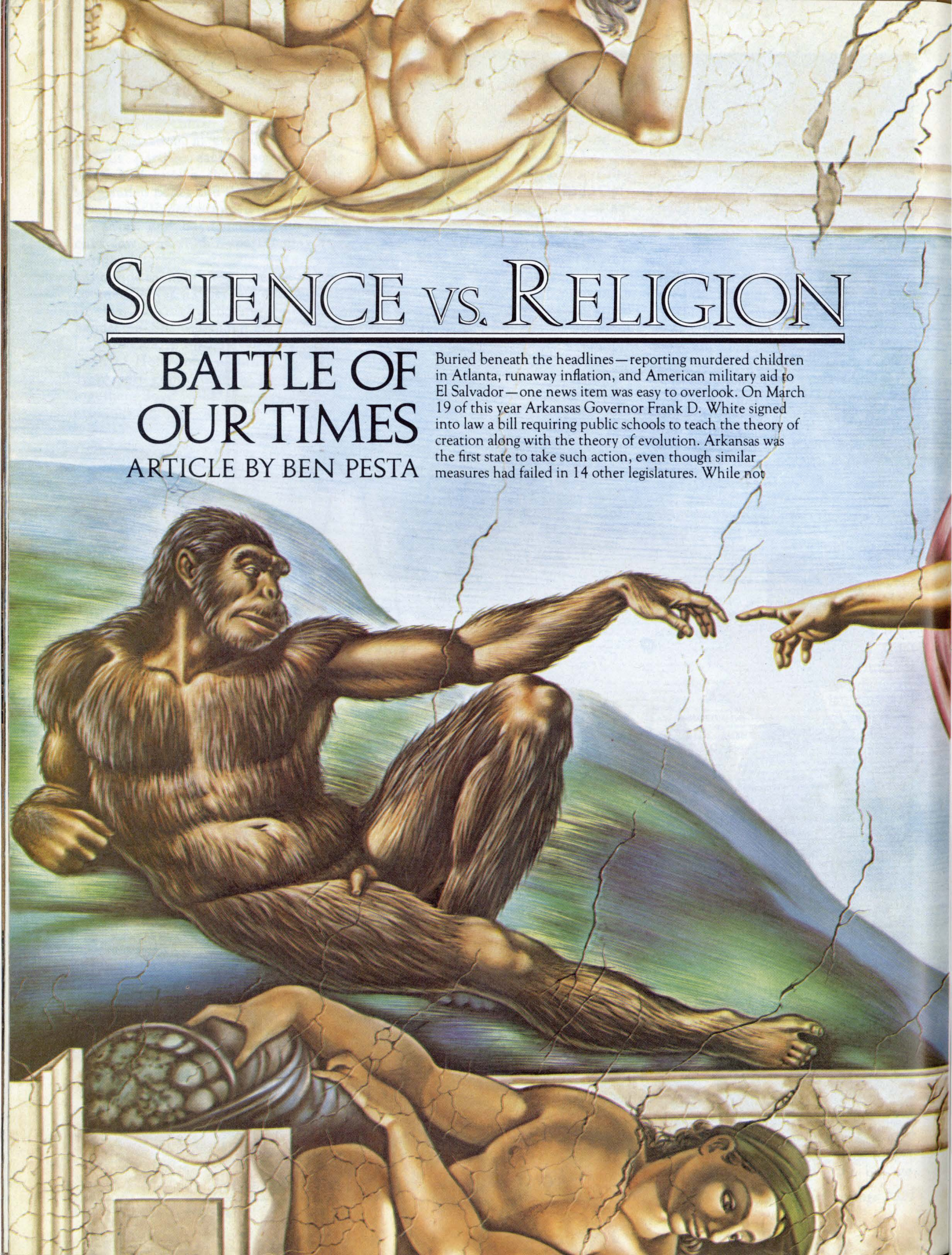
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"Please excuse Ralph. He's an epileptic."



"Oh, Lordy, no!"



SCIENCE vs. RELIGION

BATTLE OF OUR TIMES

ARTICLE BY BEN PESTA

Buried beneath the headlines—reporting murdered children in Atlanta, runaway inflation, and American military aid to El Salvador—one news item was easy to overlook. On March 19 of this year Arkansas Governor Frank D. White signed into law a bill requiring public schools to teach the theory of creation along with the theory of evolution. Arkansas was the first state to take such action, even though similar measures had failed in 14 other legislatures. While not



meriting bold headlines at the time, this historic decision is destined to have widespread repercussions. After 18 years of being stymied by a Supreme Court ruling that forbade the teaching of religion in public classrooms, members of the Moral Majority and other conservatives celebrated their first major legislative victory since helping secure the election of President Ronald Reagan.

The theory of evolution, developed in its essential form by Charles Darwin in 1859, contends that all life on Earth—including mankind—evolved from a common ancestor over the course of billions of years. It runs counter to the biblical account that God created Adam and Eve spontaneously, after creating our planet approximately 10,000 years ago—an assumption continually expressed by Creationists.

Viewed by detractors as a way of circumventing the traditional separation of Church and State, the new Arkansas law granting creation equal time with evolution gives Christian Fundamentalists fresh ammunition in a debate that has raged for more than half a century: Are we related to apes, or were we placed here by a Divine Creator?

The argument has been contested countless thousands of times—in town meetings, on television, in high-school and college auditoriums and in adult discussion groups. In a typical scenario a Creationist stands on a podium and speaks into a microphone.

"There is absolutely no evidence supporting Charles Darwin's theory of evolution," he states firmly. "Have any of you ever seen anything evolve? Of course not. Cats are cats. Dogs are dogs. Every species you see on Earth now—including man—appears just as it was created by God. And that act of creation happened just the way it's described in the Book of Genesis."

The audience, packed with bused-in representatives of local church groups, cheers resoundingly.

Next to speak is an Evolutionist, perhaps a young science professor from a local college. "My opponent would like you to ignore everything we know about biology and geology," he says. "The facts are that the Earth was created billions of years ago, that life arose gradually through natural processes, and that the process of evolution is still going on today.

"Evolution is a slow process that takes thousands, even millions of years; so you can't see it taking place. You can't see a tree grow while you're looking at it either, but I don't think anybody here is prepared to say trees don't grow."



There's more-polite applause this time.

"What the professor is telling you is what most scientists and teachers will tell you," the Creationist argues, regaining the microphone. "Five hundred years ago most scientists would have told you the Earth was flat, and that the sun, the moon and all the stars revolved around it. Today we have new scientific evidence that proves things happened the way the Bible says they happened."

The Creationist's voice becomes more intense as he drives his point home. "The only reason people still believe in evolution is that they're desperate for an explanation of the world that doesn't allow for the existence of God," he continues. "Scratch an Evolutionist, and you'll find an Atheist. It's evolution that's given rise to the beliefs ruining our world today . . . beliefs like humanism, materialism and, yes, even communism!"

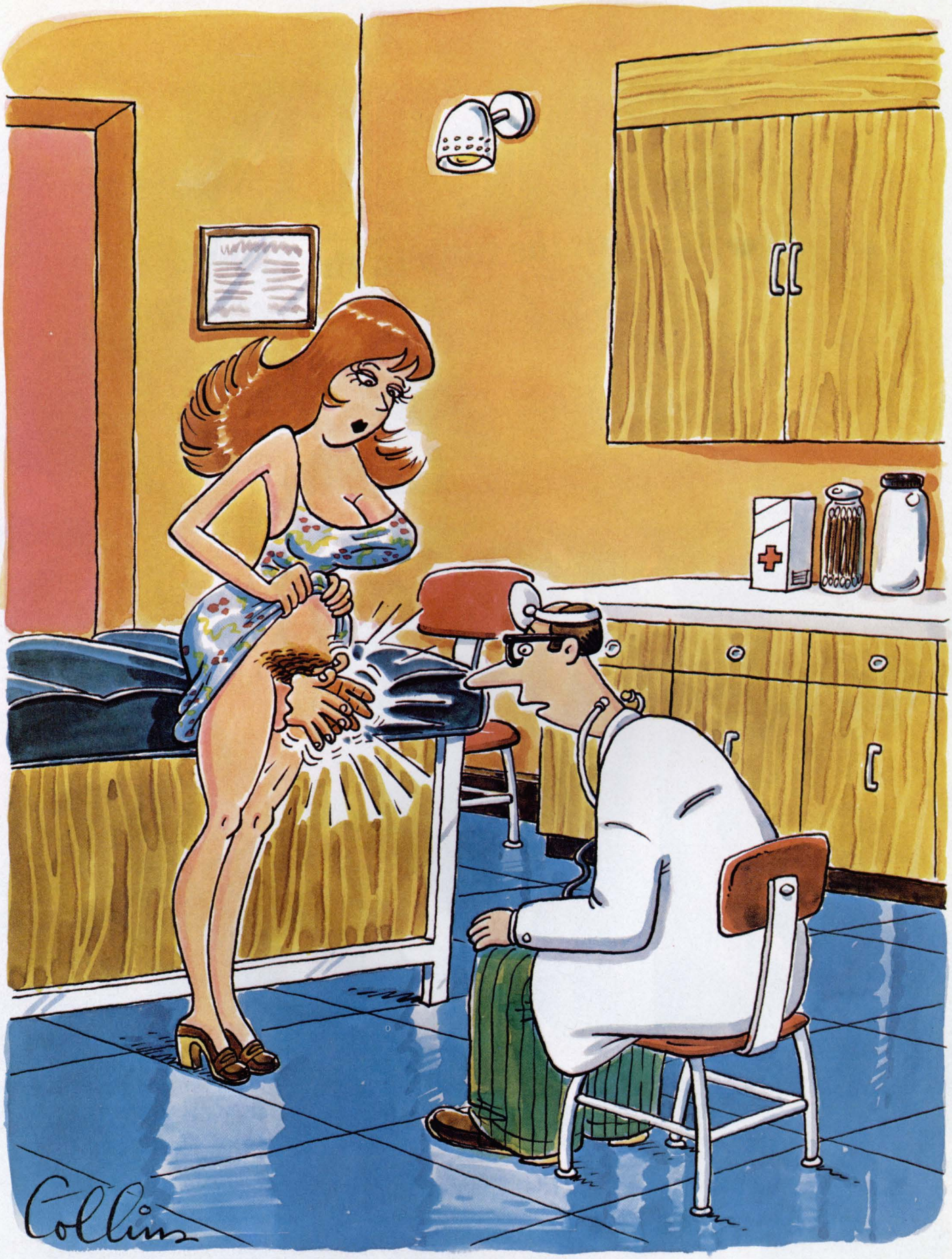
The young professor gets up and heads for the podium again. "There's no need to blame evolution for everything that's wrong with the world today," he argues. "That's the kind of inflammatory language people often use when the evidence is all against them. What my opponent would really like to see us do, ladies and gentlemen, is return to the days of witchcraft and superstition, when expressing an unorthodox opinion could get you burned at the stake. . . ."

Similar confrontations are going on all over the United States today. Viewers of late-night television can watch *Inherit the Wind,* the movie dealing with an early public debate over creation. That dialogue took place in 1925, in a Dayton, Tennessee, courtroom packed with spectators and reporters, all sweltering in the summer heat. They were watching one of the most climactic legal dramas in American history. At the time, a Tennessee law made it illegal to teach the doctrine of evolution to children. A young high-school teacher, John T. Scopes, was on trial for violating that statute.

Representing Scopes was Clarence Darrow, the most famous lawyer in the country. Acting for the State of Tennessee was William Jennings Bryan, a former secretary of state who had been a candidate for the Presidency three times. Bryan was known as the greatest orator in America. The eyes of the world were on that small town as the two titans battled through humid afternoons of impassioned testimony.

Scopes lost the case and was fined $100. But the trial caused America and the world to focus on the issue of evo-

(continued on page 74)



"Yep, that's the clap all right."


ROBIN
The Girl With the Boys in the Band



Photography by James Baes





"I like playing with a big instrument," says our 20-year-old HUSTLER Honey from Kansas City. And when Robin showed us how she can wrap her lips around this instrument, we knew she was a lady with special talents. "Most of the girls who try out for the band like to play clarinet or a small horn. Not me. I like being with the big boys and letting them know I can blow with the best of them. I'm really good at double- and triple-tonguing too; but that's another story." When we asked if she had any problems getting to know the boys in the band, Robin winked. "Some of the guys were a little cool at first, but after the initiation they're all on my side." What was the initiation? we asked. "A girl has to keep *some* secrets," she replied.



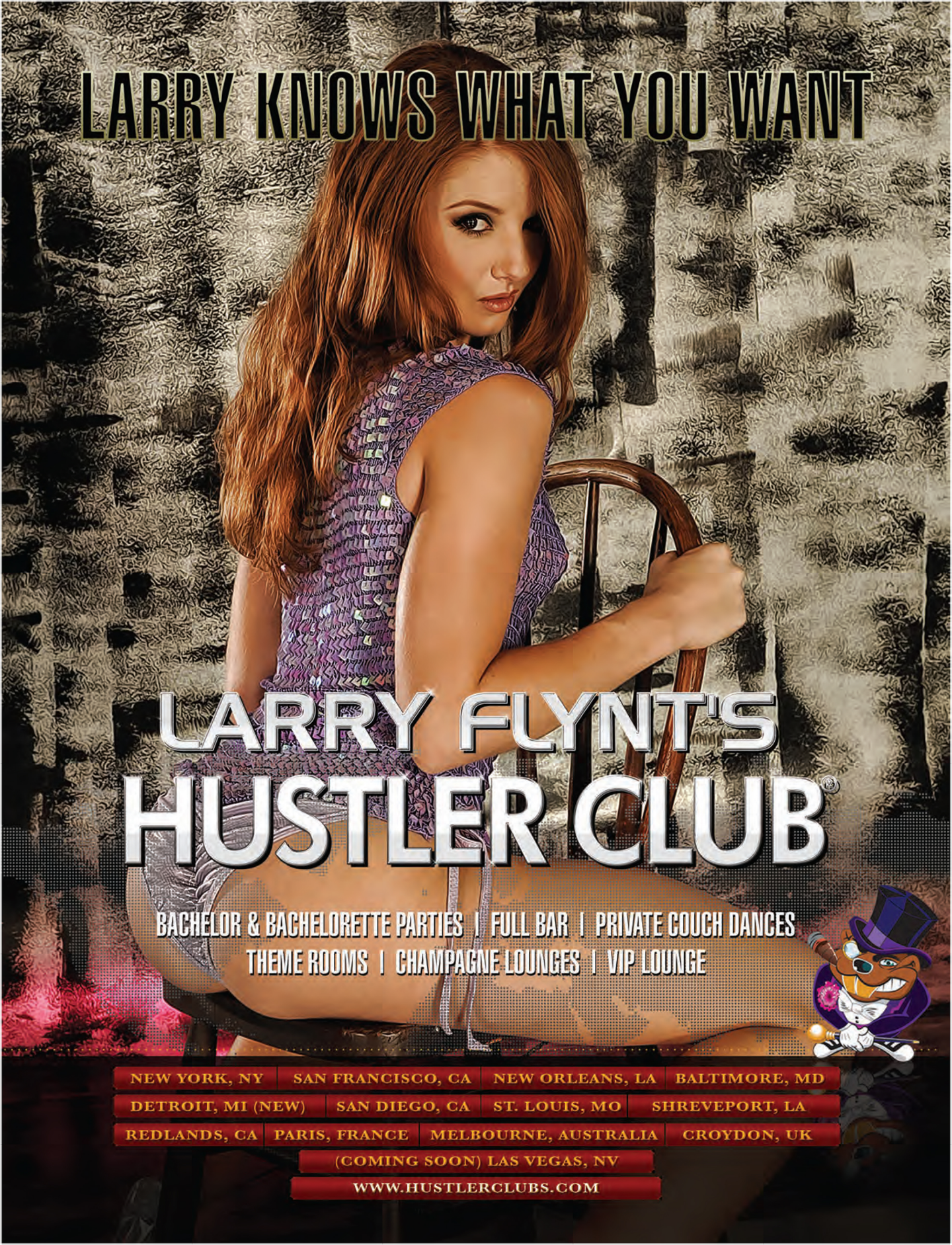






HUSTLER'S HONEY · AUGUST 1981




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As the Pope flew over Europe on one of his many trips, he passed the time doing a crossword puzzle. At one point he leaned over to the cardinal sitting beside him and asked, "Pardon me, do you know a four-letter word ending in u-n-t that means woman?"

The cardinal thought for a moment and said, "Your Eminence, I believe that would be *aunt*."

"Thank you," said the Pope. "Do you have an eraser?"

It's rumored that Disney Studios is making its first X-rated feature. The plot involves Mickey Mouse fucking Tinkerbell, and the title will be *Little Mouse on the Fairy.*

At a sperm bank a very handsome and charming donor asked the resident doctor if he could please have someone to assist him ejaculate. The physician asked his sprightly young nurse to accompany the man into the lavatory.

Thirty minutes passed before the man returned with a half-filled test tube. He apologized for having taken so much time.

"I'd have been out sooner, Doctor, but it took me 15 minutes to get your nurse to cough it back up!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *lap dog* as: a homely chick who gives head.

A big mean-looking biker walked into a bar and asked the bartender where he could find the toughest whore around. The bartender said, "She's right upstairs, man, for just 50 bucks." The biker laid down the cash, grabbed a couple of bottles of beer and headed upstairs for a good time. He opened the door and saw a beautiful chick standing completely naked. She took one look at him, turned around and bent over, sticking her ass straight out at him.

The biker said, 'Hey, look, chick, I'm the baddest motherfucker around, but I don't go in for this butt-fucking thing."

"Who said anything about butt-fucking?" the prostitute replied. "I just thought you'd want to open the beer."

Question: How many Polacks does it take to have a bath?
Answer: Ten—one to sit in the tub and nine to spit on him.



A young woman got on a crowded bus and searched for a seat. She found one next to a young man, whose leg began twitching uncontrollably as soon as she sat down. Finally, she had to ask him what was wrong. "There's some shrapnel in my leg, ma'am," the man apologized. "I got it in Vietnam."

The woman got up and moved to a seat next to another fellow. Almost immediately his arm began swinging wildly, elbowing her in the side. "Sorry, miss," he said. "I have a shell fragment in my shoulder. I got it in Vietnam."

Once more the woman changed seats, this time next to a man near the rear of the bus. Sitting down, she noticed his arm out straight, his forefinger stiff and his wrist shaking.

She looked at him sympathetically and remarked, "I guess you got that in Vietnam, huh?"

"No, lady, I got that out of my nose. Now I'm trying to get it off my finger!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *clam chowder* as: a five-month-old yeast infection.

"There's no need for me to come out to your house," the doctor insisted to the caller. "I know your uncle, and he's not sick. He just thinks he's sick. Just leave him be, and he'll be all right."

A week later the doctor received another call. "Well," he asked, "how's your uncle doing today?"

"Worse," the relative informed him. "Now he thinks he's dead."

Question: Why do little girls carry minnows in their pockets?
Answer: So they can smell like big girls.

Two monks had worked silently side by side for years. Finally, during a loud thunderstorm, one said, "Nobody can hear us. Let's talk!"

"Okay," said his friend nervously. "Let's say dirty words. You go first."

"Nipples," said the first monk. "Now you say one."

"I can't," the other monk replied. "I'm coming."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *gobbledygook* as: turkey cum.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you $50. Sorry, but we cannot return your submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Is that all you have to say for yourself, asshole? 'Oops, I did a boo-boo'?!"

SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

(continued from page 60)

lution. Continuing public outcry in support of Scopes—and of Charles Darwin's controversial theory—paved the way for changing of the law, in 1967.

The Scopes "Monkey Trial" made the teaching of evolution respectable all over the world. Today most reputable biologists believe life on Earth developed through evolution and natural selection, just as Darwin wrote in *The Origin of Species* in 1859.

But the battle over where we came from still continues as a powerful group of anti-Evolutionists who call themselves Scientific Creationists mobilize and gain strength. Scientific Creationists claim Darwin was wrong, that the story of The Creation as written in the Bible's Book of Genesis is *literally* true, and that belief in evolution is responsible for just about every modern social problem, from communism to the rapidly rising divorce rate.

Fifty-six years after the Scopes trial the battle between Evolutionists and their opponents is raging again. Only this time the First Amendment is at stake. Evolutionists argue that the Creationists want to violate the amendment's provision whereby "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion." Charles Darwin has been dead for 99 years, but his theory of evolution is making tempers hotter than ever.

* * *

Ask the average guy what evolution means, and he'll say, "Oh, yeah, that's the theory that says man is descended from apes." Even if this popular misconception were true—which it isn't—it would still be only part of the theory.

Darwin's theory of evolution actually has many parts. But it can be summed up briefly by saying that all similar creatures—men, chimpanzees and orangutans, for example; or snakes, lizards and turtles—are descended from common ancestors. Those ancestors are in turn descended from common relatives further back, until we reach the point in the distant past where all life began from a one-celled organism. Thus, the ape isn't man's original ancestor. Instead, men and apes both evolved from some now-extinct life form.

According to Darwin, evolution is a continuous process of change. All organisms have a number of variable characteristics that sometimes change through mutation and adaptation. Those changes that better enable the organism to survive and reproduce—protective coloration, for example, or a keen sense of smell—eventually become dominant in a given population of plants or animals. This process of change is called *natural selection.*

There are gaps in Darwin's theory, and biologists and geneticists traditionally have had lively discussions about the ways in which evolution operates. But virtually every scientist alive today believes it is a workable theory.

"The fossil record gives us a logical sequence of organisms that differ from each other in a way totally consistent with the evolution of one into another," says Michael Singer, assistant professor of zoology at the University of Texas. "The evidence of organic evolution is stronger than ever."

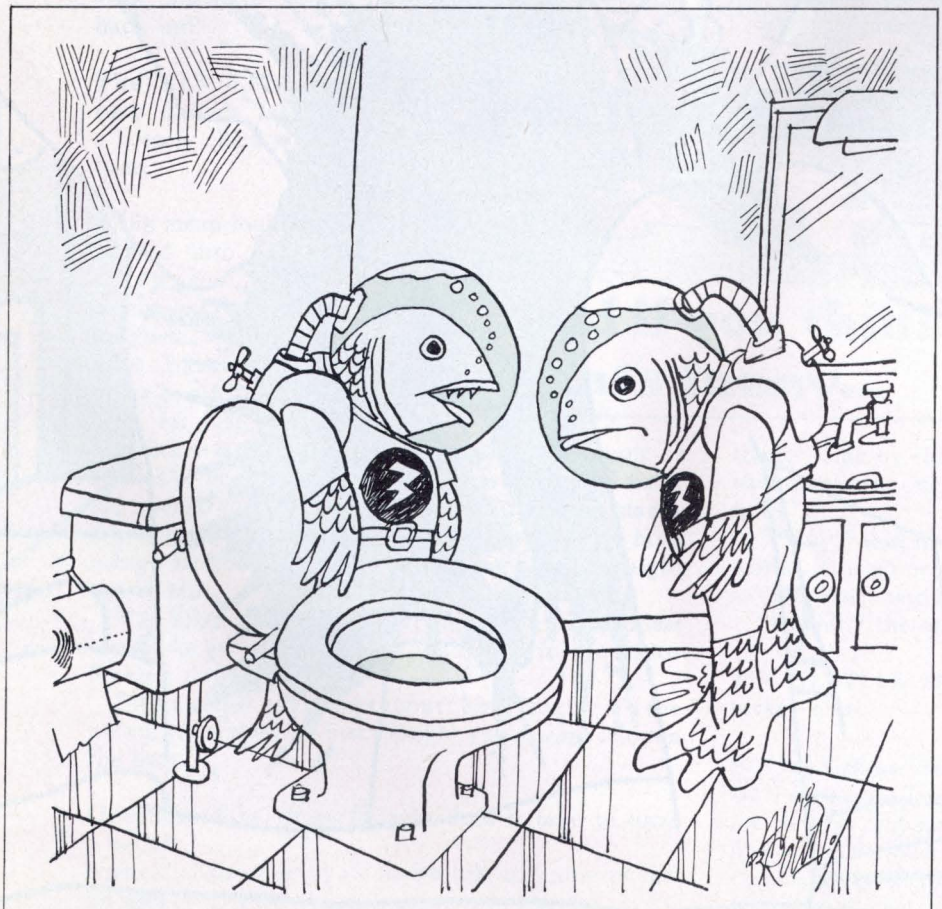
Still, the Creationists' strident propagandizing distresses many scientists, including Robert Sloan, professor of paleontology at the University of Minnesota. He complains: "What we have is a bunch of right-wing conservatives upset by what they perceive is an infringement on religious freedom, and they're trying to disguise it in the form of a scientific controversy. They indulge in every kind of logical fallacy to state a rather overblown case."

The growing number of Scientific Creationists damn Darwin for being incomplete. They claim hard scientific evidence shows evolution is impossible. Many also feel, in the words of Henry M. Morris, Ph.D., that "this God-rejecting, man-exalting philosophy of evolution spills its evil progeny—materialism, modernism, humanism, socialism, fascism, communism and ultimately Satanism—in terrifying profusion all over the world." Morris heads the Institute for Creation Research (ICR), in San Diego.

Adds Georgia Court of Appeals Judge Braswell Deen, "This monkey mythology of Darwin is the cause of permissiveness, promiscuity, pills, prophylactics, perversions, pregnancies, abortions, pornotherapy, pollution, poisoning, and proliferation of crimes of all types."

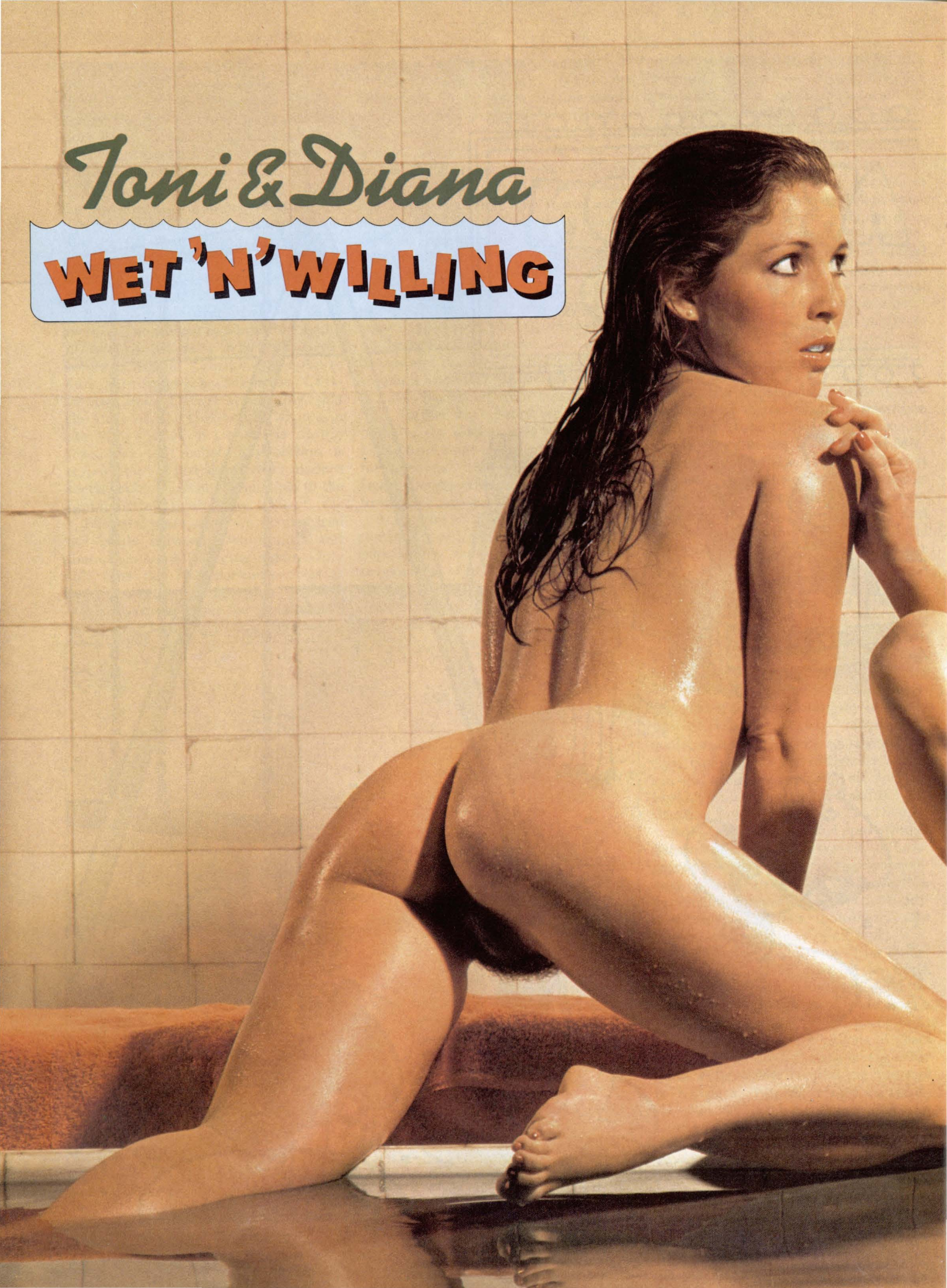
Evolutionists endorse the "Big Bang" theory, which holds that life on Earth originated in the aftermath of a cataclysmic explosion of matter outward from a cloud of highly compressed particles at the beginning of time, billions of years ago. Scientific Creationists, on the other hand, believe God created the universe in six days—just as it says in Genesis. Not six geological ages; six 24-hour solar days, despite the claim He didn't get around to creating the sun until Day Four. They insist nothing evolved either. They say men, women, dogs, cats, starfish and flu viruses were created in precisely the forms in which

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"It appears to be some sort of public-transportation system."

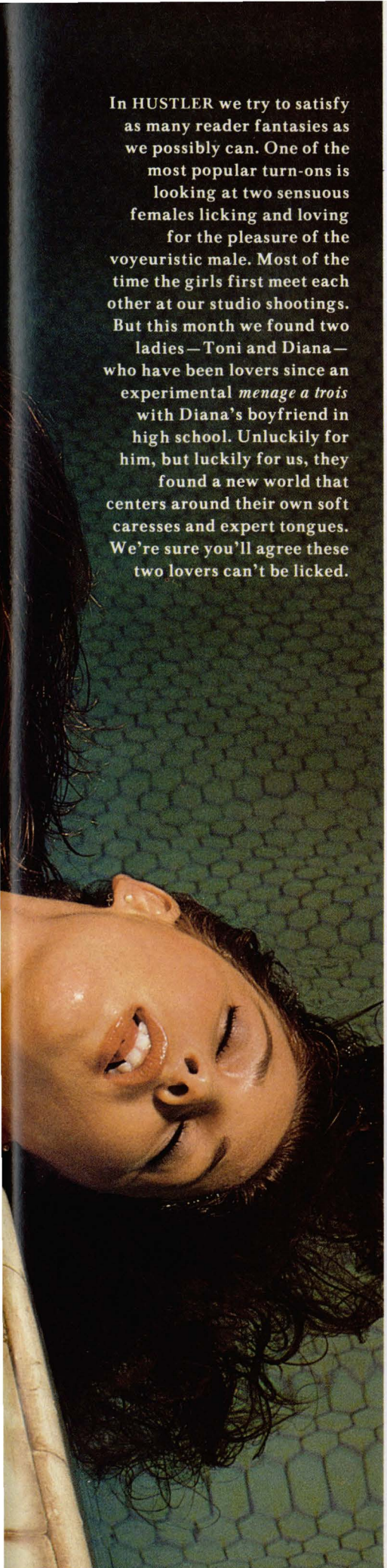

ABORTION LAND
trosley


Toni & Diana
WET 'N' WILLING



Photography by Clive McLean

In HUSTLER we try to satisfy as many reader fantasies as we possibly can. One of the most popular turn-ons is looking at two sensuous females licking and loving for the pleasure of the voyeuristic male. Most of the time the girls first meet each other at our studio shootings. But this month we found two ladies—Toni and Diana—who have been lovers since an experimental *menage a trois* with Diana's boyfriend in high school. Unluckily for him, but luckily for us, they found a new world that centers around their own soft caresses and expert tongues. We're sure you'll agree these two lovers can't be licked.













SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

(continued from page 74)

we see them today.

Not surprisingly, most scientists belittle the Scientific Creationists' notions. Isaac Asimov, America's best-known science writer, calls the Creationists "old-fashioned superstitionists who are now dressing up their silly ideas with a veneer of 'science.' That doesn't work, because they don't *know* any science."

Regardless, this is the United States. We're free to believe anything we want, whether it's that Egypt's pyramids were built by spacemen from UFOs, or that President Reagan's hair is *really* that color. Why should there be any controversy over some people who choose to refute evolution?

The answer is simple. The Scientific Creationists want teachers to teach creationism. They want schoolchildren to learn about creationism as an alternative to evolution, and to make their own choice between the two explanations of the origin of life on Earth.

Those who oppose the Scientific Creationists say such a policy would be a flagrant violation of the First Amendment. Their argument is it would constitute the teaching of religion within our public schools.

"We're not asking that the schools teach [only] the biblical story of creation," argues Richard B. Bliss, Ed.D., director of curriculum development at the Institute for Creation Research. "We are after one thing, and that is good science and good education only. That means don't program the minds [of young people] to evolution only. Provide an alternative."

The Institute for Creation Research is an offshoot of the multimillion-dollar Scott Memorial Baptist Church complex headed by the Reverend Tim LeHaye, the Porsche-driving leader of Californians for a Biblical Morality and a crony of Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell. The 12,000 lay members and 900 ministers who belong to Californians for a Biblical Morality campaign against abortion, homosexuality, the Equal Rights Amendment and other "travesties of American life."

One of its most visible spokesmen is the 57-year-old Dr. Bliss, so staunch a citizen that an American flag, an American eagle and an American shield are tattooed on his left arm. Is it possible, Dr. Bliss is asked, to teach creationism *without* teaching religion? After all, creation implies a creator, and the only creator anyone ever mentions is God. And when you're talking about God, you are—by definition—talking about religion.

"Now you're getting into exegetical questions [matters of biblical interpretation]," Dr. Bliss told HUSTLER. "You just can't mix those issues."

Can't mix creation with God and religion?!

It's worth noting that the Institute for Creation Research describes itself as the "research division" of Christian Heritage College. The ICR's director, Dr. Henry Morris, seems to have no qualms about identifying God as the author of creation. In his 1963 book *The Twilight of Evolution,* Morris concludes that the Christian gospel implies "no one really accepts Jesus Christ and His salvation who does not also accept Him as the Creator."

"That book was written before the institute was founded," Dr. Bliss points out, "and it was written from a religious perspective."

But what about Dr. Morris's 1974 book, *Scientific Creationism*? Its title page says the book was "prepared by the technical staff and consultants of the Institute for Creation Research." About a fifth of the book is taken up by a chapter entitled "Creation According to Scripture."

Dr. Bliss explains that the institute also publishes a public-school edition of *Scientific Creationism* that does not contain the religious material.

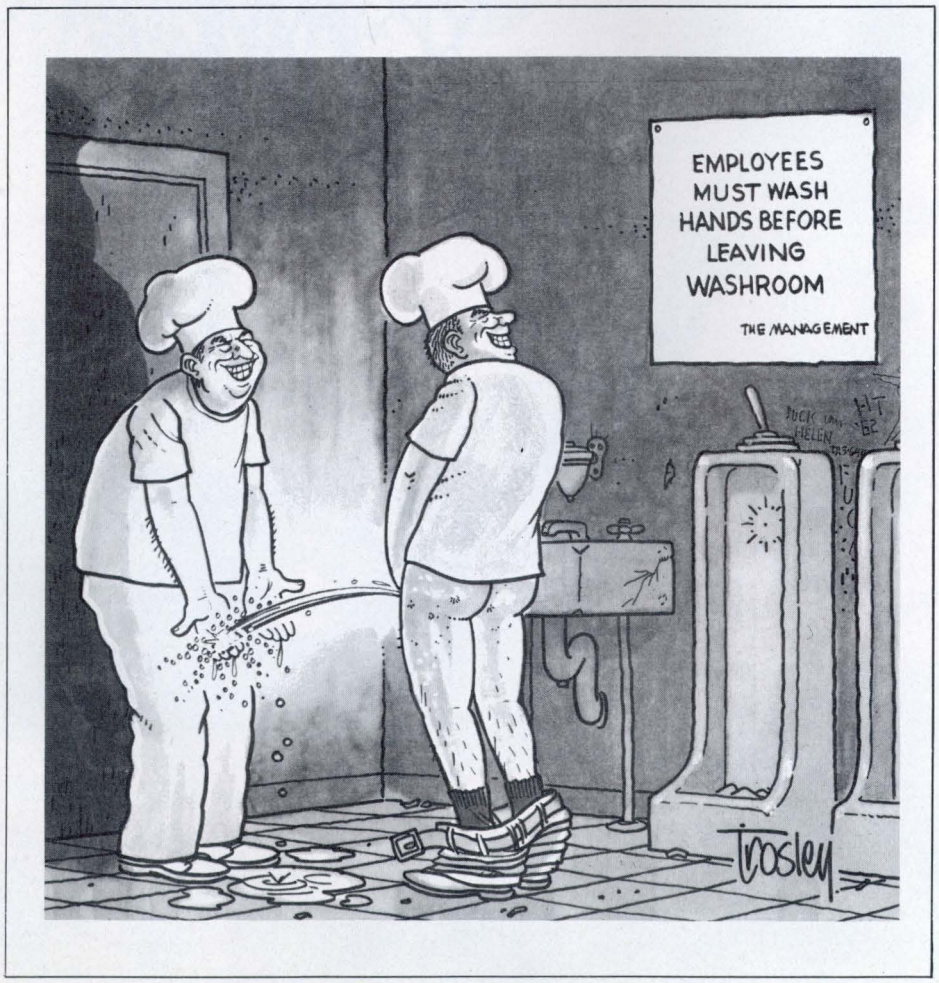
"We think it's bad science and bad education to teach evolution only," Dr. Bliss reiterates. "Besides, 84% of parents polled in this country—and this is a 6,000-member poll—indicated they preferred that teachers teach both models of the origin of life. Yet teachers don't *dare* teach both. This is a crime, that schools are not teaching what people want."

* * *

According to Dr. Max Vorspan, a leading theologian, many if not most Americans believe in *both* God and evolution. Their idea of the origin of life often runs something like this: God created the universe in such a way that certain natural laws operate within it. One of these laws is evolution. Thus, the fact that life arose on Earth and evolved into its present form is a part of God's plan.

Scientific Creationists call this sort of thinking *theistic evolutionism*. "It's like mixing oil and water," said Nell Segraves, one of the founders of San Diego's Creation Science Research Center (CSRC), when contacted by HUSTLER. "It's really saying you don't know; you're just compromising to preserve your belief in God. Someone who says he's a Theistic Evolutionist

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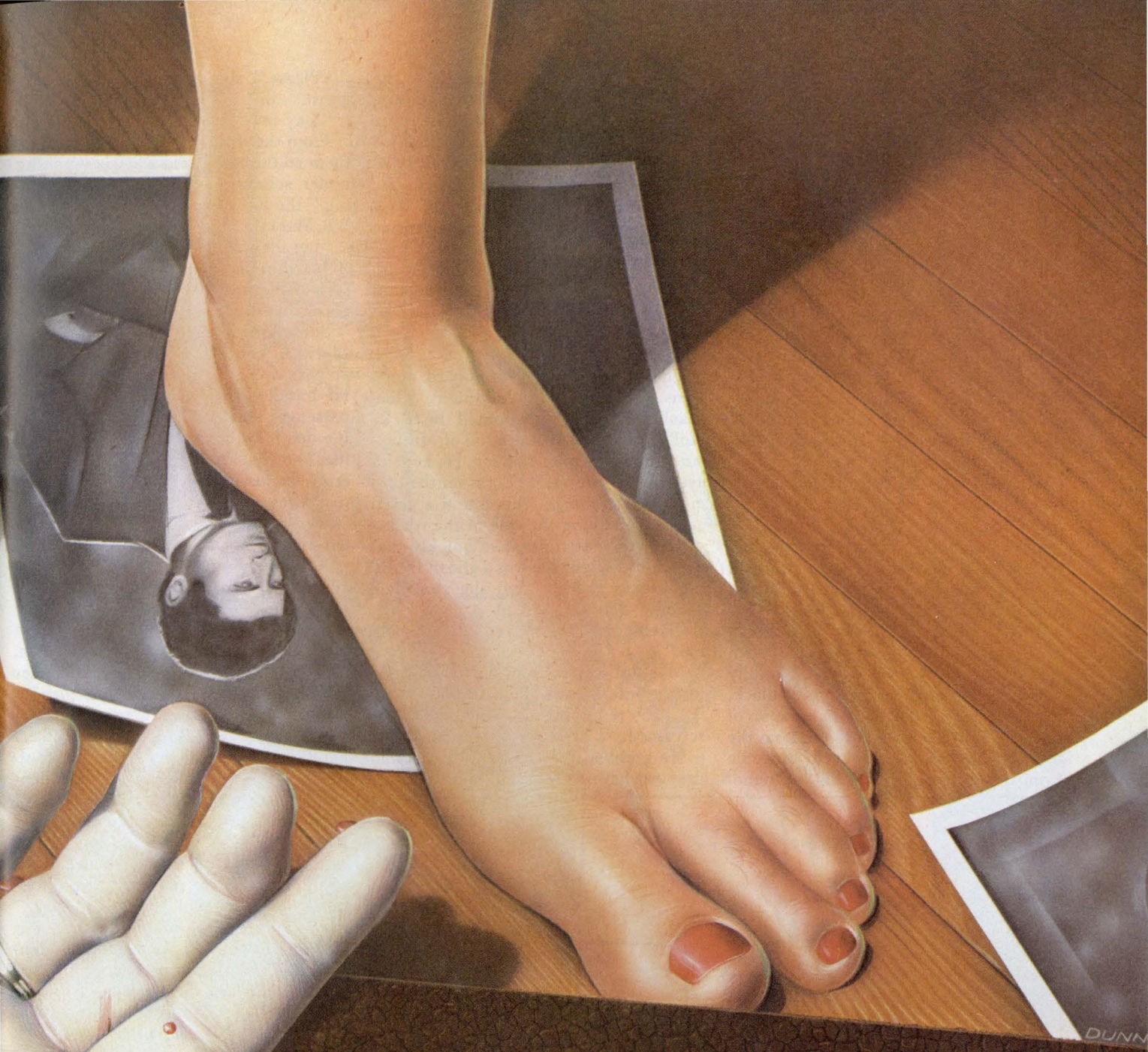




"You gotta give Marge credit. She's smoking less since switching to cigars!"



Illustration by Pat Dunn



Blood Money

The voice on the phone sounded like sandpaper. "At midnight you're to drive west on Mulholland. A mile past Coldwater Canyon you'll find a girl who needs help. Pick her up."

Macklin hated the raspy sound, and held the receiver away from his ear while the voice explained his second assignment in as many days. "You will gain her confidence and recover some papers that belong to us. Once you have done so, kill her."

It was a routine setup, and Macklin had refined such assignments to a point where the target never suspected a thing until death was only moments away. Sure, he could have just grabbed the girl, applied a little muscle and wrung out the information he wanted. But in an era of specialization, Macklin was an expert at what he did, and he took uncommon pride in his unique abilities.

When the caller had clicked off, he turned on the 6 o'clock news for an update on the Jessup killing. Arthur Jessup, one of Los Angeles's five county supervisors, had died in a mysterious predawn explosion that ripped through his English Tudor home. Gas-

FICTION BY J.R. REGIS

company officials ruled out the possibility of a leak, and the police hadn't found any evidence of explosives in the rubble. The cause of the blast remained a mystery.

But not to Macklin. He not only knew why, he also knew how. Jessup had been involved in an investigation of organized crime on the West Coast. Unlike some of his other probes, this one had gained momentum. Rumors were circulating that Jessup was getting his information from a source within the organization. In a move calculated to help him ride his anticrime crusade into the Governor's Mansion, Jessup announced he would share his preliminary findings with the press. It proved to be a fatal error in judgment.

Macklin got the Jessup contract 24 hours before the supervisor's scheduled press conference. Still, the tight time limit did not hinder his creativity. Using a laminated driver's license, Macklin entered through the double French doors at the rear of Jessup's house. Once inside, he made his way to the kitchen. Working by the light from the open refrigerator, he removed a carefully wrapped glass syringe from a black, insulated case, cooled by the vapor of dry ice, and selected an orange from the fruit bin. Next, he removed a needle from inside the glove on his left hand. Gingerly he attached the needle to the syringe, being careful not to jiggle its contents. Though it was neutralized by the intense cold, Macklin still handled the stuff like the sleeping cobra it was. The injection followed. Applying a slow, even pressure on the plunger, he filled the orange with enough nitroglycerine to level a three-story house. And that's just what happened when Arthur Jessup awoke later that morning and prepared himself a cold glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

* * *

The hands on the dashboard clock were straight up at midnight when Macklin's Charger negotiated the tricky Hollywood Hills intersection of Mulholland and Coldwater Canyon. He kept an eye on the odometer. Eight-tenths of a mile later his headlights found a green car parked along the side of the road.

The girl materialized so quickly that Macklin thought she was a ghost. He hit the brakes sharply, and she sprawled, sobbing, across the hood.

"Help me!" she cried. "Please help me!"

Macklin leaped from his car, primed for the role he was about to play.

"They're trying to kill me!" she screamed. "I need help!"

He grabbed the girl by the wrist and dragged her down beside him.



"Just pop the whiteheads, Melvin . . . just the whiteheads."

"Please," she gasped. "They've got guns . . . they want to kill me!"

"Stay low!" he growled.

From the thick underbrush the two of them could hear dried leaves crunching under scrambling feet. "They're coming!" the girl cried, trying to run away. But Macklin held her back.

"Let me go!" she wailed.

Macklin slapped her hard across the face. "Shut up!" he yelled. "Shut up and get in the car!"

Something pinged on the pavement. Macklin knew they were being shot at with weapons muffled by silencers. He bundled the hysterical girl into the passenger seat and scrambled around to the driver's side. The Charger roared to life, and Macklin shifted into gear. Several seconds passed before the spinning rear tires gained traction on the dirt-strewn road. Two bullets perforated the windshield as the car leaped forward.

A pair of gunmen stood directly ahead, straddling the center divider line. Each one took careful aim as Macklin slammed into second. Their shots were high and, as the car bore down on them, he knew they wouldn't get off another round. The men dove for opposite sides of the road as the Charger lurched by.

The girl was shaking violently. Both hands were clasped over her ears to muffle the sound of squealing tires. Suddenly, headlights appeared in the rearview mirror. Macklin punched his foot down hard, and the car picked up speed. Still the lights drew nearer. He needed a straight stretch of roadway to put distance between them.

"Son of a bitch!" Macklin hissed. His frustration vanished as the road widened. Shifting into third gear, he hurtled downhill toward the freeway. When he hit fourth, the headlights behind them were like two specks of lint on black velvet.

The drive from the Hollywood Hills to his Malibu beach house usually took 45 minutes, but Macklin managed to make it in 30. A narrow access road branched off the Pacific Coast Highway and wound its way down to the handsome, two-story wood-and-glass home situated on a generous stretch of sand.

The garage door yawned open automatically, and Macklin eased the car in beside a gleaming Harley-Davidson 1200 motorcycle. The girl sat rigid in the seat next to him, a look of terror frozen in her eyes. She hadn't said a word the whole trip.

"Come on," Macklin said softly. "We'll be safe inside."

* * *

When he had a blaze going in the fireplace, he left her alone, offering to brew

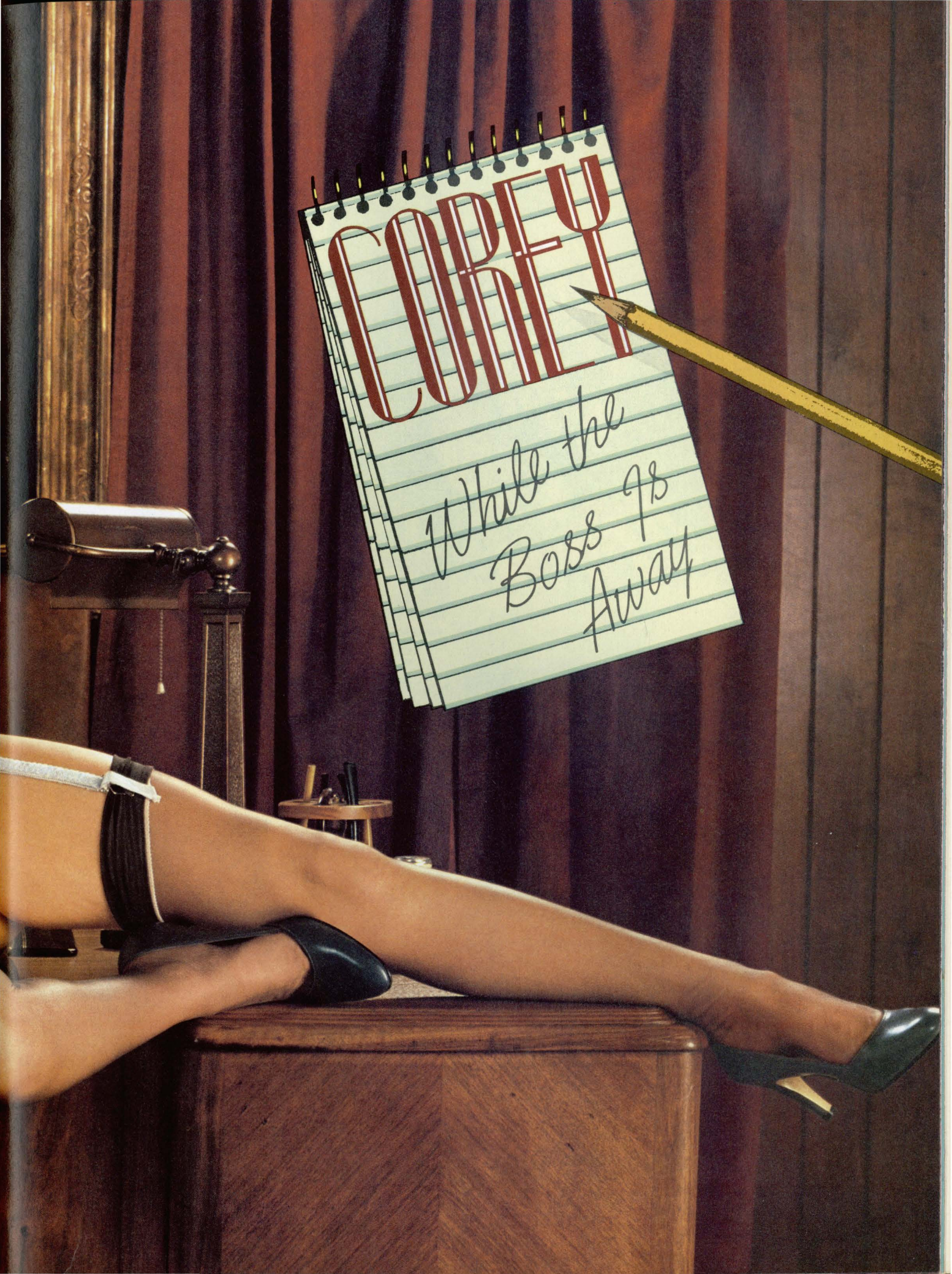
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"Dear Mrs. Elliot, please excuse John for being tardy to class today. He was bad last night and had to be reprimanded."



Photography by James Baes


COREY
While the Boss Is Away











When the boss is there, Corey likes to satisfy his every need. But when he's away, she hangs up the "Do Not Disturb" sign and takes care of urgent business that has built up. "I guess you could say I love the guy," she admits. "When he's away, I get so horny I ache. But looking at his picture reminds me of his fantastic hands, and the way he uses his tongue to drive me insane. Sometimes just thinking about him makes me come. His picture will do till he's back, but there's nothing like the real thing."



(continued from page 88)

some coffee. He wanted her to feel at ease, not just with the house but with him as well. It was essential that she be relaxed. The more comfortable she was, the easier it would be to gain her confidence. They sat before the fire, sipping steaming cups of black Yuban.

"Who *are* you?" she asked when the coffee had calmed her.

He removed a paperback from the bookcase and held it out to her.

"What's this?"

"You wanted to know who I am."

She took the book and read the cover. "*The Lady Is Lethal*, by Ronald Markham." She looked at him. "You're Ronald Markham?"

"You make it sound like an accusation," Macklin said.

"You're a writer?"

"Some critics would argue with you there," he replied.

She bent the book open and fanned through the pages. "Other books by Ronald Markham," she read aloud. "*Sister Sin . . . The Violent Virgin*"

Noting the humor in her eyes, Macklin said, "They all made money."

"I didn't think writers cared about money," she said.

He snatched the book out of her hands and returned it to the bookcase.

"I'm sorry," she said lamely. "I didn't mean to—"

"Forget it," Macklin snapped. "Now who the hell are you, and why were those guys trying to kill us back there?" He saw the fear return to her eyes, and when he spoke again, his tone was softer. "Look, I want to help you, but I can't do much unless I know what's going on. Understand?"

She nodded. "My name is Julie Conrad. And those men are after some papers."

"What kind of papers?"

"Stock certificates. Each one represents several thousand shares in some large companies on the West Coast."

"So what's the problem?"

"The problem is that those stock certificates belong to members of the underworld."

Macklin let out a long, slow whistle.

"If the District Attorney had the certificates," she continued, "it would help prove organized crime is taking over several entertainment and communications companies."

"But how did you get them?"

The dam broke. Tears spilled down her cheeks. "My father," she sobbed. "They forced him to help them." The memory clearly was painful, but she managed to go on. "My father liked to gamble. It was a sickness with him. They let him get in way over his head, and when he couldn't pay, they told him he could erase the debt another way. As one of the top corporate attorneys in Beverly Hills, he would represent their interests in certain business dealings." Macklin looked at her, and there was no mistaking the venom in her eyes. "My father was to give them a measure of respectability, Mr. Markham."

"Where do you fit in?"

"My father may have his weaknesses," she conceded. "But he isn't stupid. He knew who he was dealing with, and he tried to protect himself. He mailed copies of the certificates to me and told me to put them in a safe place."

"Where's your father now?"

"I don't know," she answered sadly. "I haven't heard from him in over a week. Then tonight those two men showed up at my apartment and forced me to go with them. You know the rest."

The pieces were falling into place. Julie Conrad's father was dead, Macklin guessed, and that was the reason for his assignment. The organization couldn't risk losing sight of the girl until they knew where she had stashed the documents. They needed someone close to her at all times. Someone she could trust. They had arranged it so he would be that someone.

"You look tired," Macklin said.

"Let's talk more in the morning," Julie replied.

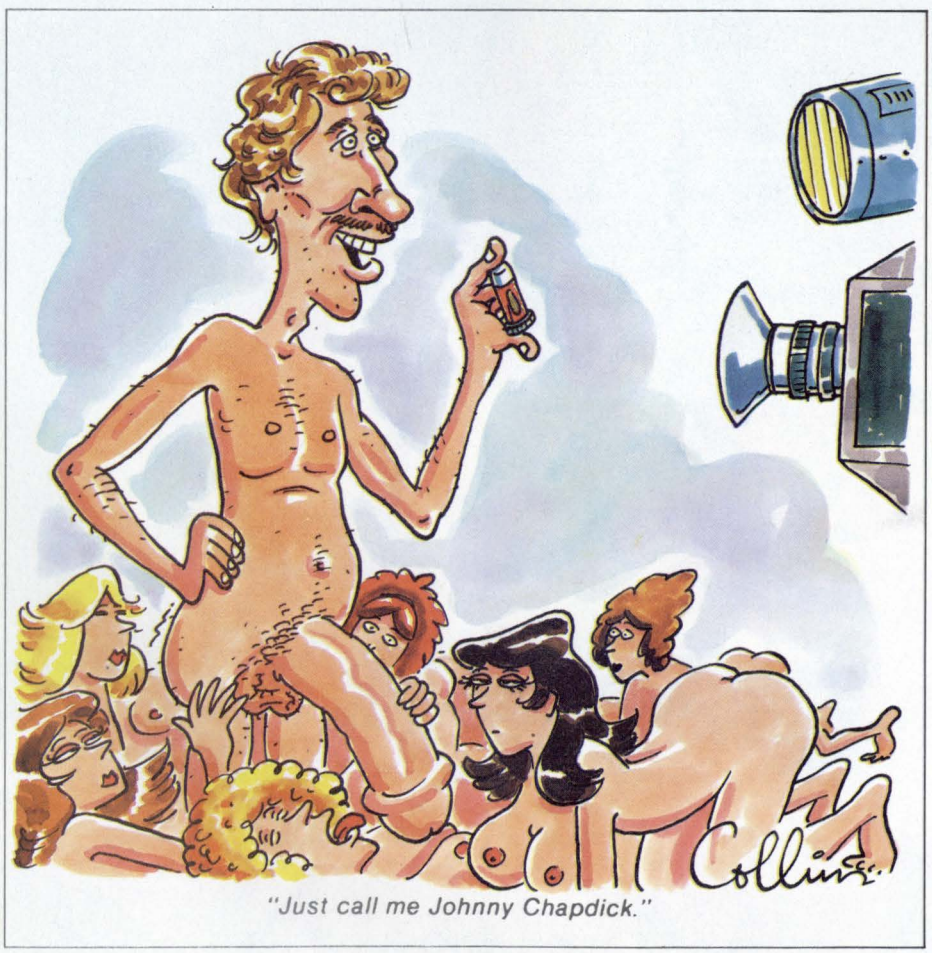
She followed him to the guest bedroom upstairs next to his, and they exchanged good-nights.

* * *

Puffing thoughtfully on an unfiltered cigarette, Macklin stared at the slice of light under the door between the two bedrooms. More than an hour earlier Julie had ventured downstairs, returning to her room several moments later. The light had remained on since then, and he wondered what she was up to. He decided not to disturb her. He was satisfied with the way things had gone so far, and estimated it would only be a matter of days before she agreed to share the documents with him.

He was on the edge of sleep when he became aware of the image of a woman, silent and naked in a halo of light. Dreamlike, she stepped out of the glow.

"I couldn't sleep," she whispered, and Macklin realized he hadn't been dreaming after all. He lifted a corner of the sheet, and she accepted the invitation. She was not surprised to find that he too was naked. She pressed her body close to his. It was lean and hard. "Nice,"



"Just call me Johnny Chapdick."

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Julie murmured as she raked her nails lightly over his chest. "What have you got against women?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"I've been reading some of your books," she confessed. "And in every one the women are portrayed as mindless, sex-starved bitches."

"Believe me," he laughed, "it's nothing personal. My books are written for a particular audience. They like their heroes hard, their women hot and their sex in a hurry. My books are just an extension of their fantasies."

Her hand found its way under the sheet, and her fingers coiled gently around his cock. "And this?" she asked innocently. "Is this an extension of *your* fantasies?"

They kissed. A gentle kiss at first, but building in intensity as eager hands and tongues explored private places. He covered her mouth with his, and she reciprocated.

Fear is a powerful aphrodisiac, and Macklin intended to use it to full advantage. He imagined what was going through Julie's mind. She had been facing certain death, but suddenly, from out of nowhere, a stranger had saved her life. And it was life she must be feeling now—life in its most joyous, exhilarating form. With every beat of her heart she was alive, and the desire flowing through her veins confirmed that she needed desperately to share the feeling of being alive with another living being.

As their wet tongues entwined, Macklin became aware of a familiar bolt of hard flesh rising between his legs. Julie moaned appreciatively, measuring his cock with her fingers.

"You're so big," she whispered hotly.

Macklin groaned, and attacked the nipple of her right breast with his tongue. She arched back, stretching her muscles and pressing his face to her tit. He probed and caressed the taut, hard point, swirling his tongue across the pink tip in slow, teasing strokes.

"Yes-s-s," she breathed, her voice low and husky.

Macklin's hand strayed downward, passing over the swell of her belly and exploring the forest of hair that covered her cunt. The sticky dew of her juices clung to his fingers as he softly stroked the wet pussy lips. She pushed her hips forward and gasped when his fingers slipped inside, releasing a rush of moist heat. He found the inflamed bud of her clit and massaged it with deliberate tenderness.

In turn she squeezed his cock and began a slow, rhythmic up-and-down motion. It seemed to be alive in her hand, throbbing like a human heart as she felt the heat of his desire.

"Fuck me," she moaned. "Please, fuck me now!"

Macklin's fingers danced on her clit, sending ripples of delight throughout her body. Trembling, her muscles stretched in anticipation of the one huge tidal wave that would flood her senses with complete and utter pleasure.

In a single, catlike motion he was between her legs, his cock teasing the lips of her cunt. She thrust her hips toward him and whimpered impatiently. "Now!" she gasped. "Fuck me now!"

Macklin smiled. He was in complete control. He rubbed the head of his cock along the slick, wet slash of her pussy. Then, in one violent thrust, he plunged all the way into her, parting the inner walls of her cunt. She felt as if her body were splitting apart, and still he propelled himself inward, filling her with his massive size. His hard penis slid across her clit, and she felt the first signals of climax building deep inside her. He buried himself to the hilt, and she wrapped her legs around him, urging him even deeper.

"Fuck me hard," she pleaded.

Macklin's cock retreated, then once again slammed forward. Sharp, teasing impulses shot through her as he increased the tempo of his thrusts.

Their lips and tongues fused in one long, frenzied kiss, and still he rode her, slamming home again and again until her body screamed for release. Moaning, Julie countered each assault with her own eager, upward thrusts, sheathing his cock in liquid heat. She felt the muscles in Macklin's back—taut and strong—working and stretching as his strokes became more rapid.

"Harder," she breathed. "Fuck . . . me . . . harder!"

Macklin obliged, his cock an unrelenting force that possessed every inch of her inner being.

The tidal wave grew, cresting with an unbelievable ferocity until . . . oblivion.

They exploded together in a stream of hot, spewing cum. Macklin's cock pumped furiously as Julie's cunt milked him with unquenchable lust. They bucked and rocked and shouted as spasm after spasm screamed through their senses, until finally they collapsed exhausted in each other's arms.

"You're a better lover than you are a writer," she told him when their hearts and breathing had slowed.

"Look," he said sharply. "I know my books aren't classics. They don't pretend to be. But they do take a certain amount of imagination and talent."

"But is that all you intend to write?"

The question stopped him. He searched her eyes for some clue as to why she would ask that.

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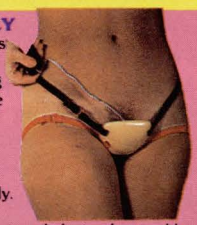
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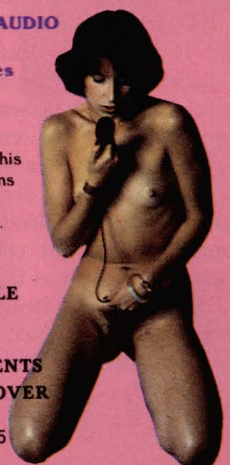


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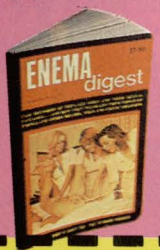
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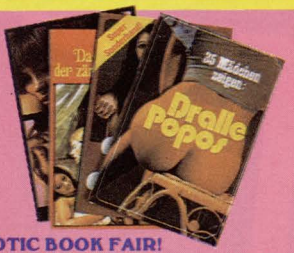
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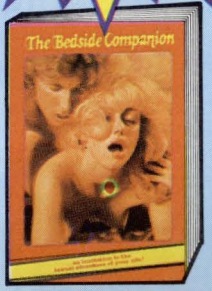
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"Don't misunderstand me," she said. "I think you're a fine writer. But you're wasting your talent on that crap. Have you ever tried doing some really serious writing?"

His facial muscles relaxed, and for only the second time in his life he considered sharing his secret with someone who wouldn't use it to further her own ambition. Someone who recognized his talent. Someone who would be dead before the week was finished.

He was out of bed before she could say anything. When he returned, he was carrying a heavy, leather-bound manuscript.

"Don't tell me," she teased. "It's the Great American Novel."

He tried to smile, but the effort failed. "It's not a novel. Every fact in this book has been researched and documented."

She looked at the cover. The title was spelled out in gold-stamped letters: *Blood Money.* In slightly smaller letters the author's name was printed near the bottom. "Who's Richard Macklin?" she asked.

"I am."

She looked at him for a long moment. "And Ronald Markham?"

"A pen name."

She opened the cover and began reading. The style of writing was crisp and hard-hitting. The sharp, terse sentences made the material exciting and comprehensive. He used footnotes sparingly, and though she only skimmed through much of its contents, there was no doubt she was reading a powerful expose' of organized crime. The detailed documentary could provide a grand jury with enough evidence to indict several members of the underworld.

"Unbelievable," she said, closing the book. "Is it really true?"

Macklin nodded.

"But where'd you get all this information?" she asked.

"From someone who'd know," he replied evasively.

"Who?"

"I don't even know," Macklin lied. "He's a professional killer who wanted to tell his story. We've only communicated by phone and mail." It was only a matter of time, he thought, before she learned the writer and his deadly collaborator were one and the same.

"Has anyone else seen this?" she inquired.

Macklin decided to tell her the truth—up to a point. "Yes," he answered. "But he's dead."

She pulled away from him. "Dead?" The word seemed to leave an upleasant taste in her mouth. "Who was it?"

Macklin paused. "Arthur Jessup."

"The county supervisor?"

"The late county supervisor," corrected Macklin. "The idea was to let the grand jury use the information in *Blood Money* before returning their indictments. Once they did that, Jessup would claim credit for bringing the evidence to light, and I'd have the book published after the fact. I was planning on taking the money and finding a tropical island where I could disappear. But Jessup couldn't wait. His ambition got in the way, and he decided to leak the information to the press. He got killed for his trouble."

Julie considered what Macklin had just told her. "They'll be looking for you now," she said gravely.

"No, they'll be looking for the inside man," Macklin replied, enjoying the charade.

"They'll kill him, won't they?"

Macklin laughed. "It'll be tough. Don't forget, he's a professional killer. One of the best, from what I hear. He knows all the tricks, and whoever they sent to kill him would probably end up getting killed himself."

While Julie thought this over, Macklin took the book and got out of bed. "Where are you going?" she asked.

He hefted the volume in one hand. "To put this away for safekeeping."

* * *

They learned more about each other in the days that followed. Julie was fascinated by Macklin's daily ritual of martial-arts exercises, moving from the fluid, languid motions of tai chi through the accelerated swiftness of Korean karate. It was a graceful, deadly ballet of violence, and Macklin's expertise was immediately evident from the black belt he knotted around his white uniform.

He reasoned that displaying his proficiency in the martial arts would give Julie a logical explanation for his cool, courageous actions during the seemingly deadly confrontation on Mulholland Drive. It seemed to work, since Julie never questioned either his motives or his actions.

The next step was to seduce her into trusting him enough to learn the whereabouts of the hidden stock-certificate copies. And it was then that Macklin learned of Julie's consuming sexual appetite. She told Macklin he was the first man to ever make her come, and thereafter she proved to be a willing student of his creative sexual teachings.

Although they stayed close to home, their lovemaking was not confined to the bedroom. Several times they fucked in the hot, bubbling cauldron of Macklin's Jacuzzi. Twice they made it on the deserted beach. And each time, Julie seemed to draw strength from Macklin's

(continued on page 108)

Beaver Hunt

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Photo by Kenn Roman



Twenty-five-year-old Lara is a Phoenix, Arizona, schoolteacher who enjoys riding horses. Her fantasy is to pose with a photographer in the 69 position for a HUSTLER centerfold.

Photo by Harvey Martin



A glass-worker from Imperial Beach, California, Linda, 19, says her favorite pastime is modeling. Her sexual fantasy—to appear in *Beaver Hunt*—has now come true.

Photo by Charles Coon



Virginia "Ginny" Moore, 48, works as a bartender and cashier in Cocoa Beach, Florida. Dancing and sewing are two of her hobbies, and her dream is to pose one day for a HUSTLER centerfold.

Photo by Alexander Bouilli

Forty-nine-year-old Joan Castner is a truck driver from Rochester, New York, whose hobbies include developing and printing photographs. Her special wish is to make it with two guys in a lake.



Photo by Don Castner



Marie-Claire, 31, lives in Tangier, Morocco. She's a stripper whose hobbies are men, money and nude modeling. Her fantasy is to "become the secret lover of the world's richest men and control them with my sexual powers."

Photo by Kay Marie



Puss E. Grabber is a three-year-old alley cat from Browns Mills, New Jersey. His hobby is "cat-housing," and he'd love to travel to Africa and "make it with the big cats."

Twenty-five-year-old Tammy hails from Daytona Beach, Florida, where she works as a barmaid. Her hobbies include music and tennis, and her fantasy is to have a male slave "to satisfy my every wish."



Photo by Friend

Photo by Husband



Westminster, Maryland, is where you'll find Laurie C., a 22-year-old housewife who likes to ride horses. She fantasizes about making love in an open field under the stars.



Photo by Doris Adrian

Dancer Misty Taylor, 29, lives in El Cajon, California, where she enjoys sewing and fishing. Her now-fulfilled fantasy is seeing her photo in HUSTLER.

A 19-year-old housewife from Memphis, Tennessee, Becky lists her hobbies as dancing, working with leather and riding Harley-Davidson motorcycles. Her special dream is to fuck her husband on a Harley.



Photo by Jimbo



Photo by Husband

Twenty-three-year-old Denise Ryals is a housewife from Franklinton, Louisiana, whose hobbies include horseback riding. Her fantasy? "Getting my husband to eat my cunt."

One for the Ladies

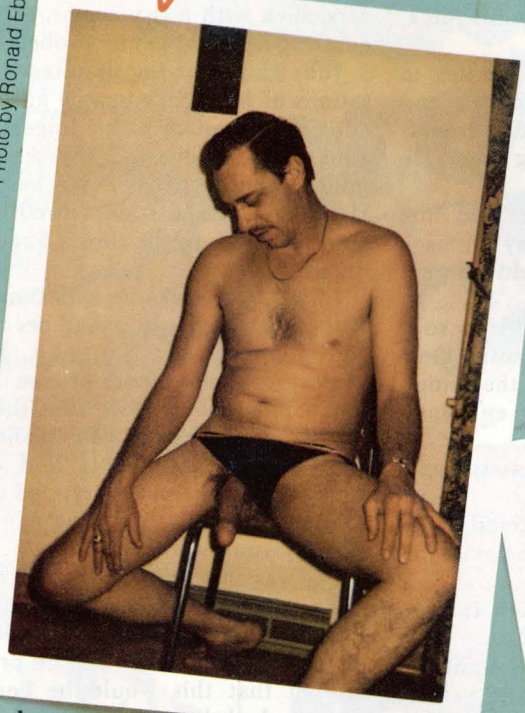


Photo by Ronald Ebert

Sex, beer and old cars are hobbies of Ronald Ebert, a 40-year-old factory worker from Independence, Missouri. His fantasy is to ball two women at once while starring in an X-rated movie.

Twenty-year-old Kris works in a factory in Lima, Ohio, where her pastimes include dancing, partying and listening to rock 'n' roll. Her dream-come-true is appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.



Photo by Gary



Photo by Barry Hargraves

Julie Hargraves is a 23-year-old salesclerk from Pontiac, Michigan, who likes modeling, motorcycling and skiing. Her fantasy is to make it with two men at the same time.

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Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

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Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

BLOOD MONEY

(continued from page 102)

body, ingesting it hungrily through her mouth and cunt in the form of his thick, milky-white cum.

Macklin began to believe the key to the hidden documents was his cock, and sensed that each time he used it, he was that much closer to retrieving them. He was right.

"I've been thinking," she told him two weeks later, as they lay in each other's arms. "You could add another chapter to your book."

Macklin smelled triumph. "How so?"

"The stock certificates. By using them in your book, you'd expose the underworld's involvement in the entertainment industry."

"I already have enough material as it is," he told her.

"I know that," she countered. "But there's no reason to ignore the evidence if it exists."

Macklin pretended to think it over. "Okay," he said. "I'm sold."

Satisfied, she lay back on the pillows. "Good. Tomorrow we'll go and get the certificates."

"No, not we," Macklin corrected. "Me."

Suspicion clouded her eyes.

"Look," Macklin reasoned. "Whoever's after you will be looking for us in a white Charger. We can't risk it."

"Then how?"

"I'll go alone."

"But they'll be looking for the car," she protested.

"I'll take the Harley."

She looked concerned. "My father's dead," she said flatly. "I know that now." She looked at him, her eyes searching his. "Don't let them kill you too."

He kissed her tenderly. Julie's lips parted, and he slowly tongued the wetness of her mouth with soft, probing strokes. She sighed as his mouth glided down over her throat and teased at her nipples.

Her breathing became more rapid as Macklin's lips and tongue strayed even lower. He felt her tense as his mouth disappeared between her thighs. He had made love with her many times since their first meeting, but he had waited until now to possess her completely. She had given her mouth and cunt willingly, hungrily. But now, with her death only hours away, he desired that part of her that he had kept virgin.

His tongue pushed through the swollen, wet lips of her cunt. She shuddered, and her fingers tangled wildly in his hair. He licked her clit, and felt the sweet juices of her pussy oozing from within. As Macklin's mouth worked feverishly at her pink flesh, he slipped the fingers of his right hand into her moist, hot opening. Then he slid his fingers, slick with pussy nectar, under her gyrating hips and gently probed her ass.

Julie gasped at the simultaneous sensations of Macklin's tongue against her clit and the touch of his fingers at her anus. "Oh, Richard!" she whispered, pulling him deeper between her thighs. His tongue teased and tortured her clit, and she shook in the throes of a violent orgasm.

In the two weeks he had known her, Macklin thought, Julie had been an eager, giving lover. Naturally, he had grown somewhat fond of her. It was impossible not to feel something for someone with whom you've shared so many intimate thoughts and experiences. Macklin almost regretted she had to die. He even felt a pang of remorse that he would do the killing.

She was close to coming. He knew the signs, and used them to guide the strokes of his tongue on her clit. Pushing his finger up into her ass, he promised himself that this would be her finest orgasm. As Julie muttered incoherently, lost in a world of sexual sensation, he began to gently lubricate her ass with her own juices before rising up on his knees and turning her over on her stomach. Grasping her firmly by the hips, he drew her up on her hands and knees and pressed his rigid cock into the crack of her buttocks. Then he aimed his prick at her tight anus while further anointing it with the oily slickness that had pumped out of her cunt.

"Don't hurt me, Richard," she whimpered. "Please don't."

He reached around and began caressing her cunt with his hand. At the same time, he penetrated her ass. Slowly he worked his cock into her, massaging her clit with his finger. She was tight, but the lubricating fluids helped ease his passage. Her muscles relaxed, and his shaft inched in deeper.

Still massaging her clit, Macklin groaned as his cock reached its limit. She was responding with soft murmurings, and rolled her ass backward in rhythm with Macklin's forward thrusts.

Now she's mine, Macklin thought. He had possessed her in every way. She had kept nothing from him. *Damn! I really don't want to kill her.*

They were nearing orgasm. Julie's groans were now sharp, piercing grunts, almost animalistic, as Macklin's cock slammed into her and his fingers rolled over the slippery nerve of her clit with deft precision.

"Oh, Richard!" she screamed. "I'm . . . going . . . to . . . come!"

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"Let it go, baby," Macklin urged. "Let it go."

She did. A massive convulsion ripped through her body, and she cried out, "I'm-m-m-m-m com-m-m-m-ming!"

Four thrusts later he erupted inside her. Her sphincters contracted, drawing every ounce of fluid from his penis. He collapsed on top of her, feeling good about keeping his unspoken promise to satisfy Julie with her finest orgasm.

He held her tightly in his arms.

"I've never felt more alive," she whispered.

Macklin sighed, and succumbed to the feeling of sadness that washed over him. Tomorrow he'd have to kill her.

* * *

The next day dawned dark and murky, with a raw chill stinging the air. Zipping up his windbreaker, Macklin shivered at the prospect of riding a motorcycle in the biting cold.

Julie handed him a key with a number on it. "Go to the Greyhound terminal in Santa Monica," she told him. "There's a brown attache case in locker #12. The certificates are inside."

Macklin nodded, slipping the key into his glove.

"Be careful, Richard," she cautioned. "Come back to me."

"I'll be back," he promised.

He was almost to the door when she called out: "Richard?" He stopped. "I'd like to read more of the book while you're gone."

He turned the request over in his mind several times before answering. *What the hell*, he thought. *She'll be dead in a few hours anyway.*

The book was well-hidden in a hollow space behind a large, ornate mirror. Macklin knew if anyone were to search the house, they would almost certainly overlook the mirror. For some reason people are reluctant to disturb their own reflection.

He handed her the manuscript. "Don't answer the phone or go near the windows," he warned. "I'll let myself in when I get back."

In the garage, Macklin unlocked a cabinet and removed a .45-caliber automatic. He slammed a fully loaded magazine into the pearl-handled grip and pushed the weapon down into his right motorcycle boot. Then he touched the button that opened the garage door, climbed aboard the Harley, and the 1200cc engine roared to life.

Intently, Macklin steered the bike up the winding road to the Coast Highway. The curves and the surrounding foliage obscured the dark-green Cougar following at a discreet distance behind him.

He was more than pleased with the way things had progressed. But more important, the people he worked for would be pleased. He had taken a hell of a chance with Jessup, but that was one mistake he would not repeat. Getting the supervisor's death contract had been pure irony. When he learned Jessup was about to leak the material prematurely, he had already decided to kill him. The fact that he was paid to do it only sweetened the assignment.

Fulfilling the contract would also discredit any thought that he was the one who had fed Jessup his information. Not that it mattered. Like he'd told Julie, he was the best hitman in the business. If things got too hot, he'd simply disappear with the manuscript and kill anyone who came after him.

Something else occurred to him. Sooner or later the book would be published, and the stigma that haunted his writing career would be erased once and for all. *Blood Money* would free him from the pulp mediocrity he'd been writing up to now.

He thought of the girl. There was no denying she was sensational in bed, but she was still a contract. Too bad. Of all the women he'd known, Julie was the first to become a true slave to his cock.

Macklin cruised the area surrounding the Greyhound terminal before parking the bike out front. He was looking for parked cars with engines running, or cars parked illegally at fire hydrants or bus stops. If anyone were waiting and watching for him, they'd need a space that provided easy access to the street and enough room—if need be—for quick acceleration. That was standard operating procedure for cops and private eyes on surveillance detail. It was also s.o.p. for Mob triggermen.

Satisfied the area was clear, Macklin went into the terminal and carefully observed the people inside. In his profession caution was essential to survival. Just the usual civilians and employees, he decided, before grabbing the attache case concealed in locker #12.

Quickly, he exited the terminal and fastened the case to the rack over the rear fender. He had gone only about a mile when, checking his rearview mirror, he spotted the green Cougar tailing him. To make sure, Macklin guided the Harley through a series of right and left turns. The Cougar followed. In the back of his mind was the nagging feeling he'd seen the car before. He thought back to the night he'd picked up Julie. His headlights had found a car parked along the side of the road. He could see it clearly in his mind's eye—a dark-green Cougar.

The two men he could now see in the

(continued on page 124)

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose: to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays $100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or printed) manuscripts. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



A BABY-SITTER'S BEDTIME STORY

by Sally Craig

I'm a 19-year-old who recently had an experience that helped broaden my sexual awareness. I'd like to share it with HUSTLER's readers in hopes it might do the same for them.

I was between boyfriends; so I decided to come home from college during semester break. By the fourth day I was not only bored, but also pretty horny. A phone call from the Hendersons helped to change all that though.

The Hendersons were a young, seemingly happy couple with a four-year-old son, Billy. Since they moved into town just before I left for school, I never really got to know them. But they knew my folks, and when their regular baby-sitter came down with the flu, Mrs. Henderson called to ask if I could fill in. Having nothing better to do, I agreed.

Carla Henderson was as attractive as her husband, Chet, was handsome. They were going to a banquet being given by Chet's company. He looked dashing in his three-piece suit, and Carla wore a pale-blue gown that hugged her great body. Billy was already asleep upstairs.

When they left, they told me to make myself at home and to expect them sometime after midnight. I looked in on Billy and then checked out the rest of the house. I remembered all the other times I had baby-sat, and how I would call my boyfriend after the kids were asleep and invite him over. We'd sit on the couch and make out. It usually got pretty hot and heavy, and after touching that hard bulge in his pants, I'd practically melt. Sometimes we'd fuck on the rug, but mostly we'd just come in each other's mouth. Just thinking about it made me tingle.

There was a light on in the master bedroom, coming from a large, walk-in closet. It must have been Carla's, as it was lined with dresses, blouses and skirts. She sure had taste. Her whole wardrobe looked like it had been designed by *Vogue* magazine. I couldn't resist seeing how I'd look in one of those high-fashion dresses. I wriggled out of my blue jeans and took off my T-shirt.

I have a nice-looking body, and seeing myself in the full-length mirror, wearing nothing but my bikini briefs, turned me on. It was like seeing myself for the first time. And I liked what I saw. My full breasts with large, brown nipples, my slender waist that flowed into firm, round hips, then tapered into shapely legs. I softly cupped my tits while memories of former boyfriends flashed through my mind. I could feel the heat between my thighs as I traced my hand down to my moist panties. I would have masturbated then and there, but something else caught my eye.

Off to the side of the closet, just under the dresses, was a plastic box. I opened it up. Inside were several long, plastic vibrators, a large, twin-headed rubber cock, a hard-rubber dildo and what looked like a small vibrator attached to some kind of remote-control switch. I was already horny; now, with all that artificial cock at hand, I could feel my pussy melting into my panties.

First I angled the closet door so I could see my reflection from the bed. Then I spread everything out on the bedspread and smelled the musky scent of my cunt as I peeled off my panties. Licking the fingers of my right hand, I caressed my hard, erect nipples. Moving my fingers down into the dark forest of hair that covered my snatch, I stroked lightly, enjoying the sticky wetness. I could see it all, played out like a movie in the mirror.

My fingers slipped inside my juicy cunt, and I stretched like a cat in heat. Then, like a feathery tongue, my finger was at my clit. Waves of pleasure swept over me, and a deep, low moan tore loose from my throat. As I fingered my pussy, I slipped the index finger of my left hand into my mouth and slathered it with my tongue. Shifting slightly, I ran my index finger down to my ass. I probed gently. It was like a thousand flashbulbs exploding in my mind! I reached for the dildo. But before filling my cunt with it, I brought it to my mouth and pushed it in.

Back and forth. In and out. And all the while, my fingers danced at my clit. I rubbed the cock, wet with my own spit, all over my face and down between my tits. The electric impulses from my clit shot through me in ever-increasing spasms. I could hear myself moaning uncontrollably. I moved the cock down to my sweet, eager cunt and rubbed it against the outer lips. Then, with one slow inward thrust, the enormous rubber shaft disappeared deep inside me.

I trembled on the brink of orgasm, working the cock in and out of my cunt as I pushed my finger up into my ass-

Illustration by Greg Martin

hole. My senses screamed with delight as my pussy stretched to fit the contours of that massive rod. I hovered on the edge, crying out for release.

Then, just as I was about to plunge over, I suddenly froze. There, reflected in the mirror, was Mrs. Henderson!

She stepped into the room, and I told her I was sorry as I sat up on the bed. She didn't say a word; she just walked to the dresser and stood there, her back to me. I could tell she was sobbing.

"Mrs. Henderson, are you all right?" I asked as I walked toward her. "Where's your husband?"

"At the banquet," she said. "Drinking!" She spat the word out. I could sense the hurt inside her.

"It'll be okay," I said.

"We had a fight," she sniffled. "He hit me because I asked him not to drink so much."

I nodded, and pressed her face to my shoulder. I held her close and stroked her hair softly, reassuring her. She needed somebody at that moment, someone gentle and understanding. I guess it was then, feeling Carla's body pressed against mine, that I realized what had been missing in my life.

I began kissing the tears from her cheeks. She giggled and sniffled at the same time, almost like a little girl. She was calming down, and even managed to smile. In the dim light I could see the welt where Chet had hit her. I kissed it, and she circled her arms around my waist. We looked into each other's eyes, and there was no denying what either of us saw.

I unzipped the back of her gown, and it slid silently to the floor. Her breasts were milky-white and full. I tongued the creamy softness and teased her nipples. I took her hands and led her to the bed. We lay down and embraced. I kissed her softly on the lips. They were parted, and her tongue caressed mine. In a matter of moments we were swept away on a wave of passion.

She trembled and moaned as my hand found the quivering wetness of her cunt. Her back arched as I worked my fingers inside and caressed the sensitive trigger of her clit. I took a tit in my mouth and sucked the nipple. Her fingers tangled in my hair, pressing me closer. I licked my way downward, leaving a trail of saliva on her skin. Her bush was like soft down, and I could taste the sweet juices that clung like dew to her matted pubic hair. As I licked her thighs, I could feel the heat of her cunt just inches from my lips.

My tongue slid into her. She gasped, and urged my face deeper into her snatch. I licked and sucked her clit, gently nibbling the tender nub with my teeth. She was actually melting in my mouth!

Suddenly, she pulled my face away and rolled me over on my back. I watched as she found the twin-headed cock and rubbed it against her pussy. Then, in one fluid motion, it disappeared into her. Slowly, she worked the opposite head of the thing into my cunt.

Carla pushed my knees back to my tits, then eased downward until my cunt was completely filled with rubber cock. She bucked up and down, and I responded, picking up on her rhythm. The huge cock that bound us plunged deeper into our cunts. Incredible waves of pleasure ripped through our bodies, both of us building to a truly shattering climax.

Then an incredible sensation screamed through my body. Carla had taken the small vibrator with the remote-control switch and pushed it up my ass. She turned the switch, and suddenly my body was alive with the rippling of an anal massage! I was making it with another woman and was getting fucked at both ends!

Without warning, in one convulsive, mind-blowing moment, Carla and I came. It started somewhere deep inside and continued to build until nothing on earth could stop it. Both of us cried out as the spasms exploded again and again. When at last the climaxes stopped, Carla and I lay quietly together, completely drenched in each other's juices.

"That was so beautiful," I murmured.

She nuzzled my neck. "So are you."

"I've never come like that before," I told her.

"You're still young," she said, smiling knowingly at me. "This was just the beginning for you."

Later we showered, probing and exploring each other's body under a refreshing spray of water. Never again would I feel my sex life was incomplete. I had learned that I thought so before only because I had focused on just one aspect of sex. But no more.

I've made it with several men—and women—since that night, and have discovered that my orgasms are much more intense and absolute. For the first time since losing my virginity I feel completely free sexually, and my sex life is a lot more satisfying.

Carla and I never saw each other after that. I returned to school, and there met several people who do not limit their pleasures to just one sex. But I often think about that night, and when I do, I still feel that familiar fire burning down deep inside me. It's a beautiful memory; but I can't help wondering, even now—who seduced whom?



"She looks like her mother."

Honey

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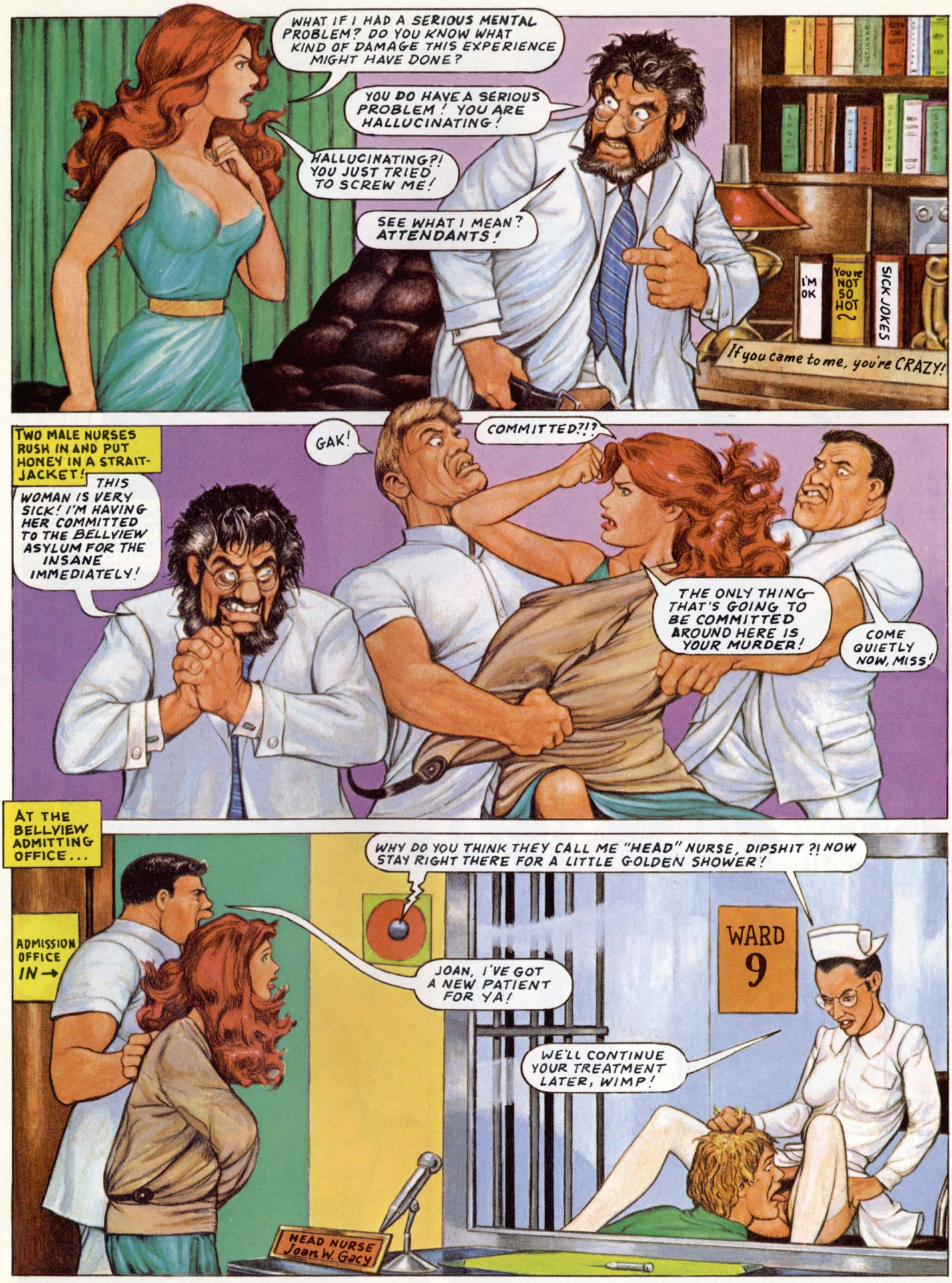


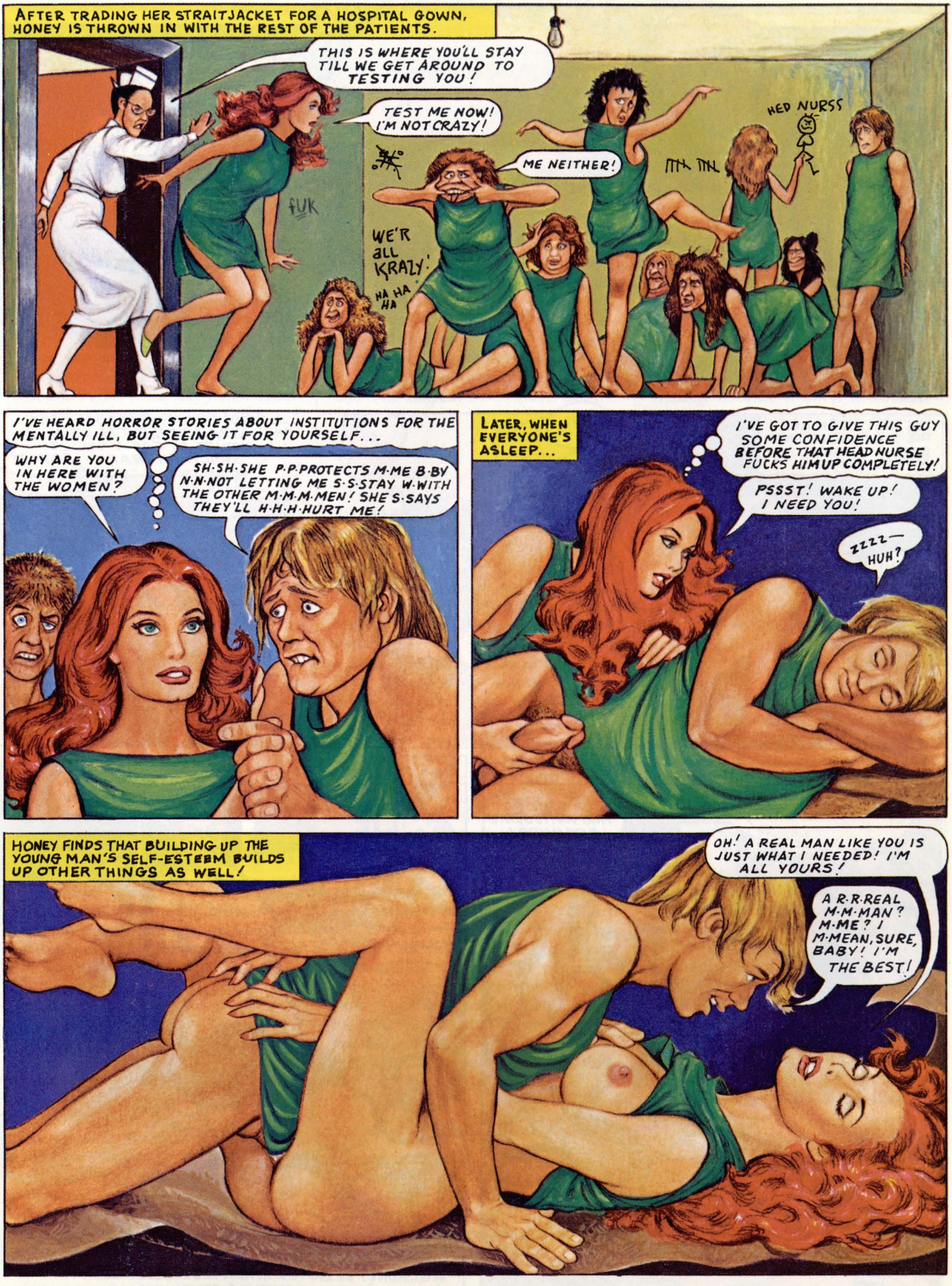


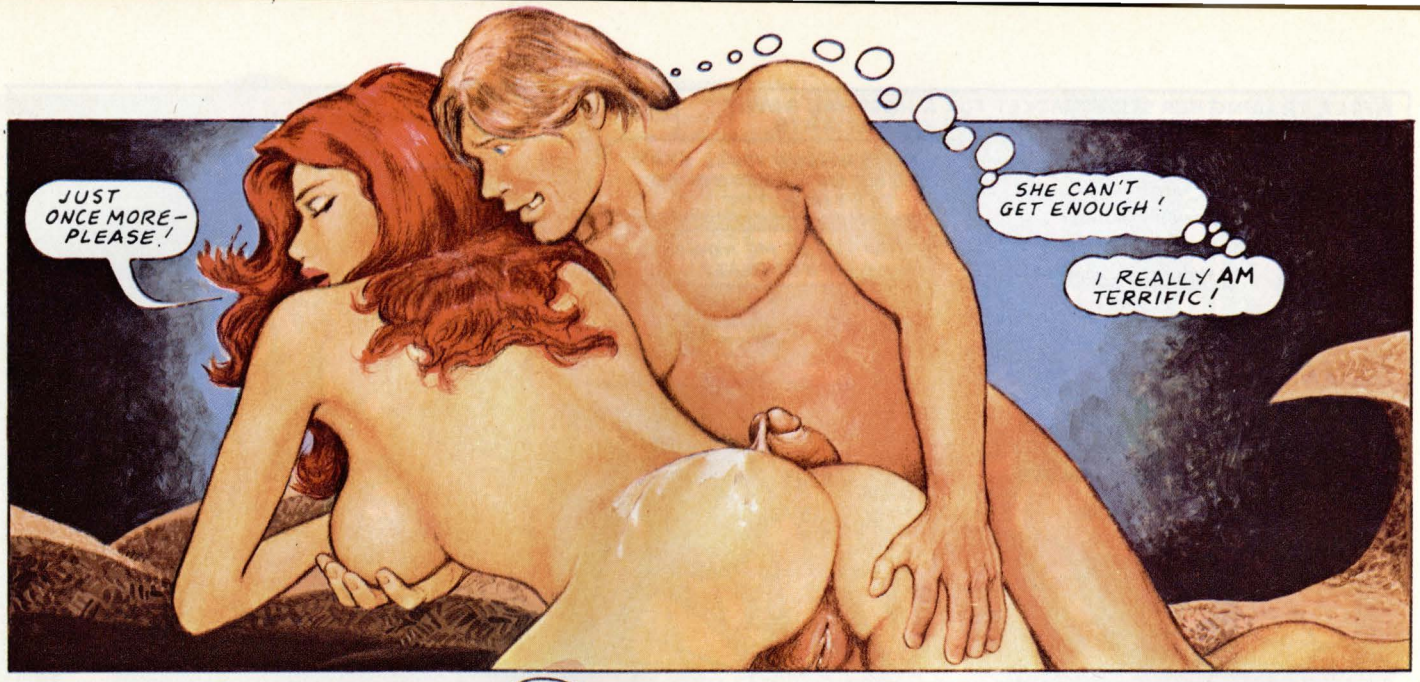
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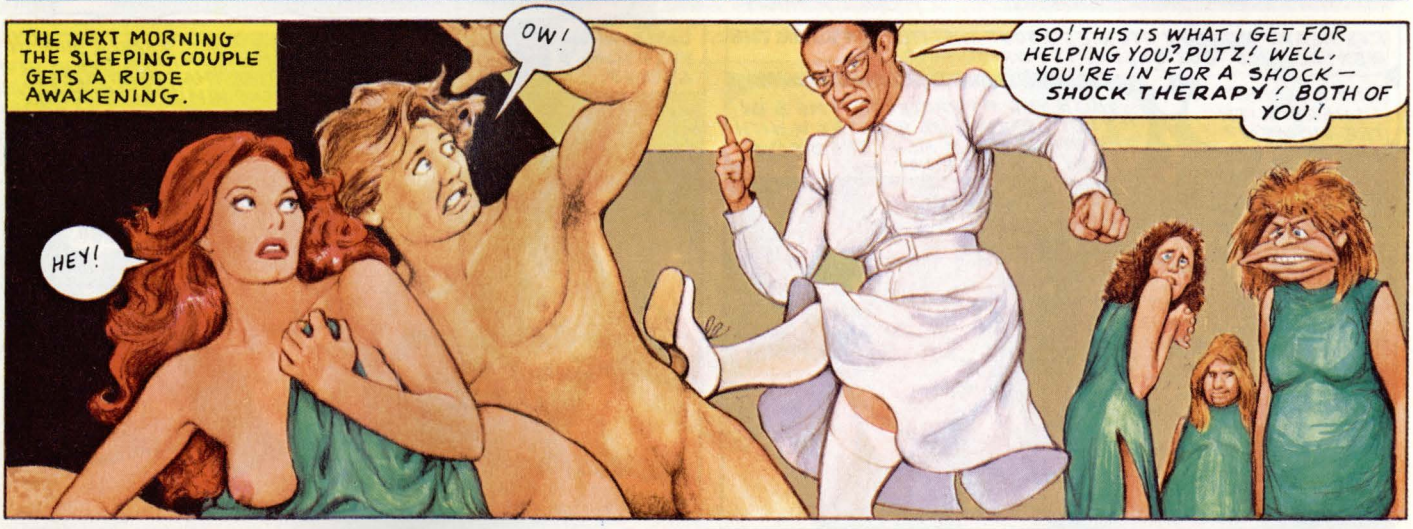


Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford


WHAT IF I HAD A SERIOUS MENTAL PROBLEM? DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF DAMAGE THIS EXPERIENCE MIGHT HAVE DONE?
YOU DO HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM! YOU ARE HALLUCINATING!
HALLUCINATING?! YOU JUST TRIED TO SCREW ME!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? ATTENDANTS!
I'M OK
YOU'RE NOT SO HOT
SICK JOKES
If you came to me, you're CRAZY!
TWO MALE NURSES RUSH IN AND PUT HONEY IN A STRAIT-JACKET!
THIS WOMAN IS VERY SICK! I'M HAVING HER COMMITTED TO THE BELLVIEW ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE IMMEDIATELY!
GAK!
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THE ONLY THING THAT'S GOING TO BE COMMITTED AROUND HERE IS YOUR MURDER!
COME QUIETLY NOW, MISS!
AT THE BELLVIEW ADMITTING OFFICE...
ADMISSION OFFICE IN →
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL ME "HEAD" NURSE, DIPSHIT?! NOW STAY RIGHT THERE FOR A LITTLE GOLDEN SHOWER!
JOAN, I'VE GOT A NEW PATIENT FOR YA!
WARD 9
WE'LL CONTINUE YOUR TREATMENT LATER, WIMP!
HEAD NURSE Joan W. Gacy


AFTER TRADING HER STRAITJACKET FOR A HOSPITAL GOWN, HONEY IS THROWN IN WITH THE REST OF THE PATIENTS.
THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL STAY TILL WE GET AROUND TO TESTING YOU!
TEST ME NOW! I'M NOT CRAZY!
ME NEITHER!
HED NURSS
FUK
WE'R all KRAZY!
HA HA HA
I'VE HEARD HORROR STORIES ABOUT INSTITUTIONS FOR THE MENTALLY ILL, BUT SEEING IT FOR YOURSELF...
WHY ARE YOU IN HERE WITH THE WOMEN?
SH-SH-SHE P-P-PROTECTS M-ME B-BY N-N-NOT LETTING ME S-S-STAY W-WITH THE OTHER M-M-M-MEN! SHE S-SAYS THEY'LL H-H-H-HURT ME!
LATER, WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP...
I'VE GOT TO GIVE THIS GUY SOME CONFIDENCE BEFORE THAT HEAD NURSE FUCKS HIM UP COMPLETELY!
PSSST! WAKE UP! I NEED YOU!
ZZZZ— HUH?
HONEY FINDS THAT BUILDING UP THE YOUNG MAN'S SELF-ESTEEM BUILDS UP OTHER THINGS AS WELL!
OH! A REAL MAN LIKE YOU IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED! I'M ALL YOURS!
A R-R-REAL M-M-MAN? M-ME? I M-MEAN, SURE, BABY! I'M THE BEST!


JUST ONCE MORE— PLEASE!
SHE CAN'T GET ENOUGH!
I REALLY AM TERRIFIC!


THE NEXT MORNING THE SLEEPING COUPLE GETS A RUDE AWAKENING.
OW!
HEY!
SO! THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR HELPING YOU? PUTZ! WELL, YOU'RE IN FOR A SHOCK— SHOCK THERAPY! BOTH OF YOU!


QUICKLY, THE YOUNG MAN IS PREPARED FOR TREATMENT, AND HONEY IS BROUGHT IN.
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S TORTURE!
MAYBE THIS WILL STOP SOME OF THAT ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR!


THEN COMES THE JUICE!
ZAP!
MMMMMMMMFFFFFF!
YOU'RE NEXT, MY PRETTY!
WILL HONEY BE ZAPPED INTO A VEGETABLE? WHAT A RE-VOLTING DEVELOPMENT! CONTINUED NEXT MONTH...

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

SAGE ADVICE

Many of the complaints we get result from customer error, not company negligence or rip-offs. Periodically, this column tries to give readers the basics of buying through the mails. Here's a helpful checklist you should observe:

1. *Make Your Order Legible.* Print or type; don't use handwriting.

2. *Make Sure Your Address Is Correct.* Customers commonly mix up their house numbers or omit their return addresses altogether. Also, always use ZIP codes.

3. *Don't Send Cash.* Unless you're dropping in a buck for a catalog, putting cash in your letter is inviting trouble. If there's no other choice, send your letter by certified or registered mail.

4. *Follow Instructions on Order Forms.* Use company-supplied order forms and envelopes if they're included, because they're usually computer-coded to speed up your order. Make sure you include all necessary postage and handling fees.

5. *Keep Records of Your Correspondence.* Photocopy all letters, checks, money orders, credit-card billing slips, delivery receipts, etc., that you accumulate while dealing with a company.

6. *Return Merchandise Properly.* If you don't want the product you've received, return the parcel by certified or registered mail. Always include an explanation as to why you're making a return. Pack the merchandise securely—don't just stuff it into a paper bag and tie it with string, because it seems as if the Postal Service hires people whose job it is to pound packages with baseball bats. If the merchandise is returned to the company in a damaged condition, you're the one who'll have to absorb the loss.

LOW-POWER ELECTRIC

A company called Kenyon Video (P.O. Box 1254, Danbury, Connecticut 06810) is selling a line of Electric Blue videocassettes for only $49.95 plus handling. One of them features Long Dong Silver—a black guy with a huge schlong.

Are these tapes as good as they look, and is the company a Dependable Dealer?

—E. F.
Jacksonville, Florida

Kenyon Video not only looks too good to be true, it is! Those *Electric Blue* movies are soft-core and, according to several customers who complained to us, "some of the worst we've seen." *Kenyon* does boast a guaranteed refund if you send your tape back, but so far several angry people have notified us that *Kenyon* takes its own sweet time.

First, it sends a credit voucher for more *Kenyon* tapes, which the customer must then return with a new letter demanding a refund. We'll keep you posted on future developments with this company.

In the meantime, if you're in the market for quality X-rated video, check out some of the top-of-the-line stuff sold by *Direct Video* (1717 North Highland, Suite 701, Los Angeles, California 90028), *International Home Video Club* (237 West 54th Street, New York, New York 10019), *Fantasy Images* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028) and other Dependable Dealers we've mentioned in this column over the past year. These companies charge more for their tapes ($100 is the average price for a video feature film), but in the videotape industry, you get what you pay for.

LIBRARY LOSS

On your advice (Mail-Order Feedback, August 1980) I decided to join the Adult Film Xchange (P.O. Box 344, Holbrook, New York 11741), which allows members to borrow pornographic films from each other.

As per AFX's instructions, I sent along six of my own hard-core films as well as $35.95 in various membership fees. Later, when I didn't hear from AFX, I dropped them a line and discovered that they had returned my films to me by third-class mail a few weeks before. Those films are now gone forever.

I wrote the director of AFX and exchanged several letters with him, but he steadfastly refuses to repay any of my membership fees or reimburse me for the films he lost. Could you check into this shifty "lending library" for me, please?

—C. C.
Crystal River, Florida

Over the past couple of years this column has spoken highly of *Adult Film Xchange* because it offers a valuable service for film-lovers who want to choose from a wide variety of X-rated movies without having to go out and buy them. However, inherent in the *AFX* system is the chance that someone's films may get lost in the mail. *AFX*'s director insists this problem is relatively rare.

The director went on to say: "C. C. sent black-and-white, soft-core films to deposit in our library, even though our literature clearly states that deposited films must be in color and hard-core. Also, in an accompanying note, he mentioned he had sent six films, but he actually included only five. He also claims to have sent $35.95, when our records indicate he sent only $33.95. We were dealing with a man who was confused or had other motives. I tried many times to straighten out the situation, apparently without success."

AFX's director went on to explain that the expenses he incurred sending various catalogs and brochures to C. C., as well as signing him into the club and performing other services (including straightening out the problem), were deducted from C. C.'s $33.95. However, upon *Mail-Order Feedback*'s request, *AFX* did agree to refund the full $33.95 membership fees in order to get him off the company's back.

The director further added that his customers who are concerned about losing films can, by sending an extra 50¢ for each one, have those films insured through the mails, which dramatically lowers the chance of loss. Also, if a member loses the films of another member, he is expected to reimburse the owner. "But you can see what problems we'd have," he said in conclusion, "if we had to bear every loss."

Edited by Jim Dawson

MAIL ORDER MANIA

LISA'S PHONE AFFAIRS

Hi, are you about to do it by yourself?
So am I. Unless you P-L-E-A-S-E call me
So perhaps we can do it together.

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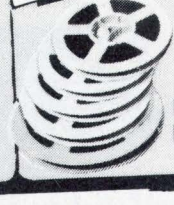
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Actually visualize ideas, images, and words from any girl's mind right in your own head—as if you were reading the pages of a book!

Forget about distance! That girl can be in the same room with you, on the telephone with you, or completely out of sight across the country. You can still do it. Accept my "free-trial" proposal—*and I'll prove it to you!*

I know exactly what you are thinking right now.

You believe that it is absolutely impossible. That *you* cannot read any girl's mind. From miles away? *Never!*

You have every right to be unconvinced. "Mind-reading" is usually a stunt performed on TV or in a club. While it's great entertainment—it's still an out and out fake. Certainly not the *real* thing.

The real thing—for use in real life—is what I'm talking about. Like you, I deeply doubted that it could ever be done "off-stage." Especially by the *average* person.

THIS REVOLUTIONARY TECHNIQUE TURNS FANTASY INTO SHEER REALITY!

Then something converted me from a die-hard cynic into a fervent believer: *The "Mind-Read" Manuscript crossed my desk.*

It caught my eye at once. I had heard about the author—a highly-gifted psychic famous for pioneering in the field of ESP.

His manuscript stunned me. Any skepticism I ever had about the possibility of male-to-female mind communication went flying out the window.

Here it was in simple language anyone could understand. The *break-through* technique to read any girl's mind. Anytime. Anywhere. *At will!*

IMAGINE HAVING SECRET, INSTANT ACCESS TO A GIRL'S HIDDEN THOUGHTS!

This technique is so powerful that it might even be illegal! Used properly, it gives immediate entry into the most beautiful girl's mind—even if she is a perfect stranger.

Like it or not, she would come under your direct personal domination. You would know exactly what she was thinking at any given time. No one, not even the cleverest, poker-faced female, could hide a thing from you. Others might be fooled by her sweet words. *But not you!*

You would be able to read her inner-most thoughts. As clearly as if you were looking at the pages of a book set in type one inch high. Without her ever knowing. *Unless you, yourself, told her!*

Dealing with her would be pure pleasure. Imagine knowing in advance just what to expect from your date, mate, lover, or new-found friend. No more guesswork. No more wasted time. No more frustration. *For once, you are the boss!*

EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, YOU RISK NOTHING TO TRY IT!

If you still insist that "it's impossible", consider this: Have you ever said something to a girl only to have her reply, "Funny, I was just thinking the very same thing"?

Coincidence? Maybe. Or perhaps you *unconsciously* used the technique without even being aware of it. Now you can *consciously* read her mind because you will know:

- **The first key to true mind-reading.**
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(continued from page 110)

mirror were probably the same guys who had been in on the Mulholland Drive setup. The fact they were following him meant only one thing: a double-cross!

Macklin recalled the raspy voice that had assigned him the contract. *Gain the girl's confidence, recover the documents, then kill her.* He had fulfilled two-thirds of the contract. Now came the double-cross. Raspy Voice intended for him to lead the Cougar to the girl, and the two men inside would fulfill the final third. That way Raspy Voice would have it all: his documents, the girl dead, and the $100,000 fee he wouldn't have to pay to a wasted hitman. *Okay, then*, Macklin decided, *all bets are off. And maybe I won't have to kill Julie after all.*

Macklin opened the throttle, and the bike shot forward. In the mirror, unfolding like a movie, he could see the Cougar burning rubber and taking off after him. Another car innocently nosed out of a side street, and Macklin nearly became a smear on the highway. Suddenly, he made a sharp right down an alley and pulled into an open carport. In a split second he had removed the .45 from inside his boot, yanked the slide back and readied the piece for firing. Jamming the muzzle into the top of his boot, he guided the bike into the alley and took off again.

The Cougar picked him up at the next intersection. Several pedestrians, obeying the WALK signs, leaped backward as the car sped through the crosswalk. Grudgingly, Macklin gave the Cougar's wheelman credit. Despite the car's bulk, he was able to keep up with the more-agile motorcycle. Macklin decided that losing the son of a bitch was out of the question. The time had come for a more-direct approach. He made a sweeping left turn, making sure the men in the Cougar saw it.

Indeed they did. As the Harley sped up the overpass leading to the beach and the Santa Monica Pier, the wheelman floored the accelerator while his companion readied a Winchester pump-action shotgun.

All four tires screeched as the Cougar sailed over the crest of the overpass. Only after the car pancaked, bathing its underside in a shower of sparks, did the two men realize they had blundered into Macklin's trap.

He had been out of sight for just a few seconds, his movements concealed by the rise of the overpass. During those seconds Macklin had braked violently, skidding into a 180° turn, until he was facing the path of his pursuers.

The automatic was out of his boot and at dead aim, braced on the bike's handlebars, by the time the Cougar came into view. With cool precision he emptied the weapon into its windshield.

He didn't need a second look to know the bullets had found their marks. With the grace of its namesake, the car lunged through the guard rail and dove nose-first into the sand below. Macklin was already astride the Harley when the Cougar growled for the last time and spewed a bright orange-and-black fireball skyward.

* * *

Rain was beginning to fall in Malibu when Macklin skidded to a stop inside his garage. Minutes later he found Julie in the upstairs bedroom, sitting in a rocking chair with the *Blood Money* manuscript propped up in her lap.

"How'd it go?" she asked, halting the motion of the chair.

Macklin tossed the case on the bed and removed his windbreaker. "A couple of guys followed me," he said. "I lost 'em."

"It was on the radio," she told him. "Two men were killed at the Santa Monica Pier."

He stripped off his shirt and faced her. "Nobody lives forever."

Julie nodded in agreement.

Macklin studied the attache case. "Where's the key?"

She pointed with her chin. "On the dresser."

"They were only supposed to follow you," she said when the case was opened.

Macklin wasn't sure he'd heard her correctly. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"The men in the Cougar were only supposed to make sure you got the case and brought it here."

Macklin stared at her.

"Look inside the case, Richard."

Instead of stock certificates, he found a number of 8" X 10" black-and-white photographs. They had been shot with a telephoto lens, and each one showed Macklin conversing with Arthur Jessup—at restaurants, the racetrack, even Disneyland.

"We've known about it from the beginning," Julie told him. "The problem was to get your book without your knowing we suspected—and, once we had it, to kill you." She was enjoying the moment immensely. "You were set up, Richard."

In slow motion Macklin saw the manuscript's leather-bound cover tear. Next there was a blur of tattered paper. After that he saw nothing. The first bullet struck him squarely under the jaw. The second entered beneath his left eye and shattered the cheekbone before exiting through the left ear. He was already dead when the third bullet shattered his upper teeth. Julie had fired all three shots from a sitting position, concealing the weapon behind the leather-bound manuscript.

She carried the smoking .38 to the phone and calmly dialed an unlisted number. "It's done," she said when the party at the other end answered.

"And the book?" asked a raspy voice.

"I have it."

"Did he suspect?"

"No," Julie replied, with a touch of pride. "I'm too good an actress. I just played the role like the women in his novels."

"You've done well," the voice continued. "We're very pleased."

She smiled.

"Leave everything as it is," the voice instructed. "We'll take care of it. Go home now. Do nothing until I call."

Julie Conrad hung up the receiver, glowing from the success of her first assignment. She wondered if Macklin would have appreciated the irony. After all, he had been defeated by a woman, and in the bedroom of all places. A few minutes later, walking on the beach and feeling the sand crunch underfoot, her cheeks flushed with anticipation. The sand reminded her of the voice on the phone—a voice she knew would soon call again.



PACIFIC ISLAND GIRLS

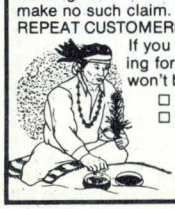
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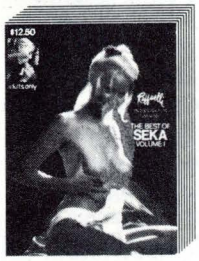
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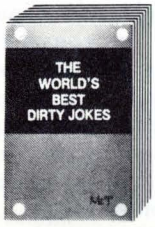
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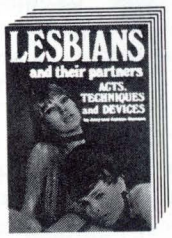


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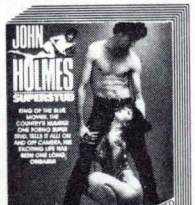
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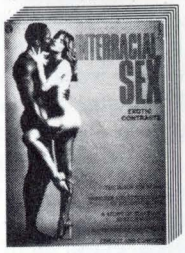
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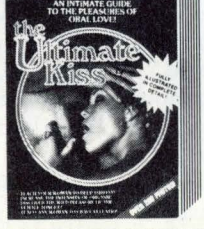
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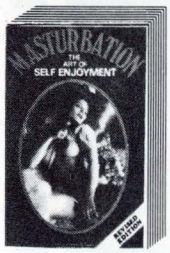




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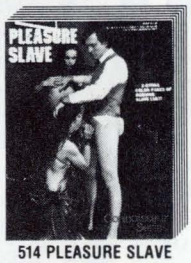
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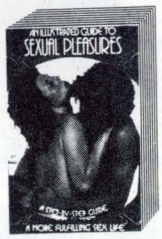


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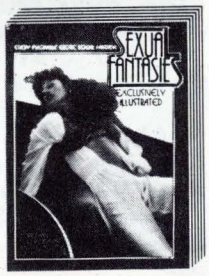
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SCIENCE VS. RELIGION

(continued from page 84)

just hasn't thought the problem through at all."

Kelly Segraves, her 38-year-old son, heads the CSRC—an organization not to be confused with the like-minded Institute for Creation Research. Last March he filed suit against the State of California, charging its 1978 guidelines on teaching evolution in science classes violated the Constitutional guarantee of free exercise of religion. In 1973 the California Board of Education published a framework governing the teaching of science from kindergarten through the 12th grade, ordering evolution to be taught as theory, not as fact. Five years later the board issued teachers' guidelines containing a sentence pertaining to evolution that read: ". . . the process has been going on so long that it has produced all the groups and kinds of plants and animals now living as well as others that have become extinct." Segraves objected to this language in his lawsuit, contending it ran counter to the intention of the 1973 framework.

The heavily publicized nonjury trial, conducted in a 48-seat Sacramento courtroom, failed to live up to its billing as an electronic-age replay of the Scopes trial. During the week-long proceedings 13-year-old Kasey Segraves—Kelly's son—testified he was taught in the fifth grade of a San Diego public school that "we evolved from the apes," a concept contrary to his religious beliefs. (In fact, scientists claim man evolved not from the apes, but from a common ancestor.)

Both sides claimed victory after Judge Irving Perluss ruled California's guidelines for the teaching of evolution did not violate the plaintiffs' religious freedom. He also noted there had been a failure in communication about the Board of Education policy forbidding dogmatic statements on man's origin, ordering that copies of the policy be sent to all school districts so it could be followed.

"We can handle that with about $50 worth of Xerox paper," huffed Professor Thomas Jukes, an Evolutionist, who drafted the 1978 education guidelines.

On the other hand, Kelly Segraves hailed the judge's ruling as a victory for creationism, claiming it "will stop the dogmatic teaching of evolution and protect the rights of the Christian child."

Nell Segraves added an ominous postscript. "We have a lot to undo," she said. "[This] is only the beginning." Considering the growing organizational strength of Fundamentalist Christians, most observers predict a number of test cases of both principles within the next few years.

The Segraves lawsuit had immediate nationwide importance because textbook publishers can't afford to publish separate editions of schoolbooks for each state or local school system. As a result, they look at the big states, such as California, Texas and New York, to find out which way educational trends are going.

Texas has already ruled that biology texts should "identify [evolution] as only one of several explanations of the origins of humankind." Currently, New York is also considering its approach to the problem.

"Creationism has no place in a biology text," a publishing-house editor declared. "But after all, we *are* in the business of selling textbooks."

It's very likely, then, that policies enacted in the large states will influence publishers' decisions, and will thus determine what kinds of texts are available to the rest of the country.

"The Creationists have a policy of terrorism with publishers of scientific textbooks," says Professor Jukes. "The publishers are afraid. I saw a new science textbook [recently], and the word *evolution* is not even mentioned—not one little word."

The Segraves suit was by no means an isolated case. Right now a number of state legislatures are considering bills that would give creationism equal weight with evolutionism in public schools. Lobbyists in 27 states are asking boards of education to use Creationist teaching materials or to de-emphasize Darwinism in biology classes.

Last year the Georgia State Senate overwhelmingly approved a bill requiring the teaching of "creation by God" in public schools if evolution is also taught. The Iowa Senate failed to pass a similar bill by only one vote. Tennessee, site of the Scopes "Monkey Trial," passed its own Creationist law, although the statute was later declared unconstitutional because it specifically mentioned the Bible.

An American Civil Liberties Union challenge helped overturn a decision by two Indiana school districts to adopt a Creationist biology text. The text's authors deleted offending language to conform to the court's decision.

"The way things are today, I'm not sure I could win against the book," admits ACLU lawyer Lawrence Reuben, "although it says essentially the same thing [it did before]."

* * *

Obviously, what we have here is not merely a matter of a few Fundamentalist

Protestant fanatics trying to muscle a couple of rural school districts. Creationism is gaining momentum in the U.S. as those who believe in it learn to organize and to pull political strings. Kelly Segraves and his sympathizers across the country even received some support from Ronald Reagan during the 1980 Presidential campaign.

"[Evolution] is a scientific theory only, and in recent years [has] been challenged in the world of science, and is not believed in the scientific community to [be] as infallible as it once was believed," the candidate told a group of evangelical ministers in Dallas. "But if it was going to be taught in the schools, then I would think that also the biblical theory of creation, which is not a theory but the biblical story of creation, should also be taught."

It could be argued that Reagan's qualifications to talk about biology are about equal to those of his former co-star, Bonzo the Chimp. What can't be argued is the fact that his remarks—almost a carbon copy of the positions taken by the Reverend Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority—added plenty of fuel to the fire.

* * *

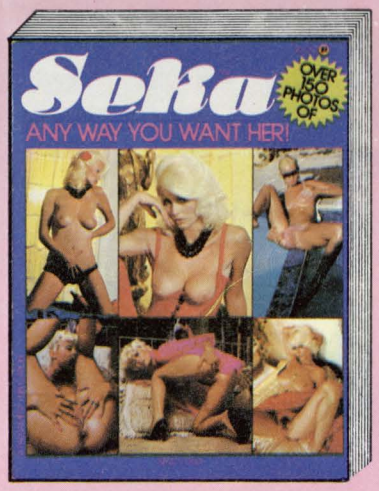
Don't think for a minute that Scientific Creationists see themselves simply as fire-and-brimstone preachers wearing a cloak of respectability. They truly believe *science* shows evolution is impossible. The Institute for Creation Research's Richard Bliss, a former Evolutionist and longtime high-school science teacher, is so confident the facts are on his side that he says, "It takes more faith to believe in evolution than [in] creation."

Luther Sunderland is no biologist, but his scientific credentials are otherwise in order. An aerospace engineer for General Electric, Sunderland designed, and supervises the installation of, computer-controlled aircraft-guidance systems. "I believe that anyone who looks into the issue with a halfway-open mind will find evolution is one of the biggest lies ever perpetrated on the human race," he told HUSTLER.

Creationists insist that if all existing life forms evolved from other life forms, we should be able to find fossils of transitional organisms representing the "middle" stages of evolution. Instead, they argue, there are no such fossils. They say the so-called "missing link" is missing because it never existed. "After a thorough study of the fossil record, we find there is zero evidence for evolution," says Sunderland.

He and other Creationists point to the fact that relatively few fossils date back before the Cambrian geological period,

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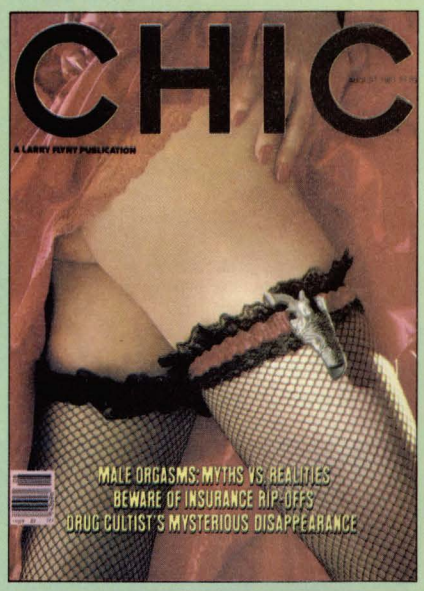
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which geologists say began about 500 million years ago, as evidence that life in its many forms began at the same time. (This is known as the "pre-Cambrian gap" argument.)

But then how do we account for *archaeopteryx*, the extinct toothed organism thought to be the transition between reptiles and birds? "That's a beaut," says Sunderland. "*Archaeopteryx* was a fully developed bird. It had asymmetrical feathers, like the flying birds of today. It had some so-called reptilian characteristics: tiny claws, teeth, vertebrae in its tail. Children used to be taught this was just a reptile that had grown feathers. When you tell kids the truth—that in every subclass of vertebrates some have teeth, some don't—*archaeopteryx* doesn't look so impressive." (Note: There is no living bird with teeth.)

Creationists also believe all living organisms appeared on Earth *in their present forms* spontaneously. One minute, nothing; the next minute, dogs, ducks, daffodils and dung beetles, just as we know them now. "A wing is a wing, a feather is a feather, an eyeball is an eyeball, a horse is a horse, and a man is a man," says Sunderland.

In so saying, he's illustrating another Creationist argument: If evolution is a constant process, how come we can't see it going on? Do you see giraffes evolving into anything else? No. Although Creationists do allow for change within a given species (new breeds of dogs, for example), they insist one species can't evolve into another.

Sunderland quotes many eminent Evolutionists to support his claim that evolution couldn't have happened. One of them is Niles Eldredge, Ph.D., curator of invertebrates at the American Museum of Natural History, who has published many articles attacking the idea of transition in species. Yet Dr. Eldredge hardly can be considered a supporter of creationism.

"Evolutionary biology is not complete," he says. "It is not finished. Some huge holes have developed, and that's great. It shows science is alive and well. Evolution is still the only scientific explanation for why we have so many kinds of organisms and why they all look so different."

Eldredge calls creationism "a return to know-nothingism." He says, "Creationism is not science. It doesn't make a single statement that could be tested or experienced in any sort of way."

One thing all Evolutionists agree on is that evolution takes time, and lots of it. That, they say, is why you can't "see" organisms evolving around you. Creationists, knowing this fact, hope to

knock the underpinnings from evolution by proving there hasn't been enough time since the Earth began for life to evolve. Accordingly, they're attacking not only our established notions of biology, but of geology as well.

Orthodox scientists think the Earth was formed 4 or 5 billion years ago, and that the first single-celled organisms made their appearance about a billion years ago. Most Creationists believe in the "Catastrophist-Recent Creation" model of Earth's history.

In his book *Evolution?—The Fossils Say No!* the ICR's Duane T. Gish, Ph.D., writes: "The correct interpretation of Genesis requires acceptance of a creation spanning six 24-hour days. Furthermore, the genealogies listed in Genesis and elsewhere in the Bible, it is believed, would restrict the time of creation to somewhere between 6,000 and about 10,000 years ago."

Sometime later, Creationists say, the world was buried under Noah's flood for a year. The Deluge wiped out dinosaurs and other animals thought by Evolutionists to have become extinct by natural processes, along with the entire population of the Earth except for Noah's immediate family and the animals, two by two. According to Dr. Gish, the flood and the phenomenal Earth vibrations that came with it account for most of the important geological formations on our planet.

How could the rest of us have been off by about 5 billion years in our dates? It goes without saying the Creationists believe all scientific dating methods for determining the ages of rocks and fossils are wrong.

If evolution is as improbable as the Creationists attest, how is it that virtually every biologist believes Darwin was right? Luther Sunderland advises us to look at the motivation of the early Evolutionists. "In almost every case they were Atheists or agnostics first," he says. (Directly opposed to this contention is the fact that Darwin studied at Cambridge University to become an Anglican minister. Perhaps appropriate in this regard are the thoughts of physicist Albert Einstein, who once noted: "Everyone who is seriously involved in the pursuit of science becomes convinced that a spirit is manifest in the laws of the universe—a spirit vastly superior to that of man, and one in the face of which we with our modest powers must feel humble.")

What Henry Morris of the Institute for Creation Research suggests is even more sinister than the scientific community's being atheistic. In *The Twilight of Evolution* he writes: "The answer is *Satan!* He has blinded the minds of men



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Such scare tactics attempt to mislead the unwary into thinking they either must accept the Creationist theory or consider themselves Atheists.

* * *

Dr. David Morafka chuckles. "What they are after," he says of the Scientific Creationists, "is a return to barbarism. Magical floods that covered the Earth! There's no evidence of a world flood—no uniform marine deposit that's covered the Earth."

Morafka holds a Ph.D. in biology from the University of Southern California and teaches at California State University at Dominguez Hills. Over the past several years he's spent a lot of time debating Creationists in public forums, often in front of Fundamentalist church groups.

"We're constantly testing evolutionary theory, and our understanding of evolution is changing because of it," he says. "You want an example of evolutionary change that's happened in our lifetime? Look at the new strains of gonorrhea that are resistant to penicillin. These strains have arisen just within the past ten years.

"For a long time we've known that *E. coli* [*escherichia coli*, a bacterium that lives in the human intestine and aids in the digestive process] sometimes carries a gene that can digest penicillin. Biologists figure that since oral sex is so much more common now than it was in the 1940s and 1950s, a gonococcus met some *E. coli* in somebody's intestine one day, and they exchanged genetic material. The result is that some gonorrhea strains now have the ability to eat up penicillin."

It's not surprising that Dr. Morafka also disagrees with the Creationists' assumption that the world is only 10,000 years old. "Look, either you believe the laws of physics or you don't. We've brought back moon rocks that date back over 3 billion years. Those rocks perfectly corroborate our best records for the age of rocks on Earth. The kinds of measuring instruments we've used to date rocks are good enough in some cases to aim lasers, to cure some types of cancer and to guide missiles. Why can't the same principles be accepted when we're navigating through time?"

Morafka thinks the Scientific Creationists' debating tactics range from sleazy to downright dumb. "When these people have nothing else to fall back on, they'll just flat-out *deny* the existence of transitional fossils," he says. "The Creationists have one big advantage over scientists. We have to play by the rules and stick to scientific method. They don't. They have magic on their side.

"But there's a very good thing about scientific method: It's flexible. You can prove yourself wrong. The process of inquiry keeps you honest."

* * *

Many Scientific Creationists say they don't understand why there's a controversy over their views at all. Their feeling is that there's no First Amendment question involved in the issue, and that creationism need have nothing to do with religious teachings. Luther Sunderland, a Christian who has avoided affiliating himself with the covertly religious Institute for Creation Research and the openly religious Creation Science Research Center, sums up this line of reasoning.

"My campaign has been for an open, unbiased hearing in the schools, carefully avoiding anything religious," Sunderland says. "I'd be 99% happy if biology classes mentioned two models of the origins of life. One model would be evolution. The other wouldn't even have to be called 'creation.' You could call it 'abrupt appearance'—the idea that living things on Earth, including man, appeared on Earth abruptly, with all organs intact."

On the surface, the Creationists' immediate goal appears to be achieving equal footing in the classroom. But their past performance indicates that, deep down inside, they are determined to preach the Creationist theory about the origins of life—to the exclusion of all others. Every inconsistency in our understanding of evolution, they believe, is that much more evidence in favor of creation.

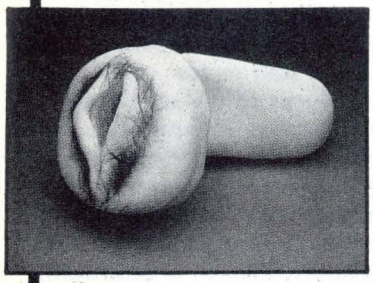
"I'm not interested in the flaws they find in evolution," snorts Isaac Asimov. "Let them prove *their* theory. Let them show me the logic and evidence behind creationism. There are enough holes in creationism to fly 75 spaceships through."

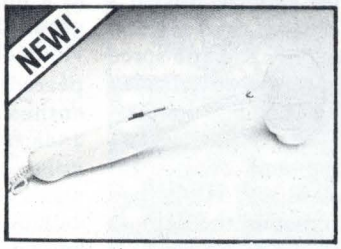
Asimov's opinions of creationism and its adherents are much like those of the vast majority of the scientific community. He says he's not surprised by the movement's growing political influence. "I'm sure if the Creationists thought they had a chance to reinstate the use of the rack and thumbscrew torture, they'd do it," Asimov concludes. "All the rest of us can do is speak sense, which often doesn't work with people who are wedded to nonsense."

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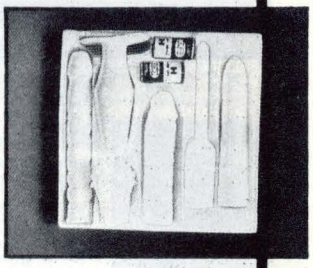


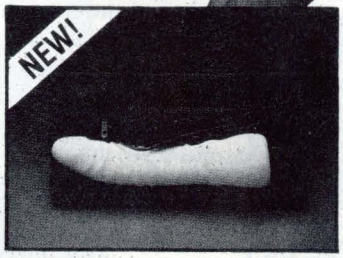
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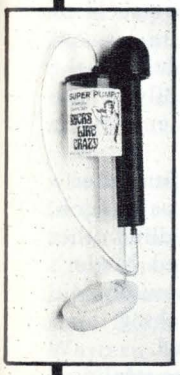
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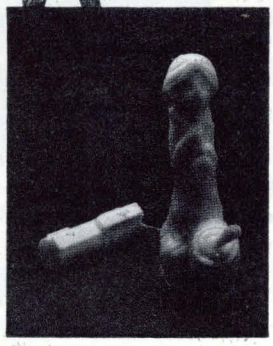




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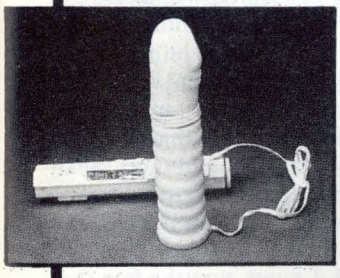
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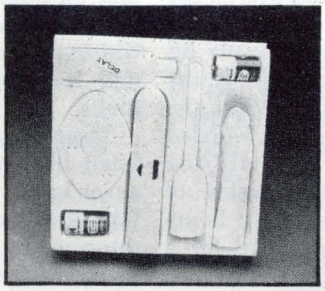
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HILLSIDE STRANGLER

(continued from page 56)

never stopped loving each other."

The baby—who we will call Sean to protect his privacy—was born at the end of February 1978, six days after the last of the ten murders linked to the Hillside Strangler. The infant son became the joy of Bianchi's life. While a massive law-enforcement task force from the Los Angeles and Glendale police departments and the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office investigated more than 10,000 worthless leads, Bianchi's violent spree of terror and death gave way to a display of tenderness as he warmed to his new role of father.

He went shopping and bought his new son a giant stuffed toy. He helped change diapers and crooned the baby to sleep. As dirt settled on early graves a short distance away, the hands that had choked the life from perhaps ten women gently cradled the helpless infant.

Bianchi even wrote poetry to express his feelings for Sean. "My son so big, and yet so very small./ You fill my heart with joy my son, you are quite a boy," a typical poem began.

Meanwhile, Kelli Boyd was becoming increasingly upset about arguments over money, Bianchi's absences from work and countless other petty matters. Each was minor, but together they seemed overwhelming. She feared that if they married, Bianchi might always be more of a child than their son.

Even before the baby was born, Boyd told him she was planning to move back to her family's home in Bellingham, Washington, and take their baby with her. Then, she said, if he was willing to grow up, act responsibly and meet his obligations as a breadwinner and father, she would let him join her. In March she made good on her threat—she left.

The separation was short-lived. Bianchi could think of nothing but the woman and child he adored. While the police chased futile leads and worried about future victims, the Hillside Strangler abandoned all thoughts of violence and death. He spent hours on the telephone, begging Boyd for a reconciliation.

She missed Bianchi as much as he missed her. When she finally relented in late May, he drove the 1,200 miles from Los Angeles to Bellingham straight through, stopping only for gas. They reconciled at the home of Boyd's father and stepmother.

Several days later Bianchi was delighted when Kelli's friends were able to get him a job with a large private-security firm. He had always been interested in law enforcement, having taken police-science courses in Rochester. He had participated in the police community-relations ride-along program in California and often applied for jobs as a lawman. At last he had a badge, a gun and a uniform. He also had a chance to train with the Whatcom County Sherriff's Reserves, a proud first step toward becoming a full-time police officer.

The irony of having a mass murderer like Kenneth Bianchi trying to become a cop was not apparent when he was hired as a uniformed security guard. A background investigation revealed no previous charges against him. Bianchi appeared honest, clean-cut and obviously enthusiastic about the prospect of such a career. Neither his application nor police-department records showed he was a strangler and rapist.

The first weeks in the small town of 46,000 residents were happy times for Bianchi, Boyd and their baby. There were walks with Sean along the ocean shore, job satisfaction from his security work, and a closer relationship with Kelli. But oddly, Bianchi began stealing items from his work areas—such as telephones, chainsaws and tools—and hiding them in the basement of the home he shared with his family. Those thefts went unnoticed by his employer's clients.

Bianchi left the security firm after a few months to take a better-paying job, arresting shoplifters and handling other security matters for the Fred Meyer's Department Store. He eventually did some shoplifting himself, filching items he claimed to have purchased.

"I was fairly certain he was stealing," Boyd recalls. "He'd bring things for me and the baby, and I knew he was lying about the way he got them. But I had mixed feelings. I was angry and scared that he would get caught, that I would be left without a husband and Sean without a father if Ken went to jail. I told him to stop, but he denied the thefts.

"Just as bad, I guess, was the fact that I felt like every day was Christmas. I never knew what he'd bring next—and I kind of liked it. *I* wasn't doing anything wrong, and I could never prove the real source for what he took. I just didn't want him to go to jail."

There were conflicting accounts of what actually happened at the department store. Allegations have been made that Bianchi was known to have stolen from the company when he was temporarily sent to an out-of-town branch for a couple of days. If this was true, the fact was kept from the security firm where he first worked. His former employers remained so impressed with Bianchi's ability that they soon hired

him back at an increase in salary, creating a position as head of the uniformed patrol division especially for him. Another background check showed he had a clean record.

The additional money and respect that came with the new job should have meant happiness for Bianchi and Boyd. But their frequent bickering continued.

"For months he wouldn't have sex with me," Boyd recalls. "He said he was turned off by my breast-feeding the baby."

He began flirting with other girls, although there is no evidence he had affairs. Apparently he masturbated to relieve sexual tension.

"We had a couple of rabbit furs that were used as table decorations," says Boyd. "One was missing for a while. I finally found it hidden under a rug, and it was obvious Ken had been using it to masturbate himself. He also kept a bag of pornographic-movie reels hidden. I accidentally found it when a girlfriend and I were cleaning."

The lack of sex, her worry over Bianchi's apparent stealing and the couple's constant arguments over money created unbearable strain for Boyd. She told him she wanted to separate again, making arrangements to move in with a girlfriend. When Bianchi realized she was serious, his suppressed anger resurfaced. It was only a matter of time before two more women would die.

On the night of January 11, 1979, Bianchi arranged for Karen Mandic, 22, and Diane Wilder, 27—students at Western Washington University, in Bellingham—to meet him at a home guarded by the security firm that employed him. The roommates were to house-sit for just two hours, during which time, he said, repairs would be made on a high-cost alarm system. The house was in an extremely wealthy neighborhood, and the money promised for helping to protect it—$100 to each girl—did not seem out of line.

Falsely telling Boyd he was going to a Sheriff's Reserve meeting, Bianchi concealed a murder kit containing a .357 Magnum revolver, rubber gloves, rope, Ace bandages, and condoms in his jacket and jeans. Within an hour he had gagged, blindfolded and bound the two coeds.

"Cunts are so fuckin' stupid," Bianchi—speaking as "Steve"—later told a court-appointed psychiatrist.

"I called Karen [and] set it up so she could bring her girlfriend. It [was] a sap deal. . . . I never had the money to pay 'em. I strangled 'em with fuckin' cord. Nothing to it."

Later, their bodies were shoved into the back of Mandic's Mercury hatch-

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back and driven a short distance to a lonely cul-de-sac located, coincidentally, within sight of the house where Kelli Boyd was raised as a child.

It was late that night when Bianchi returned home, though not late enough to arouse Kelli's suspicion. Only two things seemed odd about him at the time, so odd she still recalls them: a torn seam in the crotch area of his jeans and unusually bad breath. Relaxed and happy, he laughed off her questions about the pants, claiming he had torn them sitting down at the reserve meeting. Boyd never asked about his bad breath. (Doctors speculate it may have been caused by the nervous strain of the evening's events.)

The Bellingham police moved with incredible swiftness. Although sworn to secrecy by Bianchi, the two victims had earlier told others about the house-sitting job. The exact crime scene was known and meticulously scoured by an eight-man Evidence and Identification unit—a bonus unavailable to L.A. investigators. Pubic hairs, head hairs, carpet fibers found on the clothing of Bianchi and the deceased, and notes linking him with the girls all provided positive identification of him as the murderer. The night after the slayings Kenneth Bianchi was in custody—and the Hillside Strangler's reign of terror had ended.

Almost immediately Bianchi began implicating his cousin, Angelo Buono, in ten of the Los Angeles stranglings. Some of the women were sodomized before being slain at Buono's residence, he alleged.

L.A. police later said such evidence as ground markings where bodies had been dragged and positioning of corpses gave conclusive indication that two individuals had worked together in a number of those deaths.

These allegations are hotly contested by Buono's attorneys, who insist there is reasonable doubt of their client's involvement. A long court battle concerning the auto-upholsterer's role in the slayings is currently in progress.

When Bianchi appeared in a Washington courtroom on October 19, 1979, he confessed to the two Bellingham murders. A guilty plea enabled him to avoid the death penalty, which in that state is imposed only for capital crimes to which there is no confession. Instead, he received two life sentences.

That same night he sent a poem to Boyd, suggesting he had written it himself: *"The wind bids me leave you/.../ Don't let my voice fade in your ears/or my love vanish in your memory./..."* (Actually, it was lifted from *The Prophet*, written by Kahlil Gibran in 1923.)

The next week, Bianchi appeared in a Los Angeles courtroom, where he confessed to—and received six concurrent life sentences for—five of the Hillside Strangler slayings. (The additional life sentence was for conspiracy to commit a felony.) This time he again avoided the death penalty by plea-bargaining with the prosecutor to testify against his cousin and alleged accomplice, Angelo Buono. As part of the deal, other charges against him were dropped—even though ten slayings, not five, had been attributed by police to the Hillside Strangler.

Within a few weeks, however, Bianchi was desperately attempting to deny the murders to which he had confessed. He wrote to one of his court-appointed psychiatrists, claiming a local accomplice had actually committed the Bellingham killings. He said they had planned to try bondage and sadomasochism with the girls, and that the accomplice killed them when they refused.

Another quite-different letter from Bianchi said his supposed partner put the girls on chairs, bound and gagged them, and slipped nooses around their necks. According to this version, the nooses were tied to rafters, and the accomplice kicked the chairs from under the victims. There were three such letters, each with a different story. But all of them blamed someone else.

Investigation by the Bellingham police proved the existence of the man cited by Bianchi, but not his involvement in the case. The man, who later died in a motorcycle accident, was proven to be nowhere near the crime scene the night the Western Washington University coeds were murdered.

In late 1980, at a closed hearing, Bianchi began months of testimony recounting the alleged involvement of Angelo Buono in the Los Angeles murders. Both his testimony and behavior in court were notably erratic. At times he denied having killed anyone, claiming to have lied to the police by telling them only what he had read about the case. But past testimony he had provided contained far greater detail than ever appeared in court and police documents to which he had access. He had told of killing the girls, taking "credit" for certain victims and naming Buono as the killer of others. Then—often just a few hours later—he would reverse his story.

In personal letters Bianchi denied knowing what he did. On occasion he proclaimed his innocence and his frustration at not being able to prove it. But other times he cited a totally untrustworthy memory for anything that took place, claiming he didn't know *who* he killed or *if* he killed.

The consensus among examining psy-

chiatrists is that Bianchi is a dissociating hysteric—a man who can create his own reality, then come to believe what is obviously a lie. The extreme of such a condition is a multiple personality who can be violent one minute, loving the next, and who might never remember actions that resulted in someone's death.

If this is true, the "Steve" who confessed to murder would be a "real person" living within the body of Ken Bianchi. His statements concerning an alleged accomplice might also prove accurate, so long as it was "Steve" discussing the murders. For if Bianchi truly has a multiple personality, "Steve" knew the truth about the murders—and Ken did not.

Earlier this year, preliminary proceedings were conducted to determine Angelo Buono's role in the killings. The prosecutor tried to convince the judge that Bianchi was telling the truth about Angelo Buono's involvement, and that the auto-upholsterer should stand trial for several of the Hillside Stranglings. But because Bianchi kept changing his story on who killed whom—and sometimes denied remembering the murders at all—his credibility was in question.

The officially perceived innocence or guilt of Buono, now being held in the Los Angeles County Jail, may therefore hinge on more than just the facts. His fate will depend on whether the judge believes Bianchi can tell the truth to a jury—and whether that jury believes Bianchi. If, as the police contend, two men were involved in the murders, possibly the second man, no matter who he may be, will be free to kill again. As one detective commented, "This is the most bizarre murder case I've ever seen!"

While *The State of California* v. *Angelo Buono* awaits a late 1981 trial date, Bianchi is being kept in heavily guarded solitary confinement at the L.A. County Jail's Medical Facility for his own protection. To purify his soul, he takes Holy Communion every morning. Theoretically, the state's star witness will be eligible for parole in the year 2005, just shy of his 56th birthday.

Grieving friends and relatives sometimes place memorial flowers on his confirmed victims' graves.

Kelli Boyd faces an uncertain future. Eventually she will change her name and move from Bellingham, if only to give her three-year-old son a fresh beginning. Now 25, she holds a job and is going to school. Most of all, she wants to build a rational life—after her shattered romance with an irrational killer.

Photos on pp. 36-37 courtesy of Wide World Photos, UPI, the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* and the *Los Angeles Times*.

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THE FERAL PEOPLE—The winter home of New York's elite bums, winos and drifters is an eerie network of tunnels beneath the city's Grand Central Terminal. Some of these modern-day cavemen look normal; others are virtual paranoids. But all have turned their backs on civilization to live with hissing steam pipes, dank corridors and electrified railroad tracks. Frank Fortunato drops down into the depths himself for a fascinating, close-up look at the most resourceful urban dwellers in America.

INTERVIEW: LARRY HOLMES—When the pride of Easton, Pennsylvania, outslugged Ken Norton to gain the world heavyweight boxing championship, he also won a five-year battle to make the fight game recognize his true ability. Since then, this son of a sharecropper has defended his crown against the likes of Muhammad Ali, who once employed him as a sparring partner. In a frank, free-swinging exchange with HUSTLER's Mark LaRose, Holmes evaluates a number of boxers (including Ali), discusses the question of sex before a bout and tells why he'd like to be remembered as "the people's" champ.

DEAD OR ALIVE?—A sharp pain in a rainstorm and suddenly Barbara Johnson is skidding out of control across the highway, headed for a violent collision of flesh and steel. But the accident is nothing compared to the gut-gripping horror she'll face in the mortuary. Terrifying fiction by Judy C. Unterkofler.

HUSTLER'S INTERNATIONAL MENU—From Japan to Brazil to New Zealand, every country in the world boasts a dish reflecting its national personality. In HUSTLER's zany takeoff, however, those favorite soups, stews and seafoods take on hilarious new meaning.

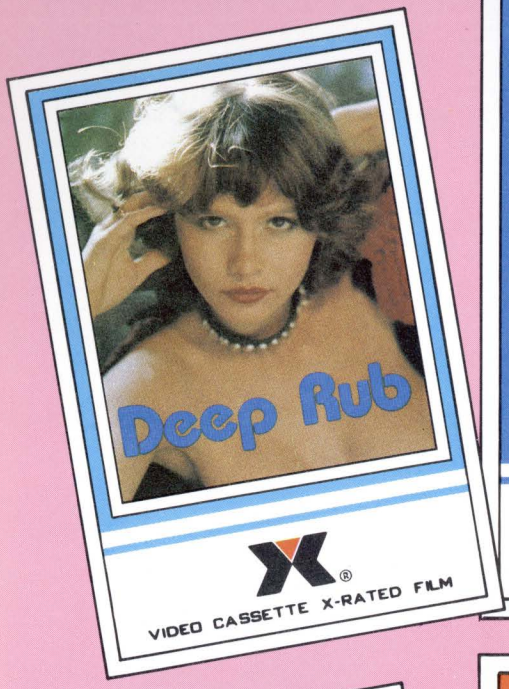


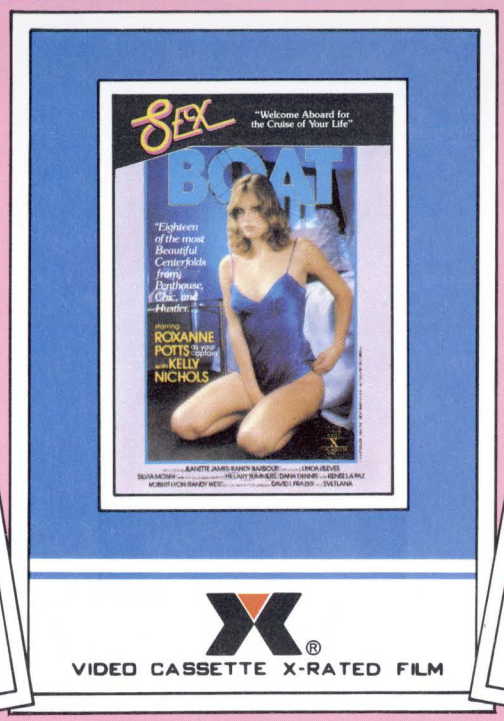
THE LIBRARIAN

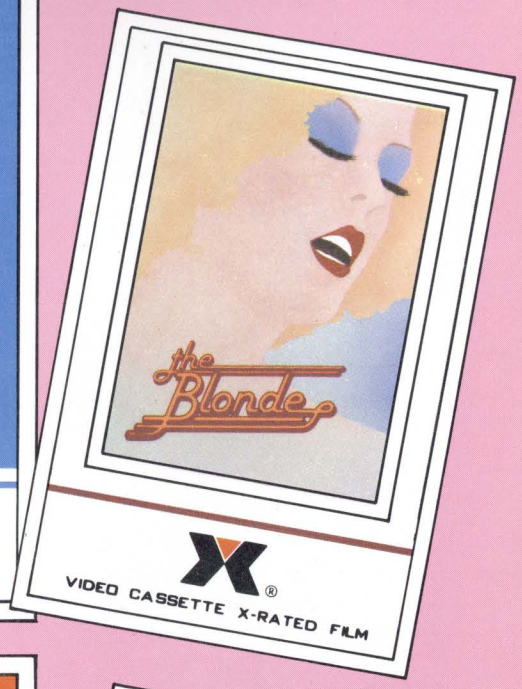
PHOTO-FEATURES—Your hide will heat up quick when you see alluring **ALICIA: THE TENDER TRAP**, next month's centerfold. Then **EILEEN: POLICE SENSUALITY** makes an arresting case for entrapment. **THE LIBRARIAN: BOOK SQUIRM** features a pair of lovelies exchanging more than a whisper, while a lusty wench from the days of yore offers up an incredibly bountiful feast in **TAILS OF A MUSKETEER.**

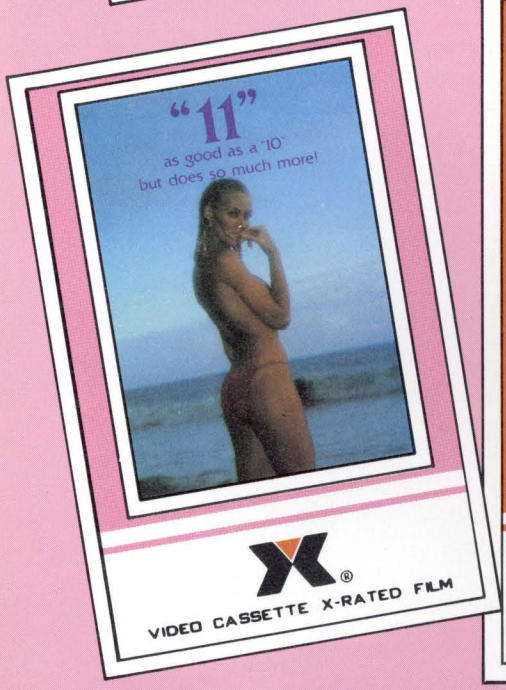
PLUS—A super September lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, WORLD NEWS ROUNDUP, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT.**

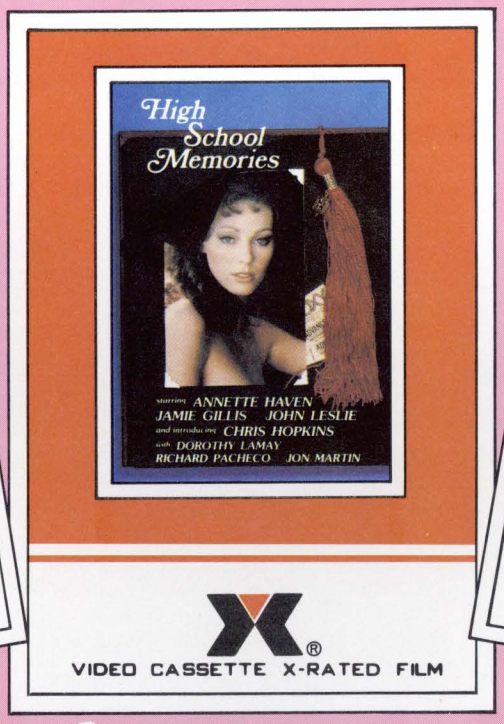
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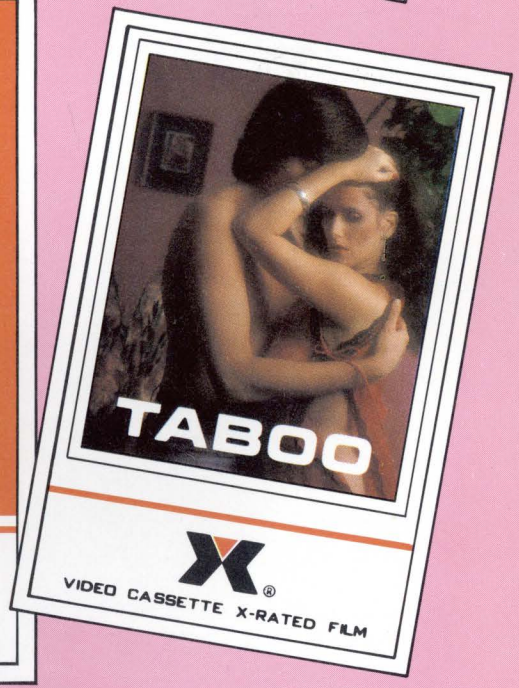












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JULY 10

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JULY 13

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